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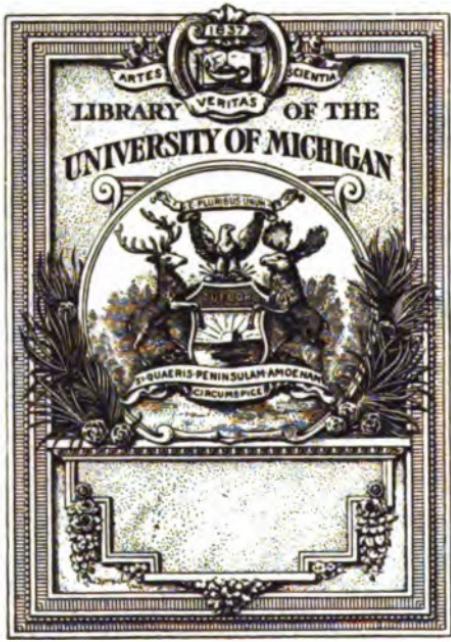
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RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM

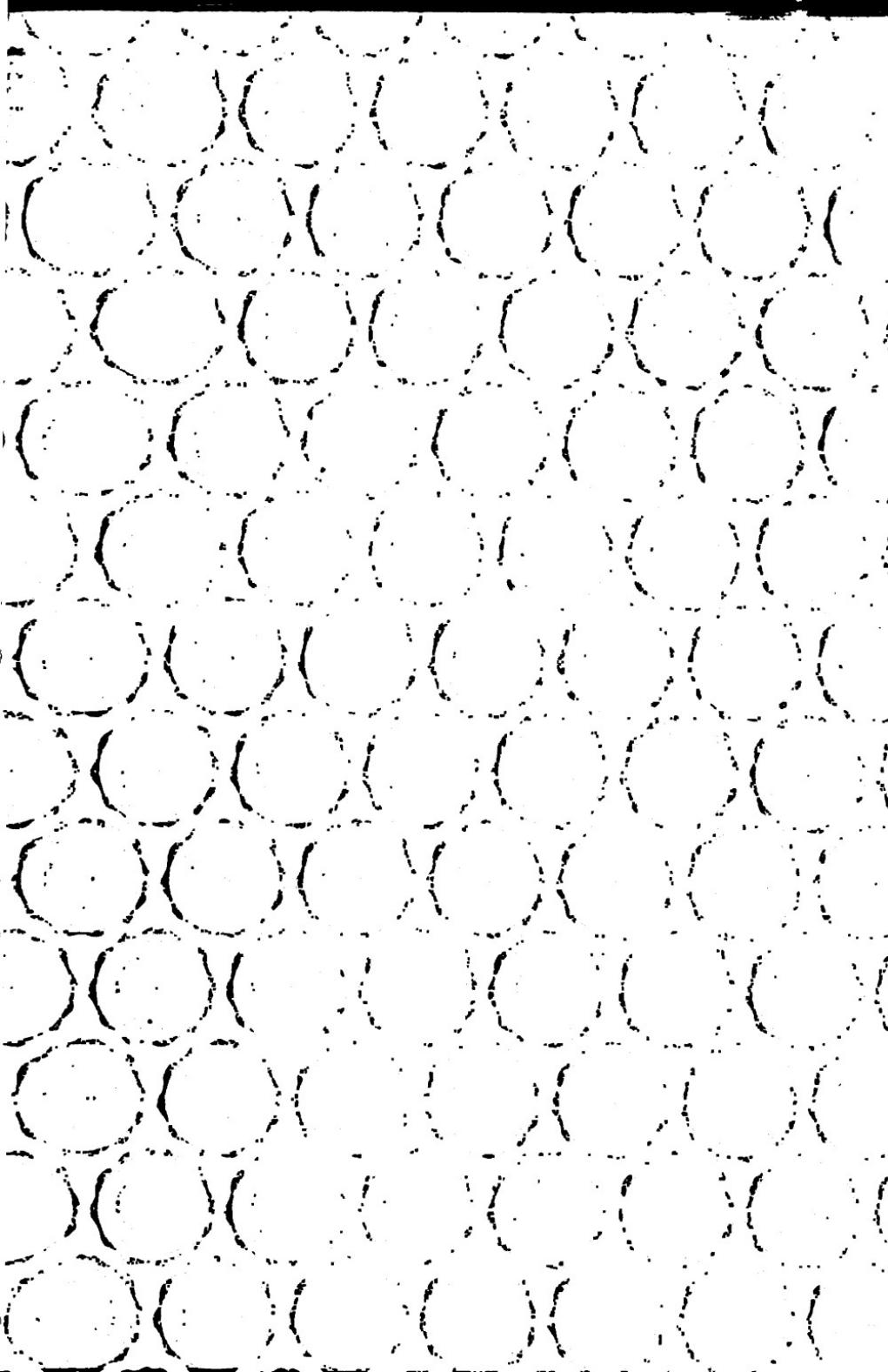


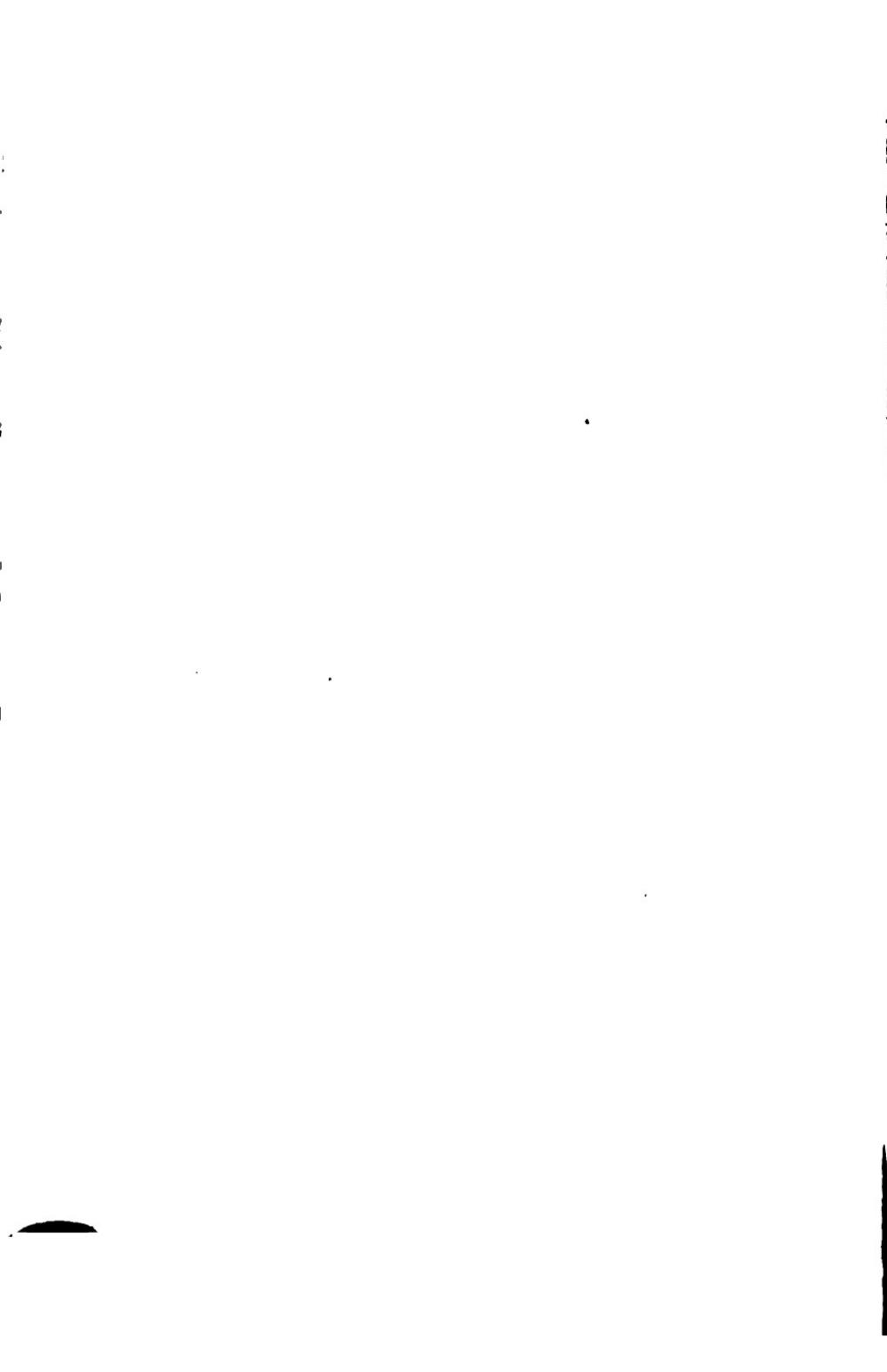
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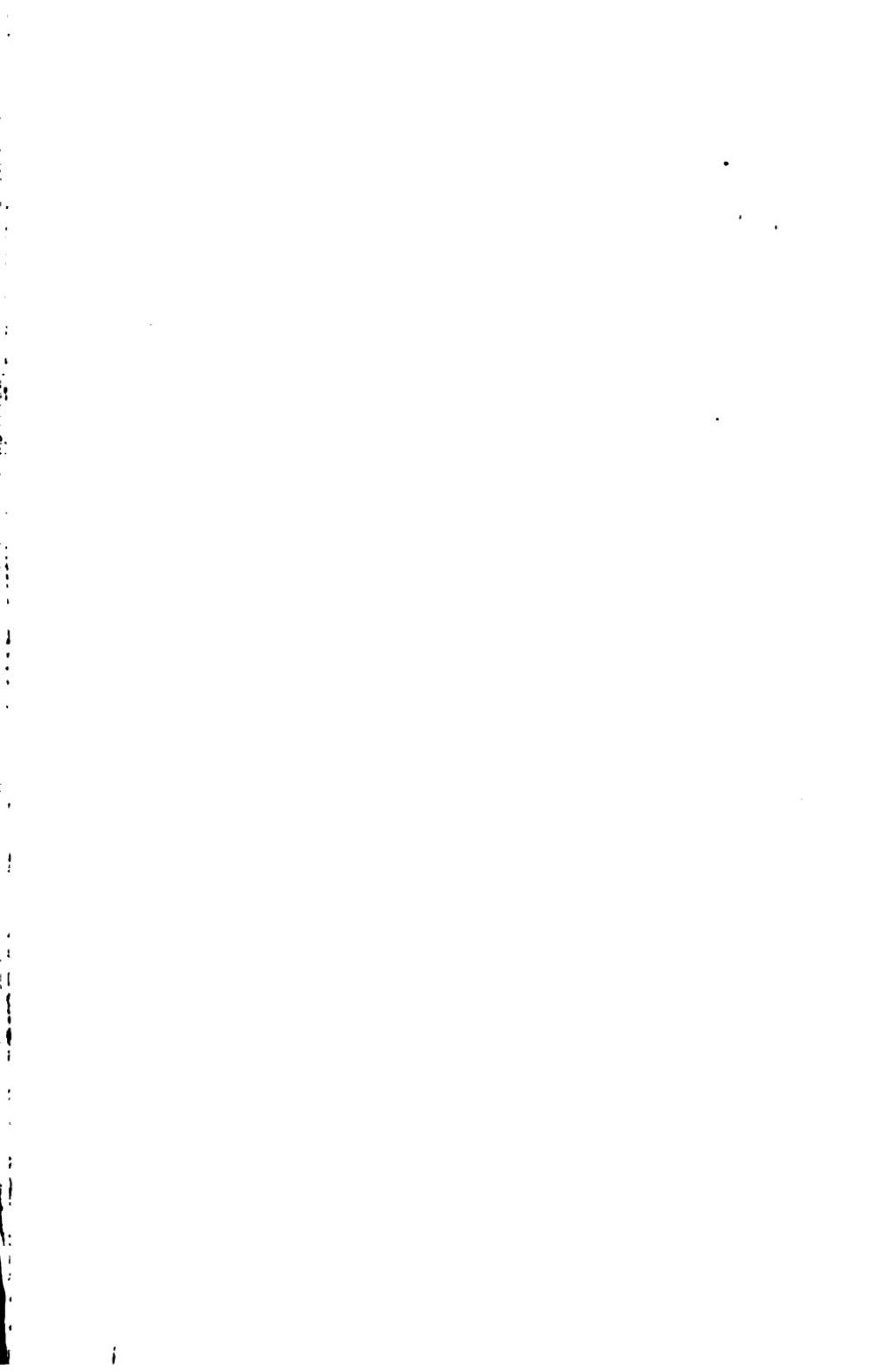
VOL.I



BEQUEATHED BY
THOMAS SPENCER JEROME
CLASS OF 1884





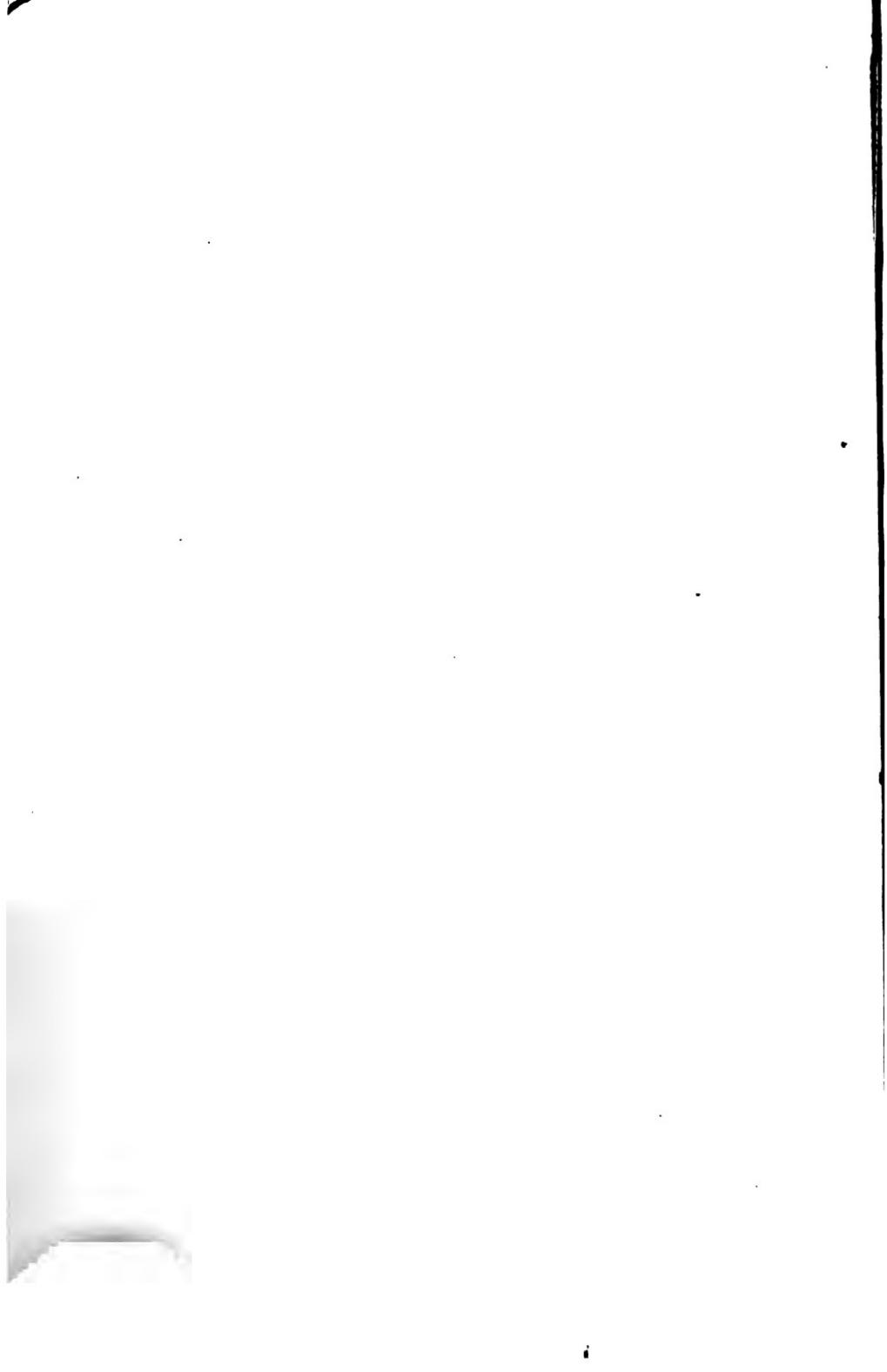


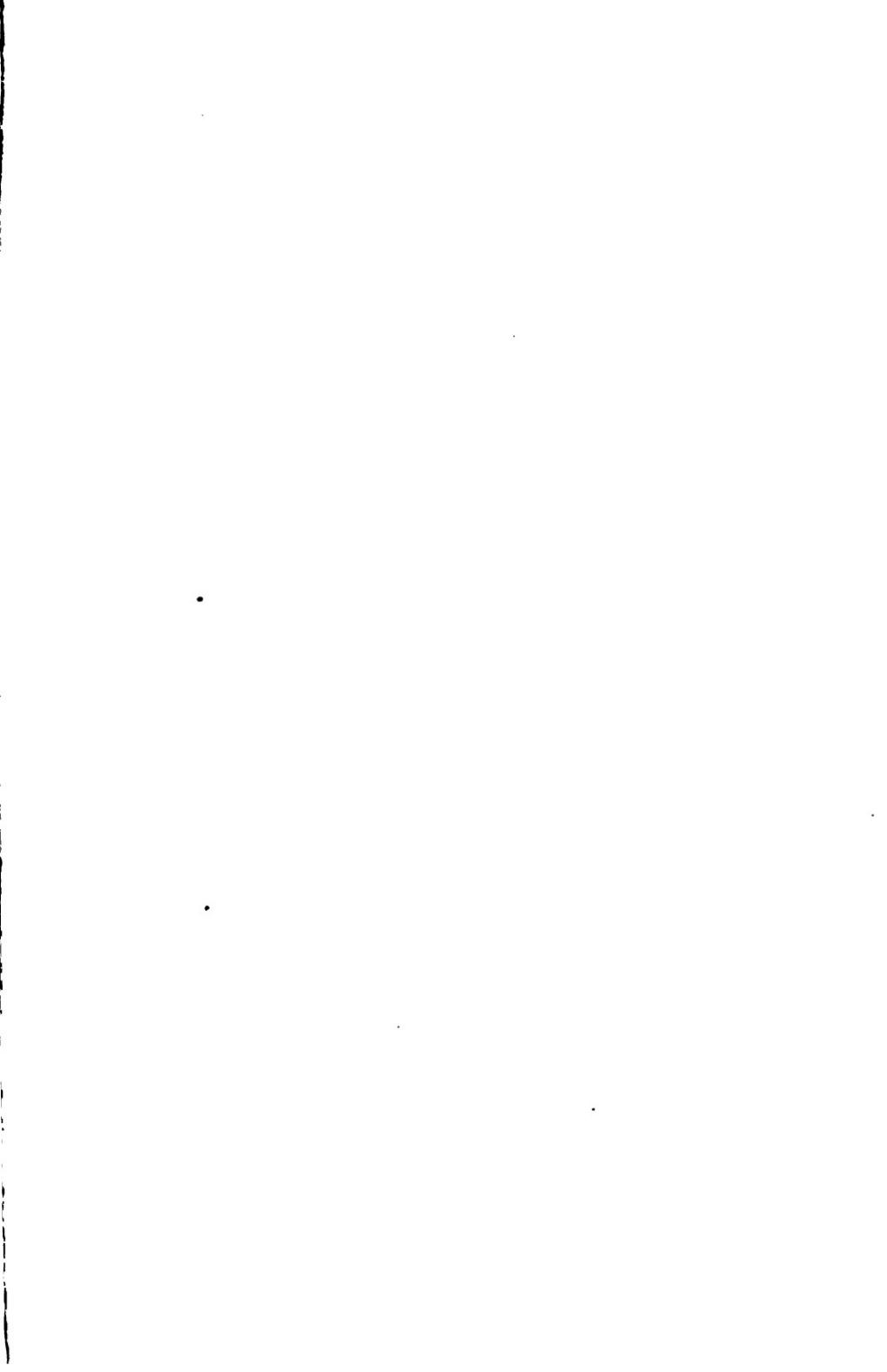
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VOLUME I.

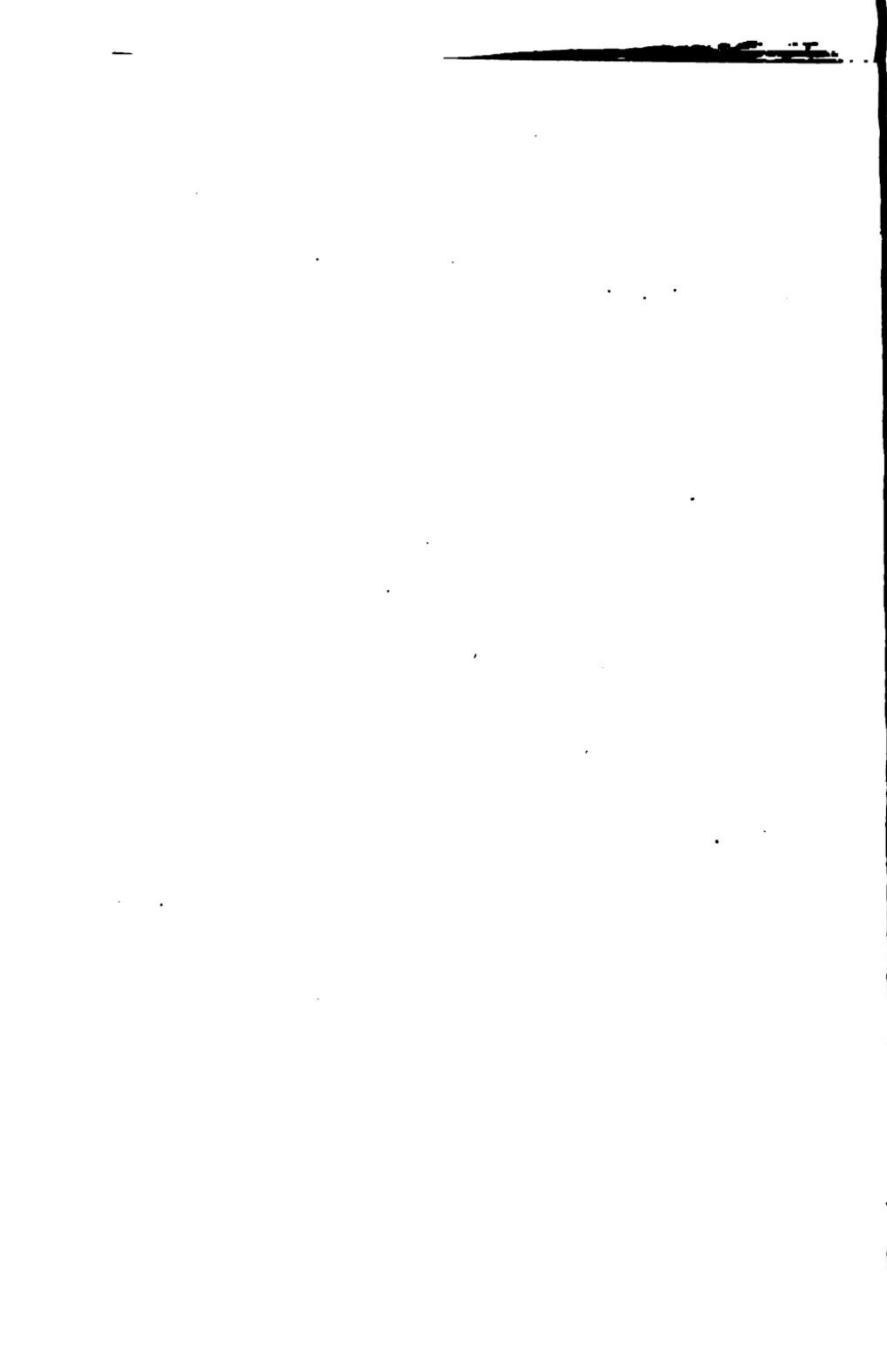






Always & sincerely yours
E. Fitzgerald





RUBÁIYÁT · OF OMAR · KHAYYÁM

ENGLISH · FRENCH · AND
GERMAN · TRANSLATIONS
COMPARATIVELY ARRANGED
IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE TEXT OF
EDWARD FITZGERALD'S VERSION
WITH FURTHER SELECTIONS
NOTES · BIOGRAPHIES
BIBLIOGRAPHY · AND
OTHER MATERIAL COL-
LECTED AND EDITED BY
NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

FIRST
VOLUME

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RUBAIYAT TO OMAR KHAYYAM.*

O Persian OMAR! would thou wert alive again!
Then might we surely see thee strive again
To gather from the bitter flowers of Fate
Sweet honey for our human hive again!

The stars still shine as once they brightly shone,
When, as they watched thy terrace, nightly shone
The answering flashes of thy love and hate,
And red gleams of the wine-cup lightly shone!

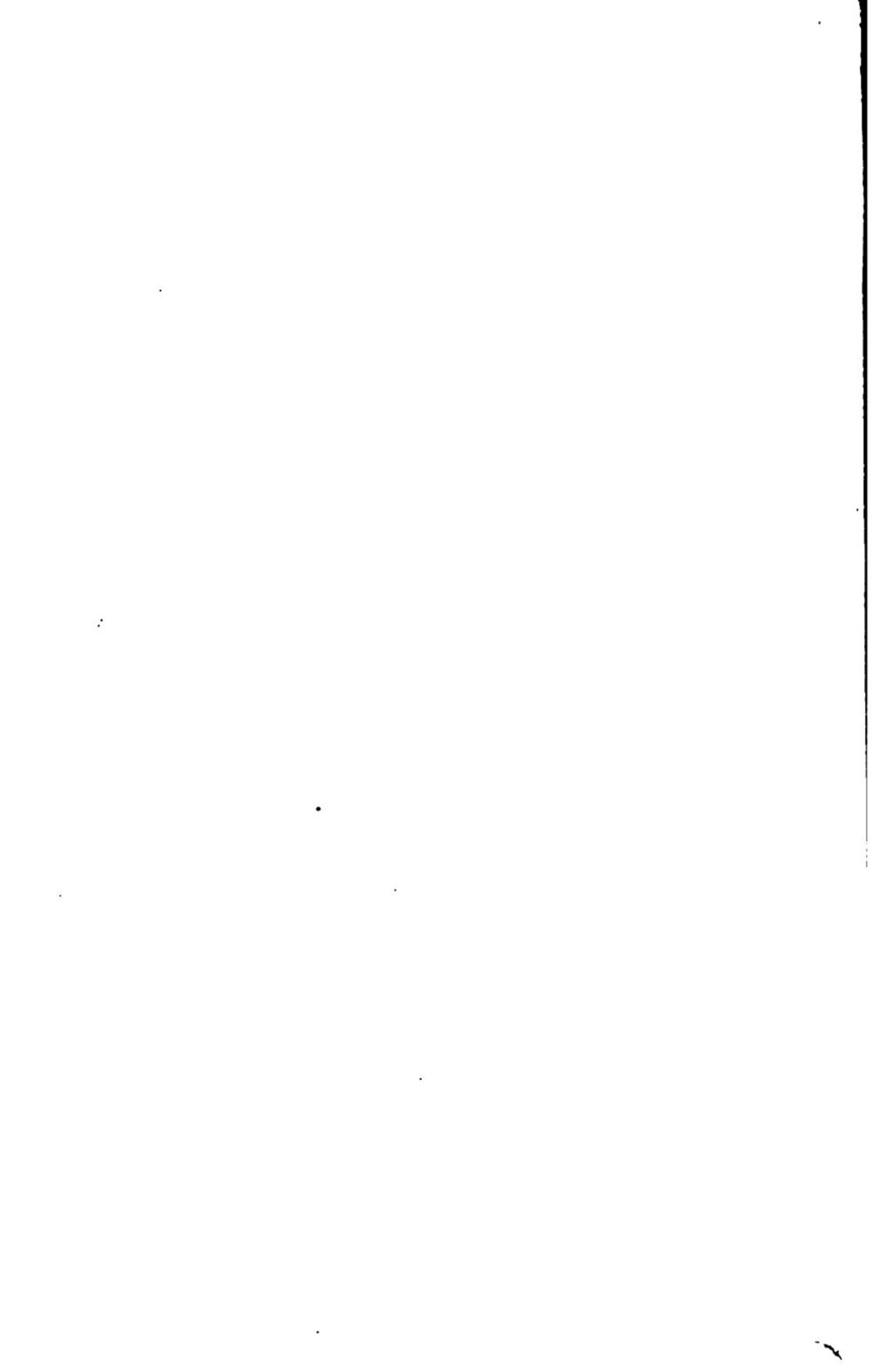
The blood-red petals from the roses fall, as then they did,
Death for us moderns likewise closes all, as then it did;
We know not more than thou didst know of life-to-be:
The ruthless Wheel of Heaven disposes all, as then it did.

But thy example makes us brave to face our Fate:
There may be Love beyond the grave to grace our Fate,
And we, meanwhile, will keep alive the glow of life, to be
Worth saving, if great ALLAH deign to save, to grace our Fate.

And so accept this volume as a meed of praise,
Altho thy Fame, so established, hath no need of praise,
And thou thyself art very far away from us—
So far, thou 'd st not take heed of blame or heed of praise.

A score of zealous poets have translated thee
In tongues unheard of when the Mollahs hated thee,
And now accept their tribute, and this lay from us
For whom thy living words have re-created thee!

* In the complicated times of these quatrains there is an attempt to imitate the Persian style.

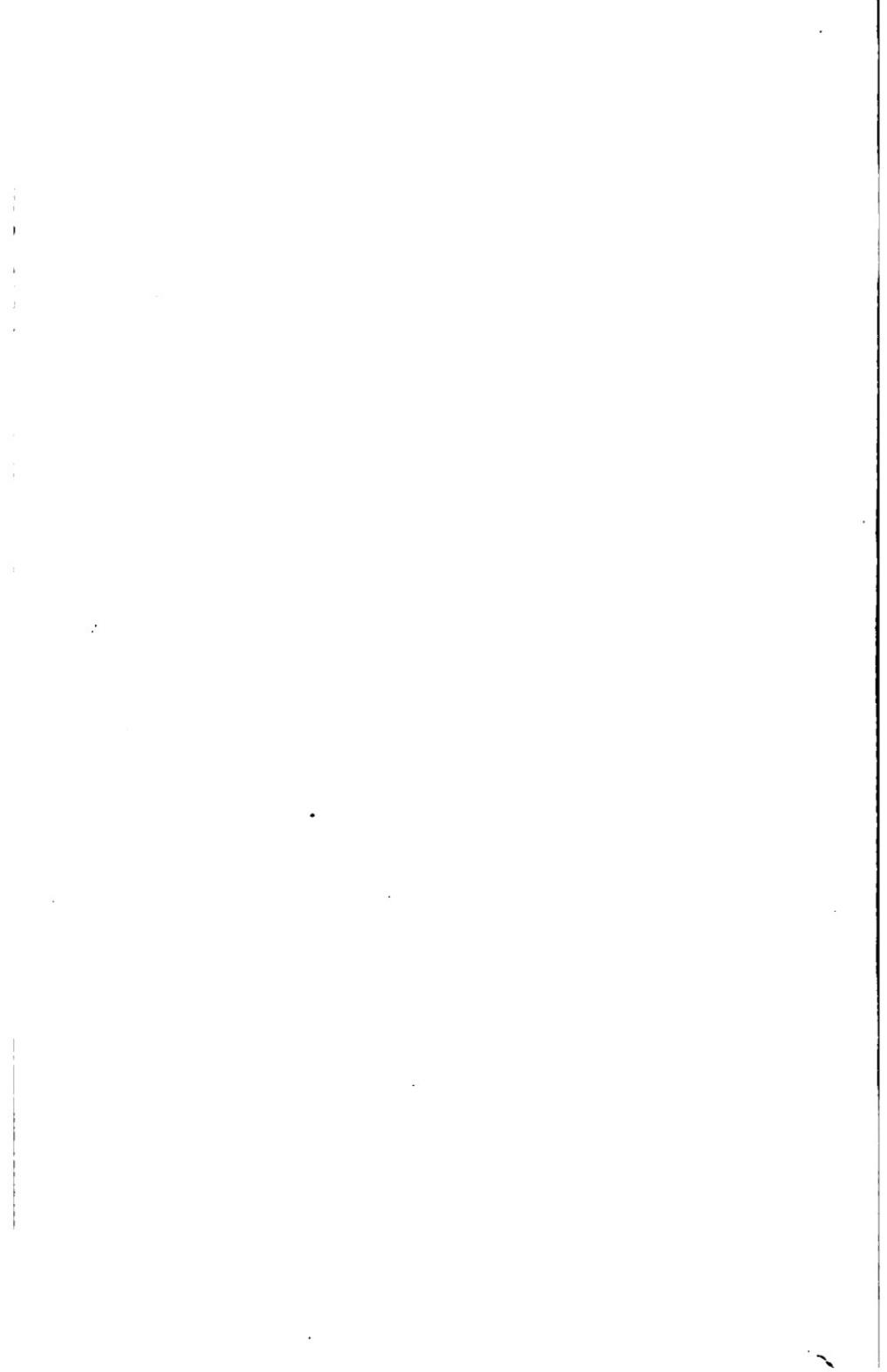


INTRODUCTION.

OMAR AND HIS TRANSLATORS.

I.

ENGLAND, which, through the genius of Edward FitzGerald, may claim to have raised the fame of Omar the Tentmaker to a degree which the old poet never enjoyed even in his native land, may also have precedence in having brought him into notice. As early as the seventeenth century Dr. Thomas Hyde devoted some space in his monumental work on the "Religion of the Ancient Persians" to the life and works of Omar. His Dr. Hyde's knowledge of Persian, acquired at an age when Latin most boys would be thinking only of athletic sports, was so perfect that on the death of King William, whose Court Interpreter he had been, he composed an elegy in that language in thirteen distichs, printed in ancient characters, for which the types were expressly made. Dr. Hyde has the distinction of being the first European translator of Omar's poetry. This pioneer in the flowery fields of Oriental literature deserves a few words of remembrance.



INTRODUCTION.

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Dr. Hyde's
Latin
version

**Dr. Hyde's
brilliant
career****His
learning**

The Rev. Thomas Hyde, D.D., was born at Billingsley in June, 1636. Under the tuition of his father, who was rector of the place, he began the Oriental studies for which he became distinguished. In his sixteenth year he entered King's College, Cambridge, and made such progress in the Oriental languages under Wheelock that he was called to London to assist Brian Walton in preparing his great polyglot Bible. His work was that of correcting the Arabic, Persian, and Syriac texts, and he performed the almost miraculous task of transcribing into Persian characters the Persian translation of the Pentateuch which had been printed in Hebrew letters in Constantinople in 1546. He also appended the Latin version which is included in that monumental work. In 1658 he entered Queen's College, Oxford, and was appointed Hebrew reader. The following year, as a compliment for his extraordinary accomplishments, he was granted the degree of M. A. He was also made under-keeper of the Bodleian Library, and in 1665, chief librarian. In 1666 he was prebendary of old Sarum, and in 1678 arch-deacon of Gloucester. In 1691 he became professor of Arabic, and six years later Regius professor of Hebrew. He was secretary and interpreter to Charles II. and his two successors. He knew not only Persian and Hebrew, but also Turkish, Arabic, and even Chinese and Malay. He was one of the most learned men of his day, and his "Veterum Persarum Religio," though somewhat vitiated by his too great reliance on Oriental authorities, is still valuable.

He resigned his librarianship in 1701, and died in 1703.

One or two quatrains turned into Arabic antedate his: these, in M. Woepcke's French prose version, in Pickering's verse translation, and in the original Latin of Dr. Hyde, are reprinted in the Bibliography.

Not long after Hyde was electrifying the learned world by his display of genius, the attention of English people was strongly attracted to the Orient, not only by the vigorous policy of the East India Company, which was then laying the foundations of England's splendid empire in the East, but also by the first translation of the "Arabian Nights," which opened a new world of imagination, the reflection of which may be recognized in such works as Addison's "Vision of Mirza" and Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas." The East from this time forth tempted many ambitious young Englishmen to seek fame and fortune.

Among those who succeeded most brilliantly Sir Gore was Sir Gore Ouseley, son of Ralph Ouseley, a Ouseley gentleman of aristocratic lineage, and his wife, Elizabeth Holland. Gore Ouseley, in 1787, at the early age of seventeen, went to India, where he was introduced to the celebrated Oriental scholar, Sir William Jones.

A few years later, in 1792, he wrote his brother William that he was studying Persian, and had in less than five months made such progress that he could read and write it with tolerable facility. He became the friend and adviser of the Nabob of

Oude, and acquitted himself in very delicate and critical circumstances with such discretion that his services were rewarded in 1810 by the offer of the high dignity of Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Shah. No one had served at the Persian court in that capacity since 1628. Here again his delicate tact and his perfect knowledge of Eastern etiquette, as well as his fluency in spoken Persian, enabled him to accomplish important political ends. He dared to brave the arbitrary eccentricities of that fierce monarch, Futteh Ali, and fully won his respect and admiration. He returned to England by the way of Russia, where he received the most flattering attentions from the Emperor Alexander I. He died in 1844. Sir Gore Ouseley made a few translations from Oriental authors, and two years after his death a memorial of him was published containing his "Biographical Notices of the Persian Poets, with Critical and Explanatory Remarks," together with an interesting sketch of his life, and extracts from many letters. Sir Gore Ouseley seems to be the first who ever translated any of Omar Khayyám's poems into English. Toward the end of the memorial volume are collected a number of proverbs and aphorisms. Two of them are from Omar.

**The first
English
translation
of Omar**

Sir Gore Ouseley wrote that he considered Persian poetry "rich in elegancies, moral and entertaining, replete with sublime though fanciful imaginations, and faulty alone in its extreme floweriness."

**Persian
poetry**

His brother, Sir William Ouseley, also turned his attention to Oriental literature, and before he went

**Sir William
Ouseley**

to Persia as Sir Gore's secretary he had published (in 1795) a large quarto volume entitled "Persian Miscellanies," a work followed during 1797-8 by a sort of journal entitled "The Oriental Collection," to which Sir Gore Ouseley, an accomplished musician, contributed curious articles on Eastern music and instruments. Sir William began a series of papers modestly called "A Sketch of an Essay on the Lyrical Poetry of the Persians." It remained unfinished, and Omar's name is not mentioned in it; but he translates what he describes Jami and as a Bacchanalian sonnet by Jami, which has a decided resemblance to some of Omar's wine *Rubáiyát*:—

"We are of infamous character—outlaws and disgraced in the opinion of Society. O you who are honest and chaste, shun our society." [Compare Rubáiy XCIII.]

Sir William had not the highest opinion of Oriental poetry: The poet, he says, "sometimes aspires to celebrate his Creator in lofty and animated verse. But that the Persian lyre is in reality ever tuned to such exalted strains I cannot venter [*sic*] to assert; it is much to be feared that the strings, relaxed from too frequent tinkling in the concert of unhallowed mirth, would but feebly vibrate in the solemn symphony of devotion."

"The seven masters of the Persian Parnassus," Emerson says Ralph Waldo Emerson in his brief essay on Persian Poetry, "have ceased to be empty names." and Baron von Hammer He did not include Omar Khayyám in the shining

Seven, but he hastens to add that Attár and he "promise to rise in Western estimation."

When Emerson wrote these words his knowledge of Persian poetry was principally derived from the German translations of Joseph Hammer, afterwards known as Baron von Hammer-Purgstall, who with vast industry, and with characteristic German learning, gave his countrymen specimens of some two hundred of the Persian poets.

Von
Hammer-
Purgstall

Joseph Freiherr von Hammer-Purgstall was born June 9, 1774, at Grätz in Steiermark, where his father was Gubernalrat. He studied at Vienna at the Oriental Akademie founded by Prince Kaunitz. Freiherr von Thugut singled the boy out for his capacity, already shown in the assistance which he had rendered in the preparation of Meninski's Lexicon of Arabic, Turkish, and Persian. In 1796 he was a secretary in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and three years later was sent to Constantinople as so called *Sprachknabe* under Freiherr von Herbert, who was trying to found a great trade with the Orient. During the Egyptian troubles, when the French were driven from the Nile, young Hammer served there as interpreter, and on his return visited England. In 1802 he was Secretary of Legation at Constantinople, and four years later consular agent in Moldavia. In 1811 he was made Actualrat and Court Interpreter. In 1835 he inherited the estates of the Gräfin von Purgstall, whose name he added to his own, and was raised to the nobility. In 1847 he was elected President of the new Academy, a position which

he held only two years. He died in 1856. The volume of the "Calcutta Review" which contains Professor Cowell's illuminating article on Omar Khayyám has a letter from Baron von Hammer-Purgstall's daughter, giving an account of her father's last days. He was one of the greatest Orientalists who ever lived; but unfortunately his poetical skill was not equal either to his learning or to his industry, and his works, forming a colossal library in themselves, are left only to industrious book-worms.

Such a large and expensive tome as his "History of Persian Belles Lettres" could hardly have become popular, and readers might easily have passed with indifference the few quatrains which he translated from Omar, hidden as they were under the brighter radiance of Firdusi, Hafiz, and Sadi, whose works were comparatively familiar.

A few years later, in the fortieth volume of the Friedrich Vienna "Jahrbücher der Literatur," being the Rückert last quarterly number for 1827, appeared a still more obscure reference to Omar Khayyám. Dr. Friedrich Rückert, whose merits as a poet are scarcely recognized as they deserve, contributed an exceedingly learned paper, treating, among other matters, of the proper transliteration of Persian words, and particularly of the various metres employed by the Persian poets. To illustrate the *Ruba'i* of Song, which he declares excels in freedom any other form of Persian verse, he gives a transcription and literal version of two of Omar Khayyám's quatrains.

He begins his article with a pleasant tribute to his highly honored patron and master in Persian,—*sein hochverehrter Gönner und Meister im Persischen.*" It was reprinted in Gotha, in 1874, with the title, "Grammatik, Poetik und Rhetorik der Perser," under the editorship of W. Pertsch. The transcriptions from Omar, together with the specimens which Emerson translated from Hammer-Purgstall, will be found in the Bibliography.

Professor
Cowell

While Joseph Hammer and Dr. Rückert were working in collaboration in Vienna, Ipswich, England, saw ushered into the world an infant who was to be, as it were, the John the Baptist of the Omar Khayyám cult. This was Edward Byles Cowell. He was born January 23, 1826; he attended the town grammar school, and Magdalen Hall, Oxford. In January, 1848, FitzGerald wrote him: "Ten years ago I might have been vexed to see you striding along in Sanskrit and Persian so fast; reading so much; remembering all; writing about it so well." He predicted that, if Cowell lived, he would be one of the most learned men of England. He took his B. A. degree in classics in 1854. He it was who inspired Edward FitzGerald with his love for Persian literature, and was his teacher. In 1856 he was called to Calcutta as Professor of History at the Presidency College, and was shortly afterwards elected also Principal of the Sanskrit College. He returned to England in 1864, was appointed Professor of Sanskrit at Cambridge, and in 1874 was made a Fellow of Corpus Christi College. His published writings

are chiefly on Sanskrit subjects; but in 1854 he printed, in "Fraser's Magazine," some prose translations of Hafiz. FitzGerald thought that he gave the Persian too much credit for a mystical wine-cup and Cup-bearer. A few years later, while in India, Professor Cowell contributed to the "Calcutta Review" a long article containing a number of metrical versions of Omar Khayyám's poems. They are for the most part unrhymed. Fitz-Gerald introduced the biographical portion of this article into the preface to his translation, with certain unacknowledged changes, and without mentioning the author's name, nor did he intimate that Professor Cowell had anticipated him in making the first extended exposition of Omar's poetry.

But in a letter quoted a little further down he explains this omission. Nevertheless, it seems rather odd that he should have made no reference to them, although they must have been of great help to him in preparing his version. The fact that the article was signed shows conclusively that FitzGerald was quite too scrupulous in hiding from the public his friend's great services, and there is no reason to think that Professor Cowell would not have been pleased to consent to his just title of being if not the discoverer or the pioneer, yet certainly the first English surveyor and purveyor of a wonderfully fertile and picturesque island in the Sea of Unknown Literature. Cowell evidently took Omar far too seriously, and did not approve of him; but still his views are extremely suggestive, and his work deserves recognition.

**A deserved
atonement**

No one has apparently had sufficient curiosity to delve into the forgotten volumes of that out-of-the-way journal, and the translated quatrains are here for the first time reproduced. All readers of Omar will be interested to compare the Cowell versions with FitzGerald's. To place them in this prominence is only a fitting atonement for the neglect from which it has hitherto been their fortune to suffer.

**Science and
Poetry**

"Omar Khayyám's poems are unique in the literary history of the world. It is not often that a great mathematician indulges in the relaxation of verse; one remembers Sir Isaac Newton's scorn of 'spoilt prose,' and is apt to think of Urania as somewhat shy of familiar intercourse with her sisters. But in Omar we have not only an example of the perfect compatibility of the severest studies in the exact sciences with that play of fancy and delicacy of feeling which we associate with the poet; this is by no means all the marvel. We find in his verses a totally different character to that which we should have naturally expected from the prevailing habit of thought in which he lived. Our 'double-natured poet' is a Janus, whose two heads bear no similarity; the one half of his life and experience contradicts the other.

"Was it that melancholy temperament, which Aristotle of old attributed to all poets and mathematicians, being thus doubled in intensity by this twofold liability, found its full utterance in these bitter tetrastichs,— turning for a while from its exact and abstract studies, with all their unreal truth,

'Distinct but distant, clear but oh! how cold,'

only to find in life and time enigmas still more puzzling, and problems still more indeterminate, and uttering in these lines its sullen protest of weariness?

'From the centre of earth to the Zenith of Saturn,
I solved all the problems of the heavens,
I leaped forth from the bonds of every snare and
deceit,
And every bond was unloosed except the bond of
Death.'

[R. XXXI, p. 62.]

Every other poet of Persia has written too much,— Omar's even her noblest sons of genius weary with their prolixity. The language has a fatal facility of rhyme, which makes it easier to write in verse than in prose, and every author heaps volumes on volumes, until he buries himself and his reader beneath their weight. Our mathematician is the one solitary exception. He has fewer lines than Gray.

"This little volume of tetrastichs, be their real number what they may, occupies its own niche in Persian literature. For terseness of expression and vigour of thought, we know of no epigrams like them, even in the Greek anthology; while for passionate earnestness and concentrated sadness—there is nothing equal to them, except Lucretius. The Epicurean views which pervade them, but add a deeper gloom to the melancholy; we know that the gayety is unreal, and the poet's smile is but a *risus sardonicus* of despair."

"All things whisper in his ear of change and decay. The sad refrain rings ever in his hearing; everywhere in the world he reads the record of the inscription which Solomon, in Eastern story, gave for a signet ring, when one asked him for a motto which would suit alike prosperity and adversity,—'This also shall pass away!'

'Since life is all passing, what matter Bagdad or Balkh?
 If our cup be full, what matter bitter or sweet?
 Drink wine,—for long after thee and me, yon moon
 Will still fill to its full, and still waste to its wane.'

[VIII, p. 16.]

Or this:—

'Yon rolling heaven for our destruction, yours and
 mine,
 Aims its stroke at our lives, yours and mine;
 Come, love, sit on the grass,—it will not be long
 Ere grass grows out of *our* dust, yours and mine.'

[XXIV, p. 48.]

Corporeal
transmi-
gration

"This law (if one might call it so) of corporeal transmigration occurs again and again in his poems; it seems to jar on the poet's inmost soul, and give him a peculiar pang. Elsewhere he has it in a more general shape:—

'Wheresoever is rose or tulip-bed,
 Its redness comes from the blood of kings;
 Every violet stalk that springs from the earth,
 Was once a mole on a loved one's cheek.'

[XIX, p. 38.]

"In this form the thought is not peculiar to the East; we find a very similar passage in one of Shelley's poems:—

'There's not one atom of yon earth
 But once was living man;
 Nor the minutest drop of rain,
 That hangeth in its thinnest cloud,
 But flowed in human vein.'

"We will add one more of this class of tetrastichs, before we pass on to others; in this there is a peculiar delicacy of touch, which softens the roughness of the original thought:—

'This flask was once a poor lover like me,
All immersed in the chase of a fair face;
And this its handle you see on its neck
Was once a hand that clasped a beloved.'

[XXXVI, p. 72.]

"The extracts which we have already quoted, will Omar no give our readers an idea of Omar's poetry; and perhaps they will, ere this, have recognized one of its peculiar features. Omar lived in an age of poetical mysticism, but he himself is no mystic. His exact sciences kept him from the vague dreams of his contemporaries; he never loses himself in the one and the all; he plants his foot on the *terra firma* of to-day, and builds on it as if it were a rock, and not a quicksand:

'Sweet blows on the rose's face the breeze of the new spring,
Sweet down in the garden are the faces of the heart inflamers;
But nought is sweet that thou canst tell of a yesterday passed;
Come be glad, nor talk of yesterday,—to-day is so sweet.' [Compare Whitley Stokes, XV.]

"But Omar, for all his insight, had not made the wiser choice. The mysticism, in which the better spirits of Persia loved to lose themselves, was a higher thing, after all, than his keen worldliness; because this was but of the earth, and bounded by the earth's narrow span, while that, albeit an error, was a groping after

✓ 'My coming was not of mine own design,
And one day I must go, and no choice of mine;
Come, light-handed cupbearer, gird thee to serve,
We must wash down the care of this world with wine.'

'Come bring me that ruby in yon crystal cup,
That true friend and brother of every open heart;
Thou knowest too well that this life on earth
Is a wind that hurries by,— bring the wine.'

[XXIX, p. 58.]

'Since none can promise himself to-morrow,
Make that forlorn heart of thine glad today;
V Drink wine, fair moon-faced, by the light of yon
moon,
For oft shall it look for us and find us not.'

[C, p. 194.]

'What though the wine rends my veil,
While I live, I will never tear me away;
I marvel much at the sellers of wine,
For what better thing can they *buy* than what they
sell?' [XCV, p. 184.]

'The caravan * of life hurries strangely by,
Seize every moment that passes in joy;
Why, cupbearer, mourn for the morrow of thy
friends?
Give the cup of wine, for the night hurries by.'

[XLVIII, p. 96.]

* FitzGerald's note (No. 16) regarding "the phantom Caravan" was omitted from the third and subsequent editions. It was short and unimportant:—

"The Caravan travelling by Night (after their New Year's Day of the Vernal Equinox) by Command of Mohammed, I believe."

"A few of the tetrastichs breathe the same spirit of contentment which we should have expected from their content-author's old reply to the vizier's invitations to power:—

'Some ruby wine and a *dwdn* of poems,
A crust of bread to keep the breath in one's body,
And thou and I alone in a desert,—
Were a lot beyond a Sultan's throne.' [XII, p. 24.]

'Of all the world my choice is two crusts and a corner,
I have severed my desires from power and its pomp;
I have bought me poverty with heart and soul,
For I have found the true riches in poverty.'

[XII, p. 24.]

'Oh my heart, since life's reality is illusion,
Why vex thyself with its sorrows and cares?
Commit thee to fate, contented with the hour,
For the pen, once passed, returns not back for thee!'

[LXXI, p. 138.]

"But in too many of his poems we find a settled gloom, which stands in striking contrast to the assumed carelessness. Omar is ill at ease within, and his internal discord reflects itself in an angry defiance of the world and its opinions and beliefs. Like the Roman Lucretius, his very science leads him astray; he has learned enough to unsettle his ancient instincts, but not enough to rebuild them on a surer basis. In the sublime poem of Lucretius, we see the inevitable battle between the vague dreams of an obsolete mythology, and the progressive certainties of physical science; and in the first intensity of the conflict, the iconoclasm ex-

Omar and
Lucretius

**The idea of
a First
Cause**

tends itself beyond the idols of the old belief, to the very bases of belief itself within the soul. The arbitrary laws and tenets of the national creed are found at variance with the discoveries of science; the idea of 'laws of nature' slowly evolves itself, in its sublime simplicity and universality; and the idle causes of phenomena, which mythology had fabricated in the personal caprices of certain deified abstractions, melt away of themselves like shadows in the light of morning. But under all these erroneous figments, there lay the primitive instinct of *some* first cause, — the obstinate, unconquerable want which no created thing can fill; and this remained untouched amidst the change, as the soul when the body was shattered. But this Lucretius did not understand; he proceeded from the gods of mythology to demolish the very idea of a Providence at all. The very truth which he had grasped so firmly, that nature obeys certain unvarying laws, led him astray; and it was a step reserved for a later time, to see that this grand idea is by no means at variance with the ancient instincts of the soul, — that the laws of nature, like any other laws, must imply a law-giver's sanction and authority, — and that long before Greek or Roman science, in an unlettered people whose very name Greece and Rome despised, ancient seers had recognized the scientific principle, and yet at once subordinated it to the highest truth, when they sang of man's impotence 'to break God's covenant of the day and of the night, that there should not be day and night in their season.'

**The superi-
ority of the
Hebrew**

**Omar's
time an age
of darkness**

"Omar Khayyám's scepticism seems to us to belong to a similar phase of mental history with that of Lucretius. He lived in an age of religious darkness, and the very men around him who most felt their wants and misery had no power to satisfy or remove them. Amidst the

religious feeling which might be at work, acting in various and arbitrary directions, hypocrisy and worldliness widely mingled; and everywhere pressed the unrecognized but yet over-mastering reality,—that the national creed was itself not based on the eternal relations of things as fixed by the Creator. The religious fervour, therefore, when it betook itself to its natural channel to flow in,—the religion of the people, — found nothing to give it sure satisfaction; the internal void remained unfilled. Hence this fervour naturally turned to asceticism and mysticism; the dervishes, some of fakirs, and sufis of the Mohammedan world have risen unsatisfied by a law of the human mind; and we think that the scepticism of Omar Khayyám, and similar writers, is but the result of another similar law. The asceticism and mysticism failed in their turn to give solid peace to the inquirer, and they were soon overlaid by mummuries and deceits,—the earnest enthusiasts died and their places were too often filled by impostors; and Omar Khayyám is the result of the inevitable re-action. *Omar His tetrastichs* are filled with bitter satires of the result of a sensuality and hypocrisy of the pretenders to sanctity, reaction but he did not stop there. He could see with a clear eye the evil and folly of the charlatans and empirics; but he was blind, when he turned from these, to deny the existence of the soul's disease, or, at any rate, the possibility of a cure. Here, like Lucretius, he cut himself loose from facts; and in both alike we trace the unsatisfied instincts,—the dim conviction that their wisdom is folly,—which reflect themselves in darker colours in the misanthropy and despair, which cloud their visions of life.

“Lucretius, when he resolved to follow his material science to the last, whithersoever it would lead him, built a system for himself in his poem, or rather acted

The aim of
Lucretius'
great poem

Omar gives
no light on
world-old
questions

as the exponent and interpreter of the Greek system, which he had embraced. His poem on nature has a professed practical aim,—to explain the world's self-acting machine to the polytheist, and disabuse him of all spiritual ideas. Omar Khayyám builds no system, — he contents himself with doubts and conjectures; he loves to balance antitheses of belief, and settle himself in the equipoise of the sceptic (*ἀροχή*). Fate and free will, with all their infinite ramifications and practical consequences; the origin of evil; the difficulties of evidence; the immortality of the soul; future retribution,—all these questions recur again and again. Not that he throws any light on these world-old problems; he only puts them in a tangible form, condensing all the bitterness in an epigram. Of this class we subjoin two of the more harmless,—some of the most daring are better left in their original Persian:—

'I am not the man to fear annihilation;
That half forsooth is sweeter than this half which
we have;
This life of mine is entrusted as a loan,
And when pay-day comes, I will give it back.'

[LXXIX, p. 154]

'Heaven derived no profit from my coming hither,
And its glory is not increased by my going hence;
Nor hath my ear ever heard from mortal man,—
This coming and going — why they are at all?'

"That Omar in his impiety was false to his better knowledge, we may readily admit, while at the same time we find some excuse for his errors, if we remember the state of the world at that time. His clear, strong

sense revolted from the prevailing mysticism, where all He detested
the earnest spirits of his age found their refuge, and sham and
his honest independence was equally shocked by the hypocrisy
hypocrites who aped their fervour and enthusiasm;
and at that dark hour of man's history, whither, out
of Islám, was the thoughtful Mohammedan to repair?

"No missionary's step, bringing good tidings, had appeared on the mountains of Persia; the few Christians who might cross his path in his native land, would only seem to him idolaters; and even in Europe itself Christianity lay stifled under an incubus of ignorance and superstition; Christendom came before Omar only in the form of the First Crusade! These things should be borne in mind as we study Mohammedan literature. While Arabian and Persian letters were in their glory, Europe was buried in mediæval darkness; science and learning were in their noon-tide splendour in Bagdad and Cordova, while feudal barbarism brooded over France and England. When we read such a life as Sadi's, with its thirty years of adventure and travel, it is strange to mark how entirely the range of his experience is confined to Asia and the Mohammedan world. Almost the only one point of contact with Christendom is his slavery under the Crusaders at Tripoli. The same isolation runs through all the golden period of Persian literature; it was already fading into tasteless effeminacy when the two Sherleys first found their way to the court of Abbas the Great. We now proceed to Omar's add a few of the more striking tetrastichs; they will serve as further proofs of what we have remarked on the author's singular position among the poets of his country.

"None that we know of has written fewer lines, and in none is there so large a proportion of good:—

'The spring-cloud came and wept bitterly over the grass,
I cannot live without the arghuvān-coloured wine;
This grass is our festal place today,
But the grass that grows from our dust, *whose* festal
place will it be? [XXIII, p. 46.]

'Ask not for empire, for life is a moment,
Every atom of dust was once a Kai-kobād or Jam-
shīd;
The story of the world and this whole life of ours
Is a dream and a vision, an illusion and a breath.
[IX, p. 18.]

'When the nightingale raises his lament in the garden,
We must seize like a tulip, the wine in our hand,
Ere men, one to the other, in their foolish talk,
Say "such a one hath seized his cup and is gone!"

'That castle, in whose hall king Bahrám drained the
cup,
There the fox hath brought forth her young and the
lion made his lair,
Bahrám who his life long seized the deer (*gor*)
See how the tomb (*gor*) has seized him today!
[XVIII, p. 36.]

'By the running stream and the grass, cupbearer bright
as the lamp,
Give the wine, break thy vows, and touch the lute;
Be glad, for the running stream lifts its voice,—
"I am gone," it cries, "and shall never return!"

'Alas that the book of youth is folded,
And the fresh purple spring become December;
That bird of joy, whose name was youth, —
Alas I know not, how he came or is gone!

[XCVI, p. 186.]

'Be glad, for the moon of the Eed will be here,
All the means of mirth will soon be well, —
Pale is yon moon, its back bowed, and lean,
You would say it will soon sink in its sorrow.

[Last note, p. 175.]

'Lip to lip I passionately kissed the bowl,
To learn from it the secret of length of days;
Lip to lip in answer it whispered reply,
"Drink wine, for once gone thou shalt never return!"

[XXXV, p. 70.]

'I went last night into a potter's shop,
A thousand pots did I see there, noisy and silent;
When suddenly one of the pots raised a cry,
"Where is the pot-maker, the pot-buyer, the pot-seller?"

[LXXXVII, p. 168.]

'In the view of reality, not of illusion,
We mortals are chess-men and fate is the player;
We each act our game on the board of life,
And then one by one are swept into the box!

[LXIX, p. 134.]

'Yon rolling heavens, at which we gaze bewildered,
Are but the image of a magic lanthorn;
The sun is the candle, the world the shade,
And we the images which fit therein.

[LXVIII, p. 132.]

'Last night I dashed my clay cup on the stone,
And at the reckless freak my heart was glad,
When with a voice for the moment out spake the cup,
"I was once as thou and thou shalt be as I!"'

[App. XIV, Nicolas, 404, etc.]

**The dirge
over a
wasted life**

"We would conclude with two more tetrastichs, which may fitly close our imperfect sketch. Omar Khayyám, we have said, was ill-at-ease and unhappy; his tone of revelry and enjoyment vainly masked the aching void within, and where shall we find a more melancholy dirge than the following over a wasted life, with its knowledge and genius? —

'If coming had been in my power, I would not have come,

If going had been in my power, I would not go
Oh best of all lots, if in this world of clay
I had come not, nor gone, nor been at all!'

[App. XLV, Nicolas, 450, etc.]

**The dark-
ness of the
future**

"And if the present was dark, darker still seemed the future; its darkness made even the present seem bright!

'Ere Death raises his night attack on my head,
Bid them bring the rose-red wine.

No gold art thou, poor brain-sick fool,
That once buried, they should dig thee out again!'

[XV, p. 30.]

"How different from the feeling of good old Izaak Walton, when he stood by the open grave of his friend Dr. Donne, and thought of 'that body which once was a temple of the Holy Ghost, and is now become a small quantity of Christian dust,—but I shall see it re-animated!'"

II.

THE growth of the Omar Khayyám cult, which during the past twenty years has assumed such extraordinary proportions, resulting in Omar Khayyám clubs and societies, and calling for edition after edition of the "Rubáiyát," may be attributed almost wholly to the interpretation of Edward FitzGerald. He ingeniously wove into a life-cycle of agnosticism a number of originally disconnected and isolated quatrains, informing the whole with the unity of his own personality and with the flamboyant brilliancy of his peculiar genius. He took the Persian's thought and the Persian's manner, but made it his with just such high-handed, modest, one might almost say unconscious, art of lordly rapine as Shakespeare displayed toward the predecessors whom he robbed to glorify.

There are few characters in modern literature who stand out with clearer individuality, or whose lives have been more transparent. This individuality is largely revealed in his letters, but also in the recollections of his friends.

EDWARD FITZGERALD, who bore the name of Edward Purcell until he was nine years old, was born at Bredfield House, an old mansion of King James's time, not far from Woodbridge, Suffolk, England, March 31, 1809. He was the third son of John Purcell, who on the death of his wife's

**Change of
name**

father took the name and arms of FitzGerald. His father was interested in collieries. In a letter to Fanny Kemble, sister of his schoolmate, J. M. Kemble, he says of his mother: "She was a remarkable woman . . . as I constantly believe in outward Beauty as an Index of a Beautiful Soul within, I used sometimes to wonder what feature in her face betrayed what was not good in her Character. I think (as usual) the lips; there was a twist of Mischief about them, now and then, like that in—the Tail of a Cat. Otherwise so smooth and amiable." He speaks little of his father in his letters: even his death, which left him comfortable means, is dismissed in one letter with only a word. But his mother, and her coach-and-four, were a decided feature in his horizon.

His friends

His own vivacious humor was early shown in his "unfailing fun and droll speeches." At the age of twelve he was sent to King Edward the Sixth's School at Bury St. Edmund's, where his two older brothers were. In February, 1826, he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge. Many of his later friends and acquaintances — the Baconian, James Spedding, W. M. Thackeray, Archdeacon Allen, W. H. Thompson, Master of Trinity; and the Tennysons — were contemporaries of his at the University.

FitzGerald passed through his course in a leisurely way, amusing himself with music, drawing, and poetry, for all of which he had natural gifts: when graduation drew nigh, he had some fears that he might fail to pass. After taking his degree, he went, in the spring of 1830, to Paris, where his aunt,

Miss Purcell, lived. Fourteen years before, his father's family had been settled at St. Germains, and had afterwards occupied the house in which Robespierre once lived.

In May he wrote his friend Allen : "I start for England in a week. . . . I cannot stand seeing new faces in the polite circles. You must know I am going to become a great bear: and have got all sorts of Utopian ideas into my head about society: these may all be very absurd, but I try the experiment on myself, so I can do no great hurt."

Thus early began to show itself that shyness which caused Cowell to say of him that he was "very much of a recluse," though he hastens to add that the "vein of misanthropy" which he showed toward men in the abstract was "joined to a tenderhearted sympathy for the actual men and women around him."

In November of that year he was at lonely Naseby, where his father owned a large estate, including the famous battlefield. Here he is supposed to have written his first published poem — the quaint old-fashioned poem which appeared in Hone's Year Book for April 30, 1831: —

"'T is a dull sight
To see the year dying,
When winter winds
Set the yellow wood sighing:
Sighing, oh ! sighing.

" When such a time cometh,
I do retire
Into an old room
Beside a bright fire:
Oh, pile a bright fire!

“ And there I sit
 Reading old things,
 Of knights and lorn damsels,
 While the wind sings—
 Oh, drearly sings !

• • • • •
 “ Then with an old friend
 I talk of our youth—
 How ’t was gladsome, but often
 Foolish, forsooth :
 But gladsome, gladsome !

• • • • •
 “ Then go we to smoking,
 Silent and snug :
 Nought passes between us,
 Save a brown jug—
 Sometimes ! ”

Lamb liked it: “ ‘T is a poem I envy—*that* and Montgomery’s ‘Last Man’: I envy the writers, because I feel I could have done something like them.” FitzGerald himself liked it: “rather homely in expression,” he said, “but I honestly profess to stick more to the simplicity of the old poets than the moderns, and to love the philosophical good humor of our old writers more than the sickly melancholy of the Byronian wits.” “The Athenæum” liked it, and copied the whole thirteen verses, believing them to have been Lamb’s!

**Attributed
to Charles
Lamb**

Twenty years later—the intervening years having been filled with pleasant dilettanteism and the writing of many delightful letters—he pub-

lished "Euphranor," a study of a friendship, with "Euphra-
a literary discussion, in which "the truth," says nor" pub-
FitzGerald, "is told in a Dialogue really something lished,
Platonic," conducted in part over the scene of the 1851
Canterbury Pilgrimage. In this "chisell'd cherry
stone" is contained a description of a boat race,—
a piece of prose highly praised by Tennyson. The
next year came "Polonus," a collection of aphor-
isms, original and selected. He had before this
taken up the study of Spanish, and in 1853 he
published a free translation of six of Calderon's "Six Dra-
mas from Calderon" famous dramas, in which, says he, "while faith-
fully trying to retain what was fine and efficient," freely
he "sunk, reduced, altered, and replaced much translated
that seemed not; simplified some perplexities, and
curtailed or omitted scenes that seemed to mar the
breadth of general effect, supplying such omissions
by some lines of after narrative."

This is a very good confession of FitzGerald's *A theory of translation* theory of translation. In a letter to Cowell he wrote: "It is an amusement to me to take what Liberties I like with these Persians, who (as I think) are not Poets enough to frighten one from such excursions, and who really do want a little Art to shape them."

It is uncertain at what time he took up the study of Persian, but in March, 1882, he wrote to Mr. H. Schütz-Wilson:—

"I must thank you sincerely for your thoughts about Salamán, in which I recognize a good will toward the Translator, as well as liking for his work. Of course your praise could not but help that on; but I scarce

**Why Omar
reaches the
heart**

think that it is of a kind to profit so far by any review as to make it worth the expense of Time and Talent you might bestow upon it. In Omar's case it was different: he sang in an acceptable way, it seems, of what all men feel in their hearts, but had not had express in verse before: Jami tells of what everybody knows, under cover of a not very skilful Allegory. I have undoubtedly improved the whole by boiling it down to about a Quarter of its original size; and there are many pretty things in it, though the blank Verse is too Miltonic for Oriental style. All this considered, why did I ever meddle with it? Why, it was the first Persian poem I read, with my friend Edward Cowell, near on forty years ago: and I was so well pleased with it then (and now think it almost the best of the Persian Poems I have read or heard about), that I published my version of it in 1856 (I think) with Parker of the Strand. [When Parker disappeared, my unsold copies, many more than of the sold, were returned to me; some of which, if not all, I gave to little Quaritch, who, I believe, trumpeted them off to some little profit: and I thought no more of them.

"But some six or seven years ago that Sheikh of mine, Edward Cowell, who liked the Version better than any one else, wished it to be reprinted. So I took it in hand, boiled it down to three-fourths of what it originally was, and (as you see) clapt it on the back of Omar, where I still believed it would hang somewhat of a dead weight. . . . As to the publication of my name, I believe I could well dispense with it, were it other and better than it is. But I have some unpleasant associations with it; not the least of them being that it was borne, Christian and Surname, by a man who left College just as I went there. . . . What has become of him I know not; but he, among other

causes, has made me dislike my name, and made me sign myself (half in fun, of course) to my friends, as now I do to you, sincerely yours,

(THE LAIRD OF LITTLEGRANGE."

The forty years of this letter would have re- His first moved his first Persian studies to the forties. His Persian interest in it certainly began then, for in 1846 he studies wrote his friend Cowell: "Your Hafiz is fine: and his tavern world is a sad and just idea. . . . It would be a good work to give us some of the good things of Hafiz and the Persians; of bulbuls and ghuls we have had enough." In 1852 he was reading Spanish with him, and probably soon after took up the Persian; for in October, 1853, he writes: "I have ordered Eastwick's Gulistan; for I believe I shall potter out so much Persian." He used Sir William Jones's Grammar. And he writes to Professor Cowell, March 12, 1857:—

"Only to-day I have been opening dear old Salámán: the original copy we bought and began this time three years ago at Oxford; with all my scratches of Query and Explanation in it, and the Notes from you among the Leaves. How often I think with Sorrow of my many Harshnesses and Impatiences! which are yet more of manner than intention."

From this same letter was quoted above his creed as to freedom of translation, and just before the passage introduced in the note to Rubá'iy XXXIII he makes an interesting comparison between Hafiz and Omar:—

Hafiz most
Persian of
Persians

"Old Johnson said the Poets were the best Preservers of a Language: for People must go to the Original to relish them. I am sure that what Tennyson said to, you is true: that Hafiz is the most Eastern—or, he should have said, most *Persian*—of the Persians. He is the best representative of their character, whether his Sáki and Wine be real or mystical. Their Religion and Philosophy is soon seen through, and always seems to me *cuckooed* over like a borrowed thing, which people, once having got, don't know how to parade enough. To be sure, their Roses and Nightingales are repeated enough; but Hafiz and old Omar Khayyám ring like true metal. The Philosophy of the latter is, alas! one that never fails in the World! 'To-day is ours,' &c."

In 1857 FitzGerald was copying out some of the Rubáiyát for Garcin de Tassy, just as Cowell had copied them for FitzGerald, making all the more interesting Garcin de Tassy's boast that he had the only manuscript in Paris. He wrote Cowell:—

"Perhaps he [that is, Garcin de Tassy] will edit them. I should not wish him to do so if there were any chance of your ever doing it; but I don't think you will help on the old Pantheist, and De Tassy really, after what he is doing for the Mantic, deserves to make the acquaintance of this remarkable little Fellow."

About a fortnight later he adds:—

"I have been for the last five days with my brother at Twickenham; during which time I really copied out Omar Khayyám, in a way! and shall to-day post it as a '*cadeau*' to Garcin de Tassy in return for his Courtesy to me. I am afraid, a bad return: for my MS. is but badly written, and it would perhaps more plague

than profit an English 'savant' to have such a present made him."

Garcin de Tassy read some of the tetrastichs, and found them not very difficult, the few stumbling-blocks he attributed to the "*copiste*," and he proposed to write for the "Journal Asiatique," an article on it, in which he would honorably mention Cowell and FitzGerald. But FitzGerald hastened to deprecate any such publicity:—

"Putting it on the ground [he said] that we do not yet know enough of the matter: that I do not want Cowell to be made answerable for errors which Edward FitzGerald may have made, and that E. F. G. neither merits nor desires any honourable mention as a Persian Scholar: being none."

Garcin de Tassy published his "Note sur les Rubā'iyyāt de 'Omar Khaiyām" in the "Journal Asiatique," and afterwards in a thin pamphlet dated at the Imprimerie impériale, 1857; but he refrained from all mention of FitzGerald. The quatrains which he translated into French prose, probably the very ones which FitzGerald "pointed out to him as the best," will be found in the Bibliography, Appendix XLIX.

On the seventh of May, FitzGerald writes Cowell:—

"To-day I have a note from the great De Tassy, which announces: 'My dear Sir, Definitively I have written a little Paper upon Omar, with some Quotations taken here and there at random, avoiding only the too badly sounding *rubayāt*. I have read that paper before

**Garcin de
Tassy gets
the credit
of a pioneer**

the Persian Ambassador and suite, at a meeting of the Oriental Society, of which I am Vice-President, the Duc de Dondeauville being president. The Ambassador has been much pleased of my quotations.' So you see," adds FitzGerald, "I have done the part of an ill Subject in helping France to ingratiate herself with Persia, when England might have had the start! I suppose it probable *Ferukh Khan* himself had never read or perhaps heard of Omar. I think I told you in my last that I had desired De Tassy to say nothing about you in any paper he should write; since I cannot have you answerable for any blunders I may have made in my copy, nor may you care to be named with Omar at all. I hope the Frenchman will attend to my desire; and I dare say he will, as he will then have all credit to himself."

**The para-
phrase
begun,
1857**

In June, FitzGerald had put away all books except Omar Khayyám, which he says he could not "help looking over in a Paddock covered with Buttercups and brushed by a delicious Breeze, while a dainty racing Filly of W. Browne's came startling up to wonder and snuff about me." Then comes the curious Latin translation of Rubá'iy IV. which is in Appendix II., and just about that time arrives an Omar MS. from Cowell, and this seems to have determined his work. He writes that he shall perhaps "make some notes and enquiries" as he goes on looking them over. "I think this MS." he says, "furnishes some opportunities for one's critical faculties, and so is a good exercise for them, if one wanted such."

It is interesting to gather the Omar-touches in

his letters. On the first of July he adds to the same epistle:—

“ June over. A thing I think of with Omar-like Roses in sorrow. And the Roses here are blowing—and going England—as abundantly as even in Persia. I am still at Geldestone, and still looking at Omar by an open window which gives over a Greener Landscape than yours.”

And he closed the letter on the anniversary of Cowell's departure for India, with praise of the Calcutta Omar, comparing it favorably with the Ouseley MS., and rather fondly clinging to his hope that it was by Omar himself: the last word in it is mention of his “ poor Sir W. Jones' sort of Parody.”

Then on the third of September, 1858, he gives the first definite information as to the “ Rubáiyát”:

“ As to my Omar: I gave it to Parker in January, I First men-
think: he saying Fraser was agreeable to take it. tion of the
Since then I have heard no more; so as, I suppose, translation,
they don't care about it: and may be quite right. Had 1858
I thought they would be so long, however, I would have
copied it out and sent it to you: and I will still do so
from a rough and imperfect Copy I have (though not
now at hand), in case they show no sign of printing me.
My Translation will interest you from its *Form*, and
also in many respects in its *Detail*; very unilateral as it Very
is. Many Quatrains are mashed together: and some- unilateral
thing lost, I doubt, of Omar's simplicity, which is so
much a Virtue in him. But there it is, such as it is. I
purposely said in the very short notice I prefixed to the
Poem that it was so short because better information
might be furnished in another Paper, which I thought
you would undertake. So it rests.”

Still weeks passed by with no satisfaction. In November he wrote :—

**Fraser
refuses it**

"As to Omar, I hear and see nothing of it in Fraser yet: and so I suppose they don't want it. I told Parker he might find it rather dangerous among his Divines: he took it however, and keeps it. I really think I shall take it back; add some Stanzas which I kept out for fear of being too strong; print fifty copies and give away; one to you, who won't like it neither. Yet it is most ingeniously tesselated into a sort of Epicurean Eclogue in a Persian Garden."

About the middle of January of the eventful year, FitzGerald wrote Cowell :—

"I am almost ashamed to write to you, so much have I forsaken Persian, and even all good Books of late. There is no one now to 'prick the Sides of my Intent'; Vaulting Ambition having long failed to do so! I took my Omar from Fraser, as I saw he didn't care for it; and also I want to enlarge it to near as much again, of such Matter as he would not dare to put in Fraser. If I print it, I shall do the impudence of quoting your Account of Omar and your Apology for his Freethinking: it is not wholly my Apology, but you introduced him to me, and your excuse extends to that which you have not ventured to quote, and I do. I like your Apology extremely also, allowing its Point of View. I doubt you will repent of ever having showed me the Book. . . . My Translation has its merit: but it misses a main one in Omar, which I will leave you to find out. The Latin versions, if they were corrected into decent Latin, would be very much better."

**What the
translation
misses**

Two years later, Dec. 9, 1861, he wrote W. H. Thompson :—

"As to my own Peccadilloes in Verse, which never pretend to be original, this is the story of *Rubdiydt*. I had translated them partly for Cowell: young Parker asked me some years ago for something for Fraser, and I gave him the less wicked of these to use if he chose. He kept them for two years without using: and as I saw he didn't want them, I printed some copies with Quaritch; and keeping some for myself, gave him the rest. Cowell, to whom I sent a Copy, Cowell's was naturally alarmed at it; he being a very religious alarm Man: nor have I given any other Copy but to George Borrow, to whom I had once lent the Persian, and to old Donne when he was down here the other Day, to whom I was showing a Passage in another Book, which brought my old Omar up."

The first edition of FitzGerald's "Rubáiyát" was published anonymously in 1859. "Nearly the whole of this edition," says Mr. Quaritch, "I sold (not being able to get more) at one penny each. Mr. FitzGerald had made me a present of about two hundred copies of the two hundred and fifty he had printed." In 1887 Mr. Quaritch offered for sale a single copy of the first edition, "with a few manuscript notes," at £4 4s. The price steadily increased. In November, 1894, he advertised a single copy of this little insignificant-looking brown-paper-covered pamphlet at £6 6s.

It is said that the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti's was one of the first admirers of the poem, and used ~~properly~~ to send "his pupils, the earnest young men that ~~gandism~~

hung upon his Chaucerian lips, to search the boxes for hid treasures." Gradually the fame of the Translation, which many thought to be an original work, made its way among a limited circle; but as yet no magazine or journal reviewed it or called it into publicity.

He still seemed to hope that Professor Cowell would edit Omar: he wrote him:—

Omar
the most
remarkable
Persian
poet

"Are you not the only man to do it? And he is worth re-editing. I thought him from the first the most remarkable of the Persian poets: and you keep finding out in him Evidences of logical Fancy which I had not dreamed of. . . . I doubt I have given but a very one-sided version of Omar: but what I do only comes up as a Bubble to the Surface and breaks: whereas you, with exact scholarship, might make a lasting impression of such an Author."

This was written in 1861. In 1868 the second edition was issued, the number of the quatrains increased from seventy-five to one hundred and ten; the name still sedulously repressed. It is a common belief that Fitzgerald over-elaborated in the later editions, and injured the first spontaneity of his Bubbles; he himself wrote to Professor Cowell: "I suppose very few people have ever taken such pains in translation as I have: though certainly not to be literal." Yet he said: "To correct is the Bore."

The first two editions compared An article in the "Saturday Review" for January 16, 1886, apparently by Justin Huntly McCarthy, gives a brief account of the first ver-

sion, and a statement of the divergencies "which occur in the editions of this singularly interesting poem": —

"The treatment of the opening quatrain [it says] does without doubt appear to justify the complaint that the author had not the courage of his first adventure. . . . Nothing could exceed the felicity of this cluster of Eastern images," and Mr. Aldis Wright was called upon to explain, if possible, under what pressure Mr. FitzGerald "tamed down his Persian tiger-cat in 1868."

The 'shafts' and 'sessions' are ineffectual indeed after the heroic imagery of the original, and the poet stanza was obliged to suppress the interesting note that explained that flinging a stone into the cup was the signal for 'To Horse' in the Desert.

The second stanza in 1859 [it goes on to say] was not less original, and has still more completely disappeared. It was, however, less poetical, and we regret it less acutely. . . . From this point the text of 1859 proceeds as we now know the poem for a considerable distance, save that the rose had a 'yellow cheek,' which we distinctly prefer to her present 'sallow' one. So far we agree with the critics who complain of the revision as wholly uncalled for. But at the eighth quatrain we join issue with them. It would be unfortunate indeed to be deprived of the stanza beginning, 'Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon,' which is a little masterpiece of melody; and in 1859 the beautiful opening of the next quatrain took this far less felicitous form: —

'And look — a thousand Blossoms with the Day
Woke, — and a thousand scatter'd into Clay.'

"Nor do we carry antiquarianism so far as to persuade ourselves to prefer

'But come with old Khayyám, and leave the Lot
Of Kaikobád and Kaikhosrú forgot—'

to the mellifluous

'Well, let it take them! what have we to do
With Kaikobád the Great, or Kaikhosrú?'

**Instances
of fallen
splendour**

"A little lower down the definite 'A Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,' of 1859, is but ill exchanged for 'A little Bread,' in 1868 and onwards. We proceed, and presently discover that the quatrain, 'Were it not folly Spider-like to spin,' does not occur in the original edition. Among the noble series of instances of fallen splendour we miss also 'The Palace that to Heav'n his pillars threw,' but come upon it, upon closer examination, in the notes at the end of the poem. For some distance onwards our collation reveals no important changes save in the sequence of the sections. Of the following very suggestive quatrain, however, the last line only has been preserved since 1859:—

'O come with old Khayyám, and leave the Wise
To talk; one thing is certain, that life flies;
One thing is certain, and the Rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.'

"We presently reach a point where the later editions have manifestly an advantage over the first. It is extraordinary to find so halting and wooden an image as this,—

'Another and another Cup to drown
The Memory of this Impertinence,'

taking the place of the magnificent lines that are among the best known in the whole poem,—

‘Ah, contrite Heav’n endowed us with the Vine
To drug the memory of that insolence !’

The central part of the poem, in which Omar Khayyám gives the rein to his mystical and sceptical metaphysics, is treated quite otherwise in the first and the later editions. Readers familiar with the series of curious quatrains which form the least pleasing but not the least original section of the work, will be inclined to compare them with these concise stanzas, now entirely transmuted and dissolved, in which the cynicism of the poet was presented in 1859.

“The section, now unnamed and consisting of nine The Book quatrains, which recounts the conversation among the of Pots pots at the close of Ramazán, is called the ‘Kúza-Náma,’ and contains but eight quatrains in the original edition.

“Here also the alterations add little or nothing to the effect; and some of the earlier phrases, such as ‘surly Tapster’ for ‘surly Master,’ and the ‘clay Population’ for ‘the Shapes of Clay,’ seem distinctly preferable. The most curious and unfortunate alteration has yet, however, to be noted. Few readers of the poem will hesitate to admit that the final section, with its exquisitely pathetic references to the poet’s approaching death, form the crowning charm of the whole poem. But, as we at present possess it, it is marred by the insertion of three stanzas—those beginning ‘Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield’—in which the exquisite tension of style is sensibly relaxed, and in which a more common-place order of reflection breaks in upon the sincerity and originality of the rest. These

three needless quatrains repeat, with infinitely less felicity, the sentiment of the beautiful stanza that now follows them :—

'Ah, Love! could you and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheine of Things entire,
Would we not shatter into bits—and then
Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire.'

**Three
interpolated
stanzas**

It is therefore extremely interesting to discover that these three stanzas do not occur in the first edition, and that they are — what we might perhaps expect them to be — an addition thrust into the poem when the brain of the writer was no longer running with molten bronze.

"Without this colder patch upon it, the section forms one of the most lovely and delicate passages of recent English verse. The last quatrain but one in 1859 ran thus :—

'Ah, Moon of my Delight who know'st no wane,
The Moon of Heaven is rising once again;
How oft hereafter rising will she look
Through this same Garden after me—in vain.'

**A free
theory of
translation**

It is currently believed that the cruel reception which Fitzgerald's 'Six Dramas of Calderon' met with from the *Athenæum* in 1853 — a reception immediately followed by the withdrawal of the volume from circulation — led him to hold very lightly on publicity. He was not surprised when the *Rubdiydt* also fell still-born from the press; and, if younger hands had not lifted it from neglect, it is unlikely that he would ever have revived it. His theory of translation was a very free one, and justified only by complete poetical success. It was perfectly pardonable that a reviewer who demanded

exact fidelity to the text of his original should exclaim against a translator who took Sir John Denham's plea for license so literally. But it is not as a translation that the English-speaking people have accepted the *Rubáiyát* into their literature,—it is as an original poem; and in thus comparing the first edition of this important work with the second, we have thought it as needless to inquire what relation either version bears to the text of Omar Khayyám as it would be to tie Marlowe down to the very language of Musæus. In the one case and the other, the paraphrase possesses merits which render it of greater importance than the original."

In England the second edition of the "Ru- Professor
báiyát" attracted scarcely more attention than Norton's
the princeps had done: it was Mr. Charles Eliot review
Norton who first gave due credit to the merits
of FitzGerald's version. In the "North American
Review" for October, 1869, he wrote an extended
notice of Nicolas and of Edition II. He was keen
enough to see that there might be more than one
way to interpret Khayyám's quatrains; he asks:

" May it not be that there are two sides to Omar's shield,—one of mystic gold, the other of plain silver?"

One or two passages from this review may be
with propriety quoted here:—

" But whatever allowance be required for the sensual side of Omar's character, his quatrains give proof of delicacy and the delicacy no less than of the strength of his poetic nature, of the subtlety no less than of the elevation of his poetic nature. . . . If we interpret some of Omar's qua-

**His manly
inde-
pendence**

trains mystically, we find him sometimes seeking satisfaction in pantheistic abstractions, in efforts toward communion with, and absorption in, the Divine, and sometimes betaking himself to atheistic speculations, and admitting no other guiding principle in the universe than a blind, impartial fate. But, perplexed or baffled as he may be, he maintains a manly independence, and, finding nothing outside or beyond the world to rest upon, fixes himself solidly here, and resolves, while all things are fleeting and changing around him, to enjoy at least the present hour, and to make the best of the life which is his to-day, but may not be his to-morrow. However shifting and uncertain are his thoughts respecting the invisible and the unknown, his practical philosophy does not vary, and like the Hebrew preacher, he constantly repeats, 'There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labour. This also I saw, that it was from the hand of God.'

Mr. Norton then translates a number of the quatrains from Nicolas.

Of FitzGerald, then unknown, but afterwards a frequent correspondent, Professor Norton says :—

**A perfect
paraphrase**

"He is to be called 'translator' only in default of a better word, one which should express the poetic transfusion of a poetic spirit from one language to another, and the re-presentation of the ideas and images of the original in a form not altogether diverse from their own, but perfectly adapted to the new conditions of time, place, custom, and habit of mind in which they reappear. It has all the merit of a remarkable original production, and its excellence is the highest testimony

that could be given to the essential impressiveness and worth of the Persian poet. It is the work of a poet inspired by the work of a poet; not a copy, but a reproduction, not a translation, but the re-delivery of a poetic inspiration . . . in its English dress it reads like the latest and freshest expression of the perplexity and of the doubt of the generation to which we ourselves belong. There is probably nothing in the mass of English translations or reproductions of the poetry of the East to be compared with this little volume in point of value as *English* poetry. In the strength of rhythmical structure, in force of expression, in musical modulation, and in mastery of language, the external character of the verse corresponds with the still rarer interior qualities of imagination and of spiritual discernment which it displays."

The article ends with a selection of seventy-four out of the one hundred and ten Rubáiyát.

The keynote of praise set by Mr. Norton was echoed by an anonymous reviewer in *Fraser's*, who in June, 1870, wrote :—

"It would be difficult to find a more complete example of terse and vigorous English, free from all words of weakness or superfluity. The rhythm of his stanzas is admirable, and that with which the poem begins may be taken as a fair specimen of the pointed force with which he expresses himself."

Four years later, in 1872, the third edition appeared; but not until 1873 did so intimate an acquaintance as Carlyle discover who the anonymous translator was. Mr. Norton brought the

fact to his knowledge, and gave him a copy of the third edition. Carlyle wrote FitzGerald :—

"From him too, by careful cross-questioning, I identified, beyond dispute, the hidden 'Fitzgerald,' the Translator ;— and indeed found that his complete silence, and unique modesty in regard to said meritorious and successful performance, was simply a feature of my own *Edward F.* The translation is excellent; the Book itself a kind of jewel in its way."

Yet Carlyle, in one of his dyspeptic moods, called Omar "the Persian blackguard!"

**Mr. Levi S.
Thaxter's
propa-
gandism**

Mr. FitzGerald found in the late Levi S. Thaxter an enthusiastic admirer and propagandist. Mr. Thaxter imported many copies to distribute among his friends. There lies before me now a copy in which Mr. Thaxter wrote in variants of the first edition in violet ink and those of the second in black ink, together with an inscription of "affectionate remembrances to T. W. H." In an accompanying letter to Colonel Higginson he says: "The second edition is, on the whole, the best, I think. Mr. F. has puttered too much over the third."

The English reviewers now began to wake to the merits of this masterpiece. For instance, the "Academy" said :—

**The
Academy's
criticism**

"Mr. FitzGerald has done what the finest textual criticism and the most uncompromising devotion to literal accuracy could never accomplish: he has reproduced the thoughts of the Persian poet in English poetry, not merely in versified prose. Omar Khayyám is, we believe, the only Oriental poet who has been thus

worthily represented. . . . We believe Mr. FitzGerald's version to be unapproachable in poetic feeling, and scarcely less in perfectness of form."

From this time forth the vogue of the FitzGerald translation was assured, at least here in America. The Bibliography * will give a succinct history of the quick succession of editions. It has been the fate of every limited edition speedily to get out of print, and to acquire enhanced values: the Grolier edition — certainly not the most attractive — carrying the palm of fancy price.

Mr. FitzGerald himself lived to see the grain of FitzGerald's mustard-seed just beginning that growth into a tree large enough for the birds of the air to build nests thereon. His life was passed uneventfully. He never cared to travel. He had the "London disgust" in a pronounced form. He was fond of the sea, and spent much time cruising in a little yacht, which he named the *Scandal*, because "that was the staple product of Woodbridge." He also owned a share in a herring-lugger named "Meum & Tuum," the stern-board of which now belongs to the Omar Khayyám Club of London. It would be interesting to give a full picture of "Old Fitz" and all his eccentricities of dress and manner. He said of his family: "We are all mad, but with this difference,—I know I am!" In 1866 he wrote: "If I were conscious of being steadfast and good-humoured enough, I would marry to-morrow. But a humorist is best by himself." Bernard

* Appendix XLIX.

**His
generosity**

Barton, the Quaker Poet, when on his death-bed asked FitzGerald to take care of his only daughter: the poet married her; but the "If" in the quoted letter proved a prophecy, and after a few years they parted with mutual respect, FitzGerald generously sharing his property with her. His income is said not to have been over £1000 a year, but he was always generous. Quaritch paid him ten pounds for his second edition: he contributed the little honorarium to the fund in aid of the sufferers from the famine in Persia. Once, hearing that a grocer was in pecuniary difficulties, he bought his entire stock.

He is said to have had a habit, worthy of a Rogers, of using bank-notes for book-marks, and after his death many of them were found in the volumes of his library. He had a unique way of cutting the padding out of books, and binding the remainder into a single thin volume. He preserved many of his favorite selections in a manuscript which he entitled "Half Hours with the Worst Authors." His tastes were peculiar, and he did not hesitate in his letters to indulge in criticisms that were almost Carlylesque in their severity. His misunderstood remark about the death of Mrs. Browning drew from Robert Browning the fiery sonnet which is not now included in any edition of Browning's works. He liked Lever's "O'Dowd Essays" better than Addison. His letters are full of his curious preferences in art and music and literature. Mrs. Kemble says of him:—

"He was distinguished from the rest of his family, and, indeed, from most people, by the possession of very

rare intellectual and artistic gifts. A poet, a painter, a musician, an admirable scholar and writer, if he had not shunned notoriety as sedulously as most people seek it, he would have achieved a foremost place among eminent men of his day, and left a name second to that of very few of his contemporaries. His life was spent in literary leisure, or literary labors of love of singular excellence, which he never cared to publish beyond the circle of his intimate friends: ‘Euphranor,’ ‘Polonius,’ collections of dialogues full of keen wisdom, fine observation, and profound thought; sterling philosophy, written in the purest, simplest, and raciest English; noble translations, or rather free adaptations, of Calderon’s two finest dramas, ‘The Wonderful Magician’ and ‘Life’s a Dream,’ and a splendid paraphrase of the ‘Agamemnon’ of Æschylus, which fills its reader with regret that he should not have Englished the whole of the great trilogy with the same severe sublimity. In America this gentleman is better known by his translation or adaptation (how much more of it is his own than the author’s I should like to know if I were Irish) of Omar Khay’ām, the astronomer-poet of Persia. . . .

Fanny
Kemble's
account of
FitzGerald

“While these were Edward FitzGerald’s studies and pursuits, he led a curious life of almost entire estrangement from society, preferring the company of rough sailors and fishermen of the Suffolk coast to that of lettered folk. He lived with them in the most friendly intimacy, helping them in their sea ventures, and cruising about with one—an especially fine sample of his sort—in a small fishing-smack which Edward FitzGerald’s bounty had set afloat, and in which the translator of Calderon and Æschylus passed his time, better pleased with the fellowship and intercourse of the captain and crew of his small craft than with that of more educated and sophisticated humanity.”

**The death
of his
boatman****His death**

In 1877 his favorite boatman died, and from that time forth he gave up even the sea. He wrote Professor Cowell: "I have not had heart to go on our river since the death of my old Companion West, with whom I had traversed reach after reach for these dozen years. I am almost as averse to them now as Peter Grimes. So now I content myself with the River Side." He lived the latter part of his life nominally at Little Grange, where he went after his lodgings-keeper, Mr. Berry, who weighed only nine stone, took unto himself a buxom fourteen-stone helpmeet; but he often visited at the Bredfield Vicarage of his old friend Crabbe.

There it was that he died on the morning of June 14, 1883. Mr. Crabbe found him "as if peacefully sleeping, but quite dead." He had written to Professor Cowell eight years previously: "I can't say I have much care for long Life: but still less for long Death: I mean a lingering one." And only sixteen days before his death he wrote one of his nieces: "It seems strange to me to be so seemingly alert — certainly, alive — amid such fatalities with younger and stronger people. But even while I say so, the hair may break, and the suspended Sword fall."

After his death Mr. William Aldis Wright came into possession of a small tin box containing corrected copies of his printed works, and a letter asking him to see that, if — though it seemed to him unlikely — any of his works should be called for, they might be properly reprinted. He mentioned by name the three Plays from the Greek and

Calderon's "Mágico," the C. Lamb papers, and the His literary Selections from Crabbe and his "poor old Lowe-
stoft Sea-slang" which he had contributed in 1868-9
to the "East-Anglican." Not a word about the
"Rubáiyát"!

It is from the corrected copy of this fourth edition that Mr. Wright published the fifth edition, in the third volume of FitzGerald's "Letters and Literary Remains." This also is taken for the basis of the comparison in the present edition. And it may be stated here that through the courtesy of Professor Norton and Mr. French I have been enabled to compare the reprints of the first and second editions with the genuine originals, thereby correcting a number of slight inaccuracies that had crept into previous reprints. They therefore stand in the present volume literally correct, even to the reproduction of typographical errors such as the omission of note-numbers and the like.

The Poet-Laureate on hearing of FitzGerald's death wrote to the late Sir Frederick Pollock:

"I had no truer friend: he was one of the kindest of men, and I have never known one of so fine and delicate a wit. I had written a poem to him the last week, a dedication, which he will never see."

The poem was the proem to "Tiresias." It contains some interesting references, and the praise of the "Rubáiyát" is echoed by every reader of the work: —

TO E. FITZGERALD.

Tennyson's
dedicatory
poem

A golden
Eastern lay

OLD FITZ, who from your suburb grange,
 Where once I tarried for a while,
 Glance at the wheeling Orb of change,
 And greet it with a kindly smile;
 Whom yet I see as there you sit
 Beneath your sheltering garden-tree,
 And watch your doves about you flit,
 And plant on shoulder, hand and knee,
 Or on your head their rosy feet,
 As if they knew your diet spares
 Whatever moved in that full sheet
 Let down to Peter at his prayers;
 Who live on milk and meal and grass;
 And once for ten long weeks I tried
 Your table of Pythagoras,
 And seem'd at first 'a thing enskied'
 (As Shakespeare has it) airy-light
 To float above the ways of men,
 Then fell from that half-spiritual height
 Chill'd, till I tasted flesh again
 One night when earth was winter-black,
 And all the heavens flash'd in frost;
 And on me, half-asleep, came back
 That wholesome heat the blood had lost,
 And set me climbing icy capes
 And glaciers, over which there roll'd
 To meet me long-arm'd vines with grapes
 Of Eshcol hugeness; for the cold
 Without, and warmth within me, wrought
 To mould the dream; but none can say
 That Lenten fare makes Lenten thought,
 Who reads your golden Eastern lay,
 Than which I know no version done
 In English more divinely well;

A planet equal to the sun
Which cast it, that large infidel
Your Omar; and your Omar drew
Full-handed plaudits from our best
In modern letters, and from two,
Old friends outvaluing all the rest,
Two voices heard on earth no more;
But we old friends are still alive,
And I am nearing seventy-four,
While you have touch'd at seventy-five,
And so I send a birthday line
Of greeting; and my son, who dipt
In some forgotten book of mine
With sallow scraps of manuscript,
And dating many a year ago,
Has hit on this, which you will take,
My Fitz, and welcome, as I know,
Less for its own than for the sake
Of one recalling gracious times,
When, in our younger London days,
You found some merit in my rhymes,
And I more pleasure in your praise.

III.

THERE can be no doubt of the truth of the frequently reiterated statement that FitzGerald's *Omar* popularity has found more readers in the United States than in England. It might possibly have remained the prized possession of a comparatively small number of cultivated people, and little more than a name — and an unpronounceable name — to the multitude,

**Elihu
Vedder's
illustrations**

had it not been for an American artist who saw in the quatrains an opportunity of graphic illustration. About a year after the death of the translator, Mr. Elihu Vedder exhibited the original drawings, which he had completed during a visit in Rome. They were afterwards published in a sumptuous volume, the price of which naturally put it out of reach of the majority of people; but the fame of the artist quickly made his work, and consequently the poem which he had so genially illustrated, a familiar subject of conversation and of real knowledge. Hosts of readers know the "Rubáiyát," not by their name, but simply as the poem illustrated by Vedder. An edition in reduced size, and far cheaper than the royal quarto first published, still more widely disseminated the knowledge of the old Persian; and the proof of his popularity is shown in the multitudinous editions —variorum and other— which have been called for during the past ten years.

**Praise from
the Pacific**

Westward the course of Omar's empire has taken its way. A San Francisco weekly in 1883 called the Vedder edition the Book of the year, and stated that about ten copies of the ordinary edition, and one of the édition de luxe, had been sold in that city. A journal in Portland, Oregon, ten years later declared that "No literary event since the birth of classic letters and art in the sixteenth century is at all comparable to the discovery and reincarnation of Omar by Fitzgerald." Another passage from this same article is not without interest: —

"This Persian poet of love and wine and death and fate sung to dull foreign ears. It is as if Hannibal had conquered Italy and Lucretius and Horace had appeared two or three centuries before they did to teach philosophy and interpret beauty to their masters. Only Omar teaches a deeper and surer philosophy than either Lucretius or his Greek master, and his verse, mocking Oriental appetite with an illusory veil of sensuality, exhales finer and subtler spiritual beauty than the Roman mind could conceive or the Latin tongue express. Omar had to wait for the nineteenth century and the delicate interpretation of Fitzgerald. The two names are united beyond power of divorcement."

Such criticism, originating so far from what is usually considered the literary centre of our country, is a significant phenomenon. It shows how widespread is the influence of the *Omar Khayyám* cult. Mr. Andrew Lang gives us a tentative explanation of the popularity of the Poet-Astronomer in these words : "The great charm of all ancient literature," he says, "is the finding of ourselves in the past. It is as if the fable of repeated and recurring lives were true ; as if in the faith, or unbelief, or merriment, or despair, or courage, or cowardice of men long dead we heard the echoes of our own thoughts and the beating of hearts that were once our own. . . . Who could have foreseen that Merv would one day become a place of moment to England, or that we should be listening to that Persian singer, and finding our dreams and fancies anticipated in his ! He lived in the Ages of Faith,—of Faith, Christian or Moslem,—and

Andrew
Lang's ex-
planation
of Omar's
popularity

lo, he says after the Greeks all that the Greeks said of saddest; the most resigned reflections of Marcus Aurelius rise to his lips, and he repeats, long before our day, the words of melancholy or of tolerance which now are almost commonplaces. That is why we listen, because the familiar sayings come on the wings of a strange music from a strange place,—from the lips of Omar, from the City of the Desert.” *

The interest aroused in FitzGerald’s paraphrase could not fail to attract attention to the original itself. Leaving out of account for the present various sporadic attempts to render into English verse isolated quatrains which have appeared in Oriental or English magazines, we will give a brief survey of more important work done by Fitz-Gerald’s successors.

**The prose
version of
J. B. Nicolas**

The first to bring out anything like a complete version of Omar Khayyám was J. B. Nicolas, who had served as Premier Drogman, or Chief Interpreter, at the French Embassy in Persia, and was in 1867 the French Consul at Rescht. M. Nicolas was also author of a manual of Franco-Persian Dialogues, with notes on the principal rules of Persian Grammar. His edition, “Printed by the Emperor’s Orders” at the Imperial Printing Office, contains 464 Rubáiyát copied from the Teheran lithographed edition, together with a prose translation accompanied by an extraordinary array of notes. It must be confessed that M.

* *The Independent.*

Nicolas's versions are often flat and unsatisfactory. "Nightingales, when they speak to the poet, speak in a language appropriate to the circumstances," and often, if Omar has a bit of advice to give, M. Nicolas places in a parenthesis a gratuitous "Le voici." Similar infelicities might be multiplied. He is open to the severer charge of frequent inaccuracy, and he is on the whole an untrustworthy guide. But it must be remembered that in France at least he was the first to work the mine, and that apparently he was unacquainted with previous English or German translations.

His work has the merit of generous enthusiasm, and later translators owe him their acknowledgments both for his own interpretation, and especially for the beautiful Persian text so exquisitely printed.

M. Nicolas argues eloquently in favor of the theory that Omar was a sufi,* and he loses no opportunity, either in his notes or in parenthetical interpolations, to emphasize his favorite doctrine that the fervid addresses to his mistress are in reality prayers to the Divinity, that the intoxication of the wine-cup, which the poet exalts into a religion, is only the hyperbolical symbol of absorption into divine contemplation. In fact, Nicolas

“ La doctrine des soufis, presque aussi ancienne que celle de l'Islamisme, enseigne à atteindre, par le mépris absolu des choses d'ici-bas, par une constante contemplation des choses célestes et par l'abnégation de soi-même, à la suprême béatitude, qui consiste à entrer en communication directe avec Dieu.”

takes a diametrically opposite view to that of Tom Moore, who says flippantly enough :—

“A Persian’s Heaven is easily made :—
‘T is but black eyes and lemonade.”

The Mystic interpretation

It certainly becomes us matter-of-fact Westerners to be very chary of expressing an opinion as to the interpretation of Omar, or, indeed, any Oriental poet. How far we are justified in following M. Nicolas in his views of the mystic meaning of Omar’s most extravagant expressions, and in avoiding the natural shock at their apparent impiety by taking shelter under the word “esoteric,” is a question. But the *Gulshan-i-Ráz* says :—

“The mystic license bears three several states :—
Annihilation, drunkenness, the trance
Of amorous longing. They who recognize
These three know well what time and place
To use these words and meaning to assign.”

And FitzGerald himself thus translates a similar justification of Omar’s unreproved boast of sensuality. It is from *Attár* :—

“Who is meet
Shall enter and with unreproved Feet
(Ev’n as he might upon the waters walk)
The Presence-room, and in the Presence talk
With such unbridled License as shall seem
To the Uninitiated to blaspheme.”

Nothing is more unfair than to judge a poet's life by his poems, unless it be to attribute to an actor the character which his duties call him to assume. There is no inherent contradiction between Omar in his Algebra piously calling upon Allah to help and inspire him in solving equations, and Omar, on the occasion of his wine-cup being overturned by a sudden breeze, improvising a Rubá'iy in which he charges Allah with being drunk ! * The greater the apparent contradiction, the greater probability of the Rubá'iy having an esoteric sense ; and the late Amelia B. Edwards, in her review † of Vedder's Illustrations, — which, by the way, may be considered, next to FitzGerald's, the most inspired of all the translations of Omar, — may be quite right in calling Omar "a sufi of Sufis, a mystic of mystics." It does not stand to reason that Omar, the learned astronomer, honored at court, yet preferring the quiet life of a recluse, and rounding out the full period of his days, should have at the same time been guilty of breaking all the commands of the Law.

We may, therefore, raise an issue with the Rev. E. H. Plumtre, ‡ who, after comparing the anonymous Koheleth with Omar, says : —

"The life of Omar Khayyám, so far as we know, H. H. Plumtre did not end, as we have reason to believe that of tre's criticism of Koheleth and even of Heine did, in a return to truericism of thoughts of the great enigma. It will be admitted, Omar

* See Appendix LI.

† London Academy, Nov. 29, 1884.

‡ Ecclesiastes, London, 1881.

The world problem

however, that it is not without interest to trace, under so many varieties of form and culture, the identity of thought and feeling to which an undisciplined imagination, brooding over that enigma and seeking refuge in sensual indulgence from the thought that it is insoluble, sooner or later leads. The poets and thinkers of the world might indeed almost be classified according to the relation in which they stand to that world problem which Reason finds itself thus impotent to solve. Some there are, like Homer and the unknown author of the 'Niebelungen Lied,' who in their healthy objectivity seem never to have known its burden. Some, like Æschylus, Dante, Milton, Keble, have been protected against its perilous attacks by the faith which they had inherited and to which they clung without the shadow of a doubt. Some, like Epicurus himself, and Montaigne, have rested in a supreme tranquillity. Some, like Sophocles, Vergil, Shakespeare, Goethe, have passed through it, not to the serenity of a clearer faith, but to the tranquillity of the supreme Artist, dealing with it as an element in their enlarged experience. Some, like Lucretius, Omar Khayyám, Leopardi, and in part Heine, have yielded to its fatal spell, and have 'died and made no sign,' after nobler or ignobler fashion. Others, to whom the world owes more, have fought and overcome, and have rested in the faith of a Divine Order which will at last assert itself, of a Divine Education of which the existence of the enigma, as forming part of man's probation and discipline, is itself a material element; of this victory the writer of the Book of Job and Tennyson present the earliest and the latest phases. An intermediate position may be claimed, not the less poetical in its essence because its outward form was not that of poetry, for the writer of Ecclesiastes, as in later times for the *Pensées* of Pascal."

The serenity of the artist**The victory of faith**

Nicolas follows the Persian order and arrangement of the Rubáiyát, whereby they follow one another not in accordance with any logical sequence of thought, but simply as the alphabetical ending of the rhyming syllables chances to bring them together. This formal informality, this deliberate hodge-podge of mingled wit and wisdom and apparent impiety and complaints of fortune and praise of wine is not without its charm: it quite coincides with our idea of Omar relieving the strain of his scientific studies by throwing off as the flashes of mental and moral moods these occasional exuberances of his genius.

The
arrange-
ment of the
Rubáiyát

It has ever been one of the delights of genius to make itself misunderstood by mediocrity. The Saviour frequently took pains to say things that he knew would shock and stagger the Scribes and Pharisees. Many a man has revelled in the reputation of being worse than he knew that he really was. And the more one studies Omar Khayyám, the more evident it grows that above and beyond the many quatrains which must necessarily bear a mystical interpretation, there are not a few which exhibit a bravado easily accounting for the unfriendly testimony borne by some of Omar's biographers in regard to his irreligious behavior.

In some of the later appendices to the present volume an attempt has been made to weave into a sort of consistency a variety of Rubáiyát throwing his strangely contradictory character as it were into autobiographical relief.

Περσῶν
ἡλιοβλήτους
πλάκας

However unsafe it may be to draw conclusions from Omar's poetic sentiments, we may read a lesson of self-restraint in his style. We somehow look to what Euripides the human calls "the sun-burnt steppes of the Persians" as the home of extravagant metaphors and unrestrained fancies.

Omar's con-
ciseness

Sir William
Jones

Omar had no sign of the ordinary floweriness of his fellow-poets. Nor did he sin by exuberance of production. Sir William Jones, in his "Essay on the Poetry of the Eastern Nations,"* says: "There is a Manuscript at Oxford, containing the lives of an hundred and thirty-five of the finest Persian poets, most of whom left very ample collections of their poems behind them: but the versifiers

* Complete Works, vol. iv., London, 1799. It is doubtful if Sir William translated any of Omar's Rubáiyát; but his own "Ode Persica," beginning,

*iam rosa purpureum caput
explicat. adsit amici,*

is quite in the Persian poet's manner, and there are Omar Khayyámesque touches in Number III, entitled "Altera," especially the lines: —

*affer scyphos, et dulci ridentis meri . . .
iniuiosa sperne fortunæ
minas. . .
sparge, puer liquidas
vini rubescens rosas,*

and,

*da calices novos
ut placida madidus
oblivione perfruar.*

It forms a queer marriage of Omar's thought and Horace's, or rather Catullus's, form.

and *moderate poets*, if *Horace* will allow any such men to exist, are without number in Persia."

Among the MSS. preserved in Berlin there is No one containing fifteen hundred by an unknown received Subhány, or Sabáhi, who is known to have written upwards of fifteen thousand Rubáiyát! Omar's very conciseness gives him distinction, but his manner was not hard to imitate. It is very unfortunate that there is not, and probably never can be, a *textus receptus* of his poems, and it is therefore impossible to determine how many of the twelve hundred attributed to him are his; but the most lenient critics consider it doubtful if five hundred ever proceeded from his pen, and more careful scholars think the number much less. Copyists, especially those who disapproved of his sentiments, interpolated contradictory quatrains, and it seems impossible to determine whether the opposing sentiments which are often found in juxtaposition are typical of varying moods, or are impudent additions by alien hands.

At all events, each Rubáiy is a separate poem, and, however composed, finds its place in the manuscripts in accordance with its alphabetical arrangement and not its content.

The late M. J. Darmesteter describes the Rubáiy *The Ru-* as a poem complete in itself, with its own unity of bá'iy, or form and idea, and when wielded by a genuine poet *quatrain* unequalled in force by any other kind of Persian verse, the repetition of the rhymes enveloping and accentuating the silence of the third line, which is generally left blank, producing harmonies and con-

trasting sounds calculated to give a peculiar relief to the harmonies and contrasts of the idea.

M. Darmesteter also recognized the distinction between the drinking-songs of Europe and those of Persia. The latter, he says, "are a song of revolt against the Koran, against bigots, against oppression of Nature and reason through the religious law. The drinking man is for the poet the very symbol of the emancipated man; for the mystic, wine is still more: it is the symbol of the divine intoxication." *

Protest

It is not alone his drinking-poems which embody this protest. Protest may be read in nearly every stanza: protest of the free-thinker against bigotry; protest of the fair-weighing mind against hypocrisy; protest of the creature against the Creator, of the pot against the Potter, of life against Death.

FitzGerald seized upon certain phases of this protest and made his "immortal Paraphrase" (to

* *Les Origines de la Poésie persane*, Paris, 1887. His words are: "Le quatrain est tout un poème qui a son unité de forme et d'idée; manié par un vrai poète, c'est le genre le plus puissant de la poésie persane. La répercussion des rimes, enveloppant et accentuant le silence du vers blanc, produit des harmonies et des contrastes de sons qui donnent un relief étrange aux harmonies et aux contrastes de l'idée. . . .

"Les chansons à boire de l'Europe ne sont que des chansons d'ivrogne; celles de la Perse sont un chant de révolte contre le Coran, contre les bigots, contre l'oppression de la nature et de la raison par la loi religieuse. L'homme qui boit est pour le poète le symbole de l'homme émancipé; pour le mystique, le vin est plus encore, c'est le symbole de l'ivresse divine."

use the words of his friend Groome) the "utterance of his soul's deepest doubts."

There is one other notable characteristic of The Omar which may be suitably mentioned here. That is his modesty. Once or twice indeed he introduces his *takhallus* of Khayyám, or the Tent-maker, into a Rubá'iy, as the Persian poets were wont to do in the case of their Ghazels; but there is nothing manifest of that tremendous burning personality which makes Dante stand out so vividly in his works. If his thought were not so concrete, it might be said that his aphorisms were generalities.

The modesty of
Omar and
his trans-
lators

The next man may appropriate them: the whole modern world may echo them, and lay claim to them as expressing our modern thought. Omar himself is wonderfully evasive. But we remember how he was offered wealth and position, and chose work and retirement. This story accords well with the inherent self-effacement that he shows in his quatrains.

His modesty was, so to speak, contagious. Of his best-known, though not most faithful exponent, it has been quoted in application, —

"Of every noble work, the silent part is best."

Nicolas's preface has none of the proverbial Gallic boastfulness. The egotistical note is lacking in nearly every instance of the score of scholars who have tried their hands at turning the Persian into modern tongues. Nor is the one American translator any exception: it is a temptation to

quote his delightful letter disclaiming special merit for his work, which certainly at its best is faithful, ingenious, and poetic.

IV.

LEAVING out of account the Hungarian version, which is undated, and follows strictly the order of Nicolas, the next attempt after Nicolas to translate the entire work of Omar Khayyám is believed to have been made by a German, — Friedrich Bodenstedt.

Friedrich
Mart. von
Bodenstedt,
1881

Friedrich Martinus von Bodenstedt was born April 22, 1819, at the little town of Peine. He at first intended to adopt a mercantile calling, but the attractions of a learned career led him to the University. He was successively at Göttingen, Munich, and Berlin, where he devoted his attention to modern languages, history, and philosophy. After graduation, in 1840, he went to Moscow to become tutor to one of the numerous Princes Galitsin. He took advantage of his stay in Russia to master the language, and was thus enabled to acquaint German readers with some of the most famous of the Russian poets. After publishing translations from Kozlof, Pushkin, and Lermontof, and from the beautiful songs of the Ukraina, he went to Tiflis to take the direction of an academy, at which he taught Latin and French. He travelled extensively throughout that romantic region, and after his return, in 1848, published several books relating to the Caucasus. He was engaged

in editorial work for several years at Trieste and Bremen; his Russian translations brought him to the attention of King Maximilian, who summoned him to Munich, where he occupied the chair of Slavonic language and literature, and later lectured on old English. In 1866 he took charge of the Court theatre at Meiningen, and the following year was raised to the nobility. In 1881 he visited the United States. He was the founder of the "Tägliche Rundschau." In 1878 Bodenstedt printed an article on Omar Khayyám in Spemann's annual "Für Kunst und Leben." This was illustrated by a number of character specimens of his Rubáiyát. When the whole work, consisting of 467 stanzas, was complete, he submitted it to the director of the Oriental Academy at Berlin, Hofrat von Barb, begging him to pass it through the sharpest fire of criticism. It was cordially received by the press. Two editions were called for during the year of its publication, but the rapid sale did not continue, and it was not until eight years later that the fourth edition made its appearance.

Bodenstedt makes an attempt to classify the Rubáiyát under several headings, such as "The Divinity of the Poet," "The God of the Koran and his Prophet," "Appearance and Reality," "The Bounds of Knowledge," "Fate and Freedom," "Springtime and Love," "The Poet and his Opponents," "World and Life," and "The Poet with the Wine cup." But the classification is not very strict, and many of those in one subdivision might well find place in another, or be included

His
translation
of Omar

in the tenth chapter, which is entitled "Heterogeneous."

Neither was Herr Bodenstedt careful to follow the quatrain disposition of versification. Out of about 395 which are quatrains, only fifty-eight are in the strict form of the Rubá'iy, with the first two and last lines rhyming. Some of these, however, admirably represent the ingenious complicated quintuple and quadruple rhymes of the original.

Bodenstedt also translated, among innumerable other things, the Persian poems of Hafiz. His own "Lieder Mirza Schaffy's" was perhaps his most popular work; some years ago it reached its 139th thousand, and it has been translated into many languages, even into Hebrew. He died at Wiesbaden, April 18, 1892.

Graf
von Schack,
1878

A translation of 336 Rubáiyát, thirty or more of which seem to have been made from the English of FitzGerald, preceded Bodenstedt's by two or three years. The author was the learned Adolf Friedrich Graf von Schack, a scion of a family that prides itself on being the oldest in Germany. Von Schack was born August 2, 1815, at Brüsewitz, near Schwerin. He studied at the Universities of Bonn, Heidelberg, and Berlin, dividing his attention between jurisprudence and languages. In 1834 he accepted a position in the Kammergericht at Berlin. Shortly afterward he took a long journey through Italy, Sicily, Egypt, Syria, Turkey,

Greece, and Spain. On his return he entered the **Graf** service of the Duke of Mecklenburg, whom he **von** accompanied to Italy and Constantinople as **Chamberlain** and **Legationsrat**. In 1849 he went to the College of the Union as Deputy (**Bevollmächtiger**), and later became chargé d'affaires at Berlin, where he studied Sanskrit, Persian, and Arabic. In 1852 he quitted the service of the State, and after living for a time on his estates in Mecklenburg, he spent two years in Spain, investigating the Arabic or Moorish occupancy of that country. The result of these studies was his Arabian Poetry and Art in Spain and Sicily,* and his great work on the Spanish Theatre. After 1855 he lived in Munich, where he wrote a large number of original poems, as well as translations of Oriental works, including Firdusi, Jami, and Kalidasa. Many of his works were popular, and went through successive editions. In 1876 he was made hereditary Count by the Emperor Wilhelm, and died at Rome, April 14, 1894. A number of books have been published since his death treating of his literary activity and his services as poet and translator. It seems to be the general impression that **Graf von Schack's** *Omar* is the most poetical of the German versions, and the nearest to *FitzGerald's* in genius, yet it is true that not quite fifty of his quatrains have the characteristic Persian form.

England may claim the credit of the next and by far the completest translation of *Omar*. In

* *Poesie und Kunst der Araber in Spanien und Sizilien.*

**Edward
Henry
Whinfield,
1882, 1883**

1882 Mr. Edward Henry Whinfield published a volume of less than a hundred pages, containing 253 of the Rubáiyát rendered into the same form of English verse which FitzGerald had made classic. The following year he brought out an edition containing a round five hundred, accompanied by the Persian text facing the translations. Of this great undertaking "The Academy" said:—

"Though he cannot compete on equal terms with Mr. FitzGerald as a translator of the first excellence, Mr. Whinfield has executed a difficult task with considerable success, and his version contains much that will be new to those who know only Mr. Fitzgerald's delightful selections."

The "Saturday Review" echoed this praise with these words:—

"Mr. Whinfield's version, if less poetical, is the more exact and scholarly;" while a critic (Mr. C. E. Wilson) proclaimed in a later number of "The Academy" that "Mr. Whinfield is *facile princeps* as an editor and translator of Umar-i-Khaiyám."

Mr. Whinfield, who was born in 1836, and graduated at Magdalen College, Oxford, made his practical acquaintance with Persian while he was connected with the Indian Civil Service at Bengal. He is also favorably known as one of the translators of the Gulshan-i-Ráz, or Mystic Rose-Garden of Shabistari, which he published with the Persian text and copious notes.

Six years later Justin Huntly McCarthy, Member of Parliament for Athlone, brought out a limited

edition containing 466 of the Rubáiyát translated Justin Huntly McCarthy, 1888 into English prose. Although somewhat prominent in political life, perhaps in part through his father's distinguished name, Mr. McCarthy at this time was only about twenty-eight years of age: not the least charm of the book is the buoyant, almost boyish enthusiasm which permeates the long introduction. Mr. McCarthy evidently cast his eyes now and then on the French version of M. Nicolas; but whatever fault may be found with its accuracy, or with its occasional use of strained and affected words (as, for instance, when he renders the line, "Those mighty and pompous Lords, so orgulous in their estates"), it must be confessed that he has marvellously improved upon the often stale and flat rendering of the French Dragoman to his Majesty the Shah. Mr. McCarthy's volume is printed in capital letters from beginning to end, and he uses no accent marks. The capitalization, therefore, of the Rubáiyát taken from his version for use in the present edition is simply a matter of taste, and he is not responsible for it. It may also be mentioned properly here that his translations are not numbered, but with the exception of the first and last pages are arranged three to a page. They are here numbered for convenience of reference: in the table the page numbering is added.

The United States, besides having furnished John Leslie Garner, 1888 the only adequate plastic representation of Omar Khayyám, may claim a worthy translator of the original in the person of Mr. John Leslie Garner, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. His neat little volume,

fitted under his father for the Bengal Civil Service, which he entered in 1847. He became magistrate and collector, and examiner for the India Civil Service. He is the author of many volumes, including various poems written in India. After his retirement from the service, he prepared two articles on Omar Khayyám, one for "Fraser's," the other for the "Calcutta Review." Both of them were copiously enriched with metrical translations from the "Rubáiyát." They will be found in Appendix XLVIII.

**Michael
Kerney**

The services also of Mr. Michael Kerney, whose work, though not his name, is known to thousands of readers, deserve to be recognized. It was he who furnished the admirable life of FitzGerald for the first variorum edition of the "Rubáiyát," and it was he who for the same memorial edition, suggested by Mr. Quaritch, made metrical renderings of fifty quatrains,—the first indeed to represent in English the rhythm of the original Persian. With that beautiful modesty which I have once before remarked as characterizing Omar and his translators, all this brilliant labor he has veiled under the anonymity of the initials "M. K."

**Mrs. H. M.
Cadell,
1879**

The first important attempt to make an extended exposition of Omar's poetry and philosophy as contrasted with FitzGerald's "Poem on Omar" was the work of a woman, Mrs. Jessie E. Cadell, who was born in Scotland in 1844, and died in 1884. When quite young she married H. M. Cadell, an officer in the British army, and accompanied him to India. She made herself mistress

of Persian, and labored assiduously in the elucidation of Omar. The fruits of her studies were embodied in an article modestly signed J. E. C., which appeared in "Fraser's Magazine" for May, 1879 (Vol. 99, pp. 650-659). The gist of the article follows.

V.

THE TRUE OMAR KHAYYAM.

"As very beautiful English verse, no one can doubt Fitz-
that Mr. Fitzgerald's *Khayyam* fully deserves its fame. Gerald's
As a translation, we are less satisfied with it. While Rubáiyát
acknowledging that the translator has been on the a poem on
whole successful in catching the sound of the Persian
lines, wonderfully so in setting thoughts and phrases
from the Persian in his English verses, we contend
that this is hardly enough to satisfy us in the transla-
tion of a set of epigrams. It is a poem on Omar,
rather than a translation of his work, and its very
faults have, to English readers, taken nothing from
its charm, and added much to its popularity. Its
inexactness has allowed for the infusion of a modern
element, which we believe to exist in the Persian only
in the sense in which the deepest questions of human
life are of all time. Its occasional obscurity, too, has
rather helped than hindered the impression of the
whole. People expect obscurity in a Persian writer of
the twelfth century — even like it — as it leaves dark
corners which the mind can light up any way it pleases,
and regard what it finds there as one of the peculiar
beauties of Eastern thought. These points have less

Omar's
meaning

attraction for those who, knowing Khayam in the original, have learnt to value him for himself. *

"It is true that there are obscurities in the Persian, but they are in great part technical difficulties. . . . It is not always easy to know exactly what Khayam has said: but that known, there is not much difficulty in seeing what he means. . . . He may be said to stand midway between the age of Firdusi, and that of the great Sufi poets. He still writes the pure simple Persian of the former, but he gives us no narrative poetry, and occupies himself with the problems of life and death, sin and fate, past, present, and future, which, dealt with unsatisfactorily to Persian minds by Mohammedan theology, gave rise to the mysticism of Attar, Jelal-ud-din Rumi and Saadi. He is the sole representative of the age of free thought, which is said to be everywhere the forerunner of mysticism. Though he is certainly not orthodox, he seems to us more of a doubter than a disbeliever. He questions, mocks, and rebels, but produces nothing positive of his own. However, we are not in a position to say even this with certainty. He wrote very little, and that little has been so mixed up with later additions as to be difficult to recognize. What we feel most sure of reads like the product of leisure hours: his moods vary, he is not always consistent; he will say the same thing in two or three shapes, or will contradict himself in quatrains which we cannot help believing to be genuine if there ever existed a Khayam. . . ."

His varying
moods

After remarking on the various MSS. and defining the Rubá'iy, Mrs. Cadell goes on to give various translations which she says are "as near as possible literal, and come from what she believes to be the best reading of the given rubái."

First she quotes two "from Nicholas" (*sic*), — that is, from the Persian original as given by Nicolas : —

'They have gone, and of the gone no one comes back
From behind the secret veil, to bring you word;
That matter will be opened to your need, not
Prayers :
For what is prayer without faith and earnest longing?

(227)

'Go, thou, cast dust on the heaven above us,
Drink ye wine, and beauty seek to-day!
What use in adoration? What need for prayer?
For of all the gone no one comes again.'

(228)

"Here we have in the latter verse something very like a contradiction of the former, certainly written in a different mood, possibly by another hand. It is the last which has the genuine Khayam flavour.

"Mr. Fitzgerald's No. 69 (of the 1872 edition), —

"Strange is it not? that of the myriads who,' —

is rather the expression of an idea found in many rubáis than the translation of any one, and it lacks the point. It would be easy enough to put 'the door of darkness' The door of into Persian, but we have not found it there. Khayam darkness does not stop to wonder, but he does make some practical suggestions. He says, in many shapes, 'While you live enjoy all that is.' The 'following, which is as close as any to Mr. Fitzgerald,' may be taken as a specimen of the rest : —

'Of all the trav'lers on that weary road,
Where's one returned to bring us news of it?
Take heed that here, in feigned goodness, you
Pass nothing pleasant by — you'll not come back.'

“ . . . He mocks, questions, laments, enjoys; is a person of varying moods, strong feelings, and remarkable boldness; but he has some sort of belief at the bottom of it all. He has no doubt about his enjoyment of the pleasant things round him, while they last. He can chafe against the sorrows of life and its inevitable end, the folly of the hypocrites, and the cruelty of fate; but he never doubts the existence of an oppressor, nor questions the reality of sorrow any more than that of death. He can feel strongly the charms of nature : —

‘ The day is sweet, its air not cold nor hot,
 From the garden’s cheek the clouds have washed the
 dew;
 The bulbul softly to the yellow rose
 Makes his lament, and says that we must drink.’

“ Again : —

‘ The new day’s breath is sweet on the face of the
 rose :
 A lovely face among the orchards too is sweet;
 But all your talk of yesterday is only sad.
 Be glad, leave yesterday, to-day’s so sweet.’

“ This is on spring-time : —

‘ To-day when gladness overpowers the earth,
 Each living heart towards the desert turns;
 On every branch shine Moses’ hands to-day,
 In every loud breath breathes Jesus’ soul.’

• • • • •

"Here is another kind of pleasure:—

'Drink wine, for it is everlasting life;
It is the very harvest of our youth
In time of roses, wine, and giddy friends.
Be happy, drink, for that is life indeed.'

"Of the love verses of the collection the following are Love specimens :—
quatrains

'When my heart caught thy fragrance on the breeze,
It left me straight and followed after thee.
Its sad master it no more remembers.
Once loving thee, thy nature it partakes.'

'Each drop of blood which trickles from mine eye
Will cause a tulip to spring freshly up,
And the heart-sick lover, seeing that,
Will get hope of thy good faith.'

'For love of thee I'll bear all kinds of blame,
Be woe on me if I should break this faith.
If all life long thy tyranny holds good,
Short will the time from now to judgment be.'

'Love which is feigned has no lustre;
Like a half-dead fire it burns not:
Nights, days, months, years, to the lover
Bring him no rest or peace, no food or sleep.'

"Both of these last might be claimed by those who hold the mystic interpretation of Omar's wine and love as proof of their theory. He certainly wrote little about love. His sense of the beauty of nature is marred perpetually by the thought of the death and decay in store for all.

See the morning breeze has torn the garment of the rose.

With its loveliness the nightingale is wildly glad.
Sit in the rose's shade, but know, that many roses,
Fair as this is, have fallen on earth and mixed with it'

"Another in much the same mood:—

'The cloud's veil rests on the rose's face still,
Deep in my heart is longing for that wine.
Sleep ye not yet, this is no time for sleep.
Give wine, beloved, for there's sunshine still.'

**Wine his
favourite
theme**

"Wine is the favourite theme; we get wearied with the constant recurrence of the praise of wine, and with exhortations to drink and be drunken, through hundreds of musical lines; till at last, without agreeing with those who look on it all as simply a figure for Divine love, 'the wine of the love of God,' we come to regard it as representing more than mere sensual pleasure. . . . Wine parties were in fact the nurseries of all the intellectual life of the time, which was unconnected with religion, and did much to counteract the dulness of orthodox Mohammedan life. So little growth to be got in what was lawful, it was small wonder that stirring minds turned from it; and as including so much else that they valued, we find these idolising the pleasure which seemed so fertile as a metaphor for the rest. This seems to me to account for a good deal of Khayam's wine.

"Still there are some good quatrains which seem undeniably mystic, and modern explanations given in the East point that way. . . . The reiterated 'Drink, you will sleep in the dust,' seems to show that the wine was something practical. 'Drink, the past day comes not

back again ;' 'time will not return on its steps ;' 'other moons will rise ;' 'no one stays or returns,' — all this would be without point if the wine were some draught of love, or longing for the divine which might have been enjoyed equally in any stage of being. The same may be said for the following : 'I am the slave of that coming moment when the Saki says, "Take another cup," and I shall not be able.' This moment is the hour of death, putting an end to human pleasure in whatever shape our poet cared most for it.

"Khayyām's view of death is coloured by a strong dash of materialism; whatever he may think, he talks of nothing but the death of the body — a kind of materialism common enough in Eastern thought, and which even its mystics never escape. . . . He refers again and again to burial, the washing of the body, the making of the bier, the loosening of joints, the separation of the members, the mixing with earth, and the return to the elements, — being used in the course of time by the builder and the potter to build walls, porticos, and palaces, to make jars, jugs, and pots : the future he contemplates with most complacency is that of returning to his old haunts and old friends in the form of a wine jug, when he is sure the wine will revive some sort of life in him. The grievance to him of death is not the dim future for his soul, but rather the leaving of pleasant things in his mouth and by his side. When he thinks of the future, death is no trouble to him :—

Omar
Khayyām's
material
view of
death

'I am not the man to fear to pass away,
That half to me better than this half seems ;
God as a loan my life has given me ;
I 'll give it back when payment time shall come.'

"And another, which Mr. Fitzgerald's readers will recognise :—

Bubá'iy
XLIII.

'In the sphere's circle, far in unseen depths,
Is a cup which to all is given in turn;
Sigh ye not then, when it to thy turn comes,
Its wine drink gladly, for 't is time to drink.'

"Of these, the first is certainly genuine, the second doubtful. But there is very little of this strain in proportion to the talk about the decay of the body and its afterwards serving natural purposes :—

Bubá'iy
XIX.

'Whenever there is a garden of tulips or roses,
Know that they grow from the red blood of kings;
And every violet tuft which is springing
From earth, was once a mole on some fair cheek.'

"Or this :—

Bubá'iy
XXXVIII.

'As I mused in the workshop of the potter
I saw the master standing by his wheel;
Boldly he made covers and handles for his jars
From the head of the king or the foot of the beggar.'

"The following is found in every MS. we have seen :—

Bubá'iy
LXXXVII.

'To the potter's shop yesterday I went,
Noisy or mute, two thousand pots I saw,
There came a sudden shout from one of them—
"Where is the potter, the seller, the buyer of pots?"'

"We would call the reader's attention to stanzas 82, 83 and 87 of Mr. Fitzgerald's translation, for which this one rubái, beat out thin and otherwise freely dealt

with, has served as foundation. We have so far seen Fitz-no other rubái we could connect with Mr. Fitzgerald's Gerald's from 82 to 88 inclusive. . . . invention

" . . . No. 66 [*I sent my soul through the invisible*] is found in all the oldest MSS. we have seen in this shape :—

'On the first day, my heart above the spheres
Was seeking pen and tablet, hell and heaven,
Till the right-thinking master said at last,
" Pen, tablet, heaven and hell are with thee." '

" No. 67 [*Heaven's (sic) but the bosom (sic) of fulfilled desire*] is also undoubtedly genuine, and, in its Persian form, found in every copy we have seen, with one exception :—

'The universe is a girdle for our worn bodies,
The Oxus but a trace of our blood-stained tears;
Hell is a spark from our senseless sorrow,
And heaven a breath from a moment of ease.'

" These translations are absolutely literal. We feel dissatisfied with Mr. Fitzgerald's verses, fine as they are, for in them we get some ideas the Persian lines do not contain, and lose many that they do.

" The shadow on the darkness from which we have come and to which we shall return, we seem to have met with somewhere, but not in Khayam. We lose the 'right-thinking master,' who is a striking feature in the Persian in the one rubái, and in the other we lose the stupendous claim the Persian poet is making, as well as the peculiar beauty of what he has to say of heaven and hell.

Omar's
penitential
mood

"After this we shall not expect much deference from Khayam to the religious system in which he had been educated, nor much recognition of eternal consequences to follow the keeping or breaking Mohammedan laws; what we wonder at is the heed he seems to take to them after all, and the presence of a rueful semi-penitent strain in some very authentic verses. It would seem that with all his boldness he never succeeded in convincing himself that he was in the right, and that his attitude of mind towards God, the law, and moral obligation, was that of rebellion, not negation. Hence what we have said about Fate. One of his main ideas is Fate's cruelty, and his most frequent state of mind the rebellious. This is his originality; others have moaned and lamented, he attacks and boldly. Fate is immutable; he says:—

'Long, long ago, what is to be was fixed,
The pen rests ever now from good and bad;
That must be, which He fixed immutably,
And senseless is our grief and striving here.'

"In a cruder form:—

'Whether you drink or not, if you are bound for hell
you will not enter heaven.'

The "wheel
of heaven"

"Fate appears commonly under the title of the 'wheel of heaven,' and the doings of the wheel are very unsatisfactory:—

'The tyrannous wheel which is set on high
Has never loosed hard knots for any man,
And when it sees a heart which bears a scar,
It adds another scar to that sore place.'

“ Again :—

‘Never has a day been prosperous to me;
Never has a breath blown sweetly towards me;
And never was my breath drawn in with joy,
But the same day my hand was filled with grief.’

“ But we doubt the authenticity of these ; beside manuscript argument the tone is too much of a lament. Khayam prefers to accuse the wheel of being ‘ ungrateful, unfaithful, and unkindly.’ In the following he deprecates its ill-will in a whimsical style, of which we have other specimens :—

‘O wheel, I am not content with thy turnings ;
Free me, I am not fit to be thy slave.
The fool and the unwise you favour most ;
Why not me too ? I am not overwise.’

“ Fate favours fools, it is indifferent to the sighs of The its victims, it rubs salt on wounds, it adds sore to sore, cruelty of it delights in ruthlessly cutting short the moment when, Fate by help of wine or love, a man has drawn in his breath in ease ‘that breath returns not.’ It is fertile in devices to cause and prolong suffering in life, and ever holds death as a final blow over every head, — the one certainty amid the changing possibilities of both worlds.

“ About the origin of things, the only fact of which Khayam is quite sure is that they were not made to please him.

‘About existence, O friend, why fret thee ?
And weary soul and heart with senseless thought ?
Enjoy it all, pass gaily through the world :
They took no counsel with thee at the first.’

"Far better it would have been not to have come at all. 'If those who have not come only knew what we endure from life, they would stay away.'

"Again:—

'We come with anguish, we live in astonishment, we go with pain, and we know not the use of this coming, being, and going.'

"Stronger even than the above is the following:—

'If coming had been of myself, I'd not have come,
Or, if going was of myself, I would not go;
But, best of all, if in this world of earth
Were no coming, no being, no going.'

No apparent cause for his sadness "He is sad enough and we know of no outward cause for his sadness. When he speaks of his favourite wine, he says, 'Slander it not, it is not bitter: the bitterness is that of my life.' . . . After this we must either suspect him of being sad for sheer idleness, or believe that he was oppressed by the awfulness and weariness of life and its mystery of evil to the extent of real suffering. . . . The pleasant thing he sings of could not help him much, in lessening the pains of doubt, or in softening his discontent at the hypocrisy and wrong about him.

"He says:—

'Of the eternal secret none has loosed the knot,
Nor trod one single step outside himself.
I look from the pupil to the master,
And each one born of woman helpless see.'

'From deepest heart of earth to Saturn's height
I solved all problems of the universe;
I leapt out free from bonds of fraud and lies,
Yea every knot was loosed but that of Death.'

Bubā'iy
XXXI.

'Of the eternal past and future, why
Discourse? they pass our powers of wit and will;
There's nought like wine in pleasant hours, be sure:
Of every tangle it doth loose the knots.'

"This last has the mocking tone in which he scouted at His tone
the learned of his day who chose to discourse of the of mockery
past and future, of which they knew so very little.
They might not unfairly retort that his wine and cup-
bearer had not saved him from the sorrows of life.
However he mocks on: it is his pleasure. He mocks
at believers and unbelievers, priests and mystics; and
when he comes to moral responsibility, he mocks at
the God in whom he believes, as it were, in spite of
himself.

"In the following quatrain he mocks at the Moslem
Paradise:—

'They tell us in heaven that houris will be,
And also honey, sugar, and pure wine;
Fill then the wine cup and place it in my hand,
Far better is one coin than boundless credit.'

"Here he uses the promise of the Koran as an excuse:
'We hear of houris in heaven and fountains
That will run with honey and pure wine:
If here we worship these, what is the harm,
Since at the end of time we meet the same?'

The Creator held responsible "It is no inanimate wheel of heaven which is ultimately responsible for his sorrow, for he says, 'Do not accuse the wheel of causing joy and sorrow, good and evil, for verily it is more helpless than you are,' and he holds the Creator responsible for evil as for the rest.

'Some God has fashioned thus my body's clay;
He must have known the acts I should perform :
No sin of mine but comes from laws of his :
What reason then for burning fires at last ?'

The difference between right and wrong

"He asks what is evil? what is sin? The law taught him that some things were permitted, some forbidden; and he asks why? What is it that makes this action right and that wrong, when there is not much to choose between them, and when towards both he has the same natural desire, which after all seems so much more like a Divine command than the capricious utterances of the Mollahs. Still sin exists; he can but rebel; he can conquer nothing, not even peace of mind. He says:—

'Abstain then from impossible commands.
How can the soul triumph o'er the body?
Wine is my sin, but so is abstinence forbidden.
To sum up all, he says, "Hold the cup awry, and
spill it not."

'What are we that he should speak evil of us
And make a hundred of each one of our faults?
We are but his mirrors, and what he sees in us
And calls good or evil that sees he in himself.'"

Mrs. Cadell then quotes FitzGerald's stanzas 78, 79, 80, and 81, and goes on:—

"Rebellious as Khayam certainly was, we do not think he went as far as this. Mr. FitzGerald's stanzas 78, 79, are a free rendering of various things scattered through the Persian, which hardly have quite the same meaning in their own places, those we have recently quoted being the nearest we know to them. Khayam has at least the grace to be miserable, not jaunty, when he says, 'We are helpless : thou has made us what we are — we sin — and suffer profoundly, but do not see any way out of it.' For the 80th we find the following :

'In my path in many places thou layest snares,
Saying, I will take thee if thou put foot in one.
No least atom of the world is empty of thy law ;
I do but obey that law, and thou callest me a sinner.'

Rubá'iy
LXXX.

"We think the 81st is a misconception of the meaning of a Persian line. . . . We remember several quatrains on repentance.

"One is as follows :—

'As this world is false, I 'll be nothing else,
And only remember pleasure and bright wine;
To me they say, May God give thee repentance !
He does it not ; but did He, I would not obey.'

"Here we have the Mohammedan notion of repentance as the gift of God, and such repentance is strong on the practical side of the renunciation of evil. Khayam speaks of repentance as something outside him, but often adds that he would rebel against it if it were given him. Another on the same subject :—

'May there be wine in my hand for ever,
And ever love of beauty in my head.
To me they say, May God give thee repentance !
Say He gives it, I 'll not do it, far be it from me.'

The line
about for-
giveness

"The following is, we think, where Mr. Fitzgerald has got his line about forgiveness. We have no notion where the snake, Paradise, and blackened face may come from; they are not unlikely allusions, but we do not know them:—

'Oh, Thou, knower of the secret thoughts of every man,
O God, give me repentance and accept the excuse I bring,
O giver of repentance and receiver of the excuses of every man.'

"This last line Mr. Fitzgerald seems to have read:—

'O repent ye and excuse thyself to every man'—

a sense which we believe the Persian will not naturally convey; but we again remark that Mr. Fitzgerald may have had another quatrain or another reading of this. Khayam was bold enough at times, but we do not think he reached the point of offering forgiveness to God for man's sins. What we have just quoted is not bold at all, being evidently a prayer for a better mind. Its authenticity is doubtful, however. The following is a more trustworthy expression of Khayam's mood:—

'Ever at war with passion am I. What can I do?
Ever in pain for my actions I am. What can I do?
True thou may'st pardon all the sin, but for the shame
That thou hast seen what I have done, what can I do?'

"Another:—

'Though I've ne'er threaded thy obedience's pearl,
And though through sin I have not sought thy face,
Still of thy mercy hopeless am I not,
For I have never called the great One two.'

The
Bodleian
quatrains

"Here he hopes for mercy, spite of sin, because he has never attacked the unity of God.

"... In many respects Khayam contradicts preconceived notions of Oriental character. Though fond of pleasure, he was not attracted by a sensual Paradise. He was not indifferent to death—he was not passive under the hand of Fate, or at all remarkable for resignation. He is a discovery, a light on the old Eastern world in its reality, which proves, as do most realities, different from what suppositions and theories would make them."

VI.

'UMAR OF NÎSHÂPÛR.

In the "National Review" for December, 1890, (vol. xvi, pp. 506-521), Mr. Charles J. Pickering also makes an attempt to exhibit the real Omar:

"Of the comparatively few Oriental writers who have become well known in Europe, Al-Khayyâm has perhaps been the least fortunate. Ignored by D'Herbelot, misrepresented and maligned by Von Hammer, and made the mouthpiece of a purely modern pessimism by his most successful translator, the shade of the old Hakim, were it not long ago well lulled to sleep be-

neath the ancestral roses, might justly have risen in reproach of a misbelieving and unsympathetic generation which deems itself wiser than the children of the Dawn.

**A faultless
English
poem**

"The brilliant paraphrase of Edward FitzGerald has made the name of 'Umar somewhat of a household word. As an English poem it is so nearly faultless that, for those to whom its haunting music has been a companion of years, to balance calmly its merits and defects would be no easy task. But when we compare it with the original, we are surprised to find how much of the English version is original too. . . . Among a considerable section of his Oriental readers, as in the parallel case of Hâfiz, and, since Von Hammer's time, in Europe generally, 'Umar has had to bear the character of a poetic black sheep. Following in the track of the author of the *Gebrüder der schönen Redekünste Persiens*, the translator, while investing his subject with a beauty of rhythm and phrase that reminds us rather of the Laureate than of any English songster, throws the sceptical side of 'Umar's genius into still darker shadow, so that the vacillating doubt and despondency of the Persian grow in his hands a pæan of passionate denial and defiance. It would, however, be unfair to contend that for this there is positively no warrant in the original. Lawless and uncertain thoughts occur, but they seem rather to be thrown out at random, stray sparks from the furnace of a fiery spirit, ill at ease with itself, than parts of a deliberate system of Heinesque mockery or of Byronic scorn. Phrases scattered here and there throughout the *Rubâ'iyyât* are given an emphasis and used in a sequence their author would have been the first to disown. . . . That his powerful and original intellect sometimes led him to the threshold of a

**A pæan of
protest**

broader truth, faith in which had risen on the basis of an 'honest doubt,' which feebler minds so little understood, seems no less certain. Few of his successors ever rose so high. The lighter or looser A new conception of among the stubble,' and whose proximity is due to *Omar Khayyám* rhymes amid which these passages occur, 'like sparks that odd Eastern fashion which ranges poems accord. *Khayyám*ing to the alphabetic sequence of their terminal letters, only serve to heighten by contrast the effect of these loftier utterances, which, if gathered together, would yield quite a new conception of 'Umar's character and genius.

" . . . It is remarkable that nearly all that is best in the history and literature of Persia has come from Khurásán. That highland region, whose mountains often rise to an elevation of twelve or thirteen thousand feet, seems to have been peculiarly fitted to foster a strain of hardy intellectual growth, which, grafted on the product of the rich soil of historic Irán, was to blossom in strange and beautiful fertility. The Baní Bar-mak, that premier clan of the old Guebre aristocracy of Persia, extirpated at one fell swoop by the relentless suspicion of the most fortunate of the Khalifs, originated in Khurásán. The Ahlu 's-Sámán, the nursing fathers of Persian letters, traced their ancestry to a like source; and it was at the brilliant court of Abú Nasr, lord of Khurásán and Transoxiana, that the genius of Master Rúdagí, the proto-poet of modern Iran, was cultivated to an almost phenomenal activity by showers of unstinted gold; and here it was that Persia's loftiest and most human singer, the immortal Firdausí, was born. 'Umar, therefore, from his cradle could not but have been breathing a poetic air; and his love for his native land is testified by the *Heimweh*, which led him, in the full sunshine of imperial favour, and at the apex

The home
of Persian
poetry

of his scientific fame, to seek retirement for the rest of his days at Nishâpûr."

After concisely giving a sketch of his life, the author goes on :—

Omar,
Dante, and
Goethe

"The snatches of song which have immortalized his name seem to have been his relaxation from the strain of professional toil. In this he offers a striking resemblance to two of the greatest poets of Europe, Dante and Goethe, to whom the pursuit of knowledge was the business of life, and to sing of it their recreation. A passionate devotion to natural science is characteristic of all three, and in each we see a yearning love of human sympathy, and a power of pure and lofty friendship which reminds us of 'the antique world.'

Poetical
rivalries

"But from all accounts it seems, as indeed one might gather from his verses, that 'Umar's devotion even to science was not that of an anchorite. 'Persian chroniclers tell us,' says M. Nicolas, 'that Khayyâm was much given to converse and quaff wine with his friends in moonlit evenings on the terrace of his house, he seated upon a carpet with a Sâqî, who, cup in hand, offered the wine to all the joyous company in turn,'—an usage which, with the substitution of the crystal decanter for the terra-cotta cruse and the wine-glass for the cup of copper, still holds in Persia at the present day. . . .

"It has been suggested by Von Hammer that 'Umar's flings at philosophy were stimulated by envy at the fame and fortune of Amir Müizi, who had risen from the position of a *sipâhî* ('sepoy'), or common soldier, to be the *Dichter-könig*, or laureate of Mâlik Shâh, and 'ever in his favour,' as the historian informs us. This singer was a Sufî mystic of undoubted sincerity, and,

so far as can be seen from the specimens given by Von Hammer, held opinions not widely differing from those of 'Umar himself. One very characteristic *ghasal* chants a lofty pantheism, in terms well-nigh identical with 'Umar's own. It might be, indeed, that at moments when the doubting questioning spirit had set in, the Khurāsāni took expressions of his famous contemporary in vain; and, of course, it is not impossible that some personal rivalry between the two poets may have existed, although such a feeling was alien to the self-contained and independent character of the author of the *Rubb'iyat*.

"After all, Khayyam's mockery is more at the ex-Omar's pense of self than of others, and his satire is evidently mockery reserved for the pretenders to divine knowledge; e.g., in the last quatrain [No. 464 in the edition of Nicolas, whose edition is constantly used in this article] he says:—

'They who an ocean are of virtues and of wit,
By whose consummate glory are all their fellows lit,
Out of this obscure slumber find us not a way,
Tell us an old-wives' tale and fall asleep in it.'

"Elsewhere he brings out more clearly the cause of his dissatisfaction:—

'Those who the whole world's quintessential spirit appear,
Who wing their contemplation past the crowning sphere,
For all they know of Thee, are like the heavens themselves:
Dizzied and in amaze, they bow the head in fear.' (120)

**Man the
quintes-
sence of
the world**

"He shadows forth the remedy in another passage, where also man, as the microcosm, is termed the quintessence (*kha'lsak*) of the world, and which may help us as a clue to the meaning of many of his ambiguous utterances about wine :—

'O thou, who art the Kosmos' quintessential strain,
For a brief breath let be the worry of loss and gain ;
 Take but one cup from the eternal Sâqt, take,
And go forever¹ free from the two worlds' grief and
 pain.' (319)

**Mystic
wine**

"The thought that one draught of the mystic wine, the love-passion of the Eternal, induces oblivion alike of natural and supernatural hope and fear, is elsewhere expressed under a different symbolism :—

'In convent and in college, synagogue and church,
Of Hell they live in fear, for Paradise they search ;
 But whoso once hath known the mysteries of God
Will never let such weeds his soul's fair field be-
smirch.' (46)

"And in another quatrain the quietist doctrine is enunciated with a still greater boldness :—

'Each heart wherein He kneads the leavening light of
 love,
Whether a haunter of mosque or synagogue he prove,
 In the great book of love if he his name hath writ
Is free from Hell and free from Paradise above.' (60)

"This conclusion reminds us of the beautiful legend of Abû bin Adham, so gracefully and tenderly versified by Leigh Hunt, —

'Write me as one that loves his fellow men,'

but that 'Umar's love is rather the divine affection which rounds all human brotherhood and charity in its perfect orb.

"The formalism of current Orthodoxy seems to have His hatred exercised the mind of 'Umar in no little degree, and of hypocrisy accounts for much of his apparent irreverence. He frequently takes up his parable against the Pharisees and hypocrites of his day, and their practice of making long prayers arouses his especial dislike. To him the humble hope that trusts and is not afraid is a truer adoration than that which clothes itself into the garb of liturgical forms :—

'They are gone, the travellers, and ne'er a one returns
To tell of aught beyond the mystic Veil that burns;
Thy work were better done by esperance than prayer,
For without Truth and Hope no prayer a profit
earns.' (227)

"The above reads like the recitation of an utterance closing with the same rime-cadence of which it is the perfect antithesis :—

'Of all the travellers who tread the long, long way,
Has one returned for me to ask him news, I pray?
Take care lest thou within this little inn of life
Leave aught on the score of hope; thou 'lt not re-view
the day.' (217)

"In reading the Rubáiyát we seem to be spectators The of a 'life-drama,' a master-spirit's progress and de- Rubáiyát a velopment through the clash and conflict of the eternal life drama Yea and Nay; not less so, though less fully expressed, than that of Carlyle in *Sartor*, Shakespeare in the *Son-nets*, or Tennyson in *In Memoriam*. When we begin

**Three
moods of
mind**

**How in-
fluenced
and inspired**

to trace our way through the sad jumble of thought produced by the alphabetical arrangement of the quatrains, no two of which were probably more consecutive than a pair of Greek epigrams, we cannot but be conscious of three dominant moods of mind, if not periods of mental development,—epicurean, sceptical, mystic. Infinite and well-nigh imperceptible are the gradations whereby the exhortation to mere physical enjoyment, the joyous and thoughtless spirit of youth, pass over into the bitter or sorrowful questioning of a soul without God or hope in the world; and these, again, through the self-abasement of conscious sin, into the calm and deliberate utterance of trust, or the half-enigmatical rapture of one who sees beyond the veil.

“And as every great spirit exists no less as the child of his own age than ‘for all time,’ so we may consider ‘Umar’s earlier compositions to have been influenced if not inspired by the prevailing fashion of the time, and inspired with its princely symposiums and feasts of reason, and not a little by the graceful wine-songs of Avicenna (d. 1037), in whom also science blossomed into poetry: as in his after days, grown wiser by the discipline of intellectual defeat, he became more and more in harmony with that profounder cast of thought and feeling which found, a few years later, so grand an exponent in Jalālu’d-din of Iconium, and an interpreter to the world in Sa’adī of Shirāz. It is the remark of Von Hammer that a sceptical era is followed no less in nations than in individuals by a period of mystic devotion, and the religious revival which is its external token and garb.

“We need not, therefore, be discouraged by the strange ambiguity of many of ‘Umar’s utterances, where it seems equally difficult to accept the literal or parabolic sense. . . .

"Umar's wine-epigram is sometimes so dark a saying, that for lack of an interpreter we are fain to leave it ^{Pleasure in} mystifying in its own melodious obscurity, not without a shrewd suspicion that he, like other powerful minds, is occasionally apt to take pleasure in mystifying his hearers, and to send forth his poetic shafts, *φωνῆται συνέργοισι*, without very much care as to where and who the 'understanding' may be. His friends would hold the key, and that was enough for him.

"There is a strange and terribly audacious play of fancy about the following, which may or may not be figurative: —

'When I am dead, my friends, wash me with vintage rare,
Wine and the goblet o'er me invoke in lieu of prayer;
On Resurrection Day, if ye would seek my lair,
Look for me 'neath the dust our wine-house portals bear.' (7)

"Elsewhere he recurs to the same thought: —
'O my beloved companions, hearten me with wine,
And make ye ruby red this ambered face of mine;
Wash ye with wine my corpse when I am cold and dead
And make my coffin wood of timber of the vine.' (109)

"By comparison with the following we get a little light: —

'The Kurān, which men use to call "the Word sub-lime," "Mahin Kalām," or Word sub-lime
Not constantly they read, only from time to time;
But on the Beaker's brim is written a verse of light
Which men forevermore may read in every clime.' (11)

The esoteric interpretation

"According to the exoteric (*sâhîrî*) sense, this of course means merely that potion is better than devotion; but, as the Teheran Sîff pointed out to Nicolas, there is another and an esoteric (*bâtinî*) which interprets the wine-cup as the world of phenomena, brimming with the love of God, and the inscription on the lip the apocalypse of Himself in creation, which, unlike the scrolls of mortal prophets, is ever open to those unto whose eyes it is given to see. In another place (196) he gives to the thought, if we may interpret it in the above sense, a still more mystical expression:—

'Drink thou of this: it is the wine of life eterne;
 Drink! 'tis the reservoir whence joys of youth ye earn,
 'Tis burning like the fire, yet lightenth our face
 Even like the Water of Life; drink deeply from the
 urn.'

**2 Esdras,
xiv. 39, 40**

"To this passage there is rather a remarkable parallel in the Jewish-Christian apocryphal Book of Esdras. The prophet, watching under the oak-tree for his revelation, has a vision of the Lord: 'Behold, he reached me a full cup, which was full as it were with water, but the colour of it was like fire: and I took it and drank; and when I had drunk of it, my heart uttered understanding, and wisdom grew in my breast.'

"But whatever we may think of the foregoing, there is surely little that is enigmatical about the following:—

'On the world's coquetry, fools, lavish not your coin,
 When all her ways and windings know ye, line by
 line;
 Give not unto the wind this precious life, your own,
 But hasten, seek the Friend, and quickly quaff the
 Wine.' (108)

"The prevailing thought, however, of those which we would consider as the earlier quatrains is the brevity of life, and the Horatian maxim *Carpe diem*. It is on these, as indeed we might expect in a youthful poet, that 'Umar has chiefly expended the wealth of his fancy. A few may be adduced as fair samples of the rest :—

'Wake! for the morning breaks, and rends the robe of night;
Why sorrowful? Rise and quaff the draught of dawn aright;
Drain thou the wine, sweetheart, for many a morn shall break,
And turn her eyes to ours, and ours be lorn of light.
(255)

'The yesterday that's gone endeavour to forget,
And mourn not for to-morrow: 'tis not risen yet;
Root not thy hope in aught of things that come and go,
Be happy now, and fling not life to the winds to fret.
(334)

'A wise man unto me came in my sleep, and said:
"From whose sleep ever bloomed the rose of gladness red?
Why wilt thou do a thing that's so the twin of death?
Drink, for full soon thou 'lt sleep with dust above thy head." (48)

'See how the wind of dawn has rent the Rose's robe,
How Bulbul by her beauty is filled with joy and love!
Sit in the Rose's shade, for many a bloom like this
Has out o' the dust arisen and lain with dust above.
(370)

"Tis a sweet day ; the breeze is neither hot nor cold ;
Soft clouds have laved the dust from every rose's
fold ;
And to the yellow rose in speech like ours implores
The nightingale, "One draught, and lose thy hue of
gold." (153)

'Be of good cheer, for chagrin will be infinite;
Upon the sphere of heaven stars shall conjoin and
smite;
The potter's clay that from thy body kned shall be
Will build the palace walls where others see the light.
(138)

'What time her robing purple on her the violet throws,
And morning breezes ruffle petal-folds of rose,
Wiser were he who by his silver-breasted love
Quaffs of the wine and shatters goblet ere he goes.'

(189)

"Occasionally, as in his Roman prototype, we catch A tone of
amidst this forced gaiety a tone of deeper pathos :— pathos

"T'were best we o'er the wine-cup gave our hearts to
glee,
And take light thought of aught that 's gone or come
to be;
And this our soul that 's lent us, prisoner as it is,
One moment from the bonds of Intellect set free.

(265)

'Ah, that the scroll of Youth so soon should be uprolled,
And Pleasure's springtide freshness wrinkle so and
fold !

That bird of joy whereon is set the name of Youth
Knows neither how it came nor whither its course must
hold. (128)

'When never a labour of ours has issue to our heart,
Wherefore should we take thought, whereto our
impulse start ?
So sit we down in sorrow and sigh in our regret,
"Too late, too late, we came, too soon must we
depart." (41)

'In this wild whirl of time that breeds the base alone,
Uncounted griefs and pangs bear I till life be done;
My heart a rosebud shut i' the rosiere of the world,
A blood-red tulip flower in time's plantation grown.'

(201)

**Sings only
for friends**

" His longing for the sympathy of a kindred spirit — a *makram i rds*, a confidant of soul-secrets — which is characteristic of all true poets, the *nec recito cuquam nisi amicis* of Horace in a deeper sense, finds expression again in the following :—

' Falcon-like in the world of Mystery have I flown,
In hope to leave this low and reach a loftier zone;
But for I find not here a soul for confidence,
I from that door whereby I came again am gone.' (225)

**The bitter-
ness of life**

" In spite of its distinctly Sufi flavour, this quatrain can surely be read in a merely human sense. He has felt for but not yet found the eternal Friend, and in his loneliness he yearns for a brother man with whom to share his perplexities.

" As with Shakespeare in his middle period — that of Timon and of Troilus — there comes a time in 'Umar's history when the beauty of life was as apples of Sodom, the bitterness of self-reproach a very Marah to his soul; a time when he could not sing as in the thoughtless days,

' Plant not within thy soul the Shoot of Sorrow's tree,
The manuscript of joy read unremittingly,'

for the newly-awakened conscience will not be lulled, and gives him no rest. ' When the thought of my faults presents itself before me,' he says, ' my face flows down with tears that are born of my heart of fire.'

' At this wild whirl of Heaven I sorrow evermore,
And with my own base nature ever am at war;
Science avails me not to rise above the world,
Nor Reason lets me rest where no earth-noises roar.'

(273)

"To the reproaches of those who do not understand him, and accuse him of moral cowardice, he replies, — cowardice and the humility of his answer is reflected in his style :—

'Deem not it is the world whereat I am dismayed,
Or death and soul's departure frighten with their
shade:

For that it is a fact, of death have I no fear;
'T is that I live not well, whereof I am afraid.' (276)

"In the turmoil of self-accusation and self-excuse, he seeks for comfort in the doctrine of determinism which he had imbibed from childhood, and gives it a characteristic turn :—

'That day the Steed of Heaven was saddled for the race,
Parwin and Mushtari sprang forth in all their grace,
In the Divân of Fate was my lot cast also:
How then should sin be mine, with Destiny in the
chase?' (110)

"In his perplexity, he is almost ready to reproach the First Cause :—

'Thou before Whom the maze of sin is clear to see,
To him hath ears to hear declare this mystery:
Foreknowledge absolute of Sin's cause to conceive
In a wise man's eyes the extreme of ignorance would
be.' (116)

"It seems to him that if the nature of sin, its causal power, had been present to the Infinite Consciousness, philosophy it would never in the scheme of creation have been of the suffered to be — an anticipation, we might almost say, Unconscious of that 'philosophy of the Unconscious' which has "scious" proceeded from the school of Schopenhauer.

"Wearied with beating his wings against the bars
of this insoluble problem, he falls back upon a pathetic
remonstrance and lament:—

'Of clay and water hast thou kneaded me: what can I?
Hast woven me of silk and wool to be: what can I?

And every deed I give to life, be it good or ill,
Was written on my soul by Thy decree: what can I?'
(268)

"Al-Khayyâm's final appeal for remission, if we may so regard it, is not without an added interest for us as having been the subject of one of the most daring inversions in literature. The following is a bald reproduction of 'Umar's words as they stand in the Teheran text:—

**Rubâ'iy
LXXXI.**

'O Knower of the secrets of the heart of every man,
Who in the hour of weakness bear'st the part of every
man,
Accept, O Lord, my penitence, and me forgiveness
give,
Thou who Forgiver and Excuser art of every man.'

(236)

"This quatrain, as Mrs. Cadell was the first to point out, is the sole known warrant for that startling passage in Mr. Fitzgerald's poem, which has so largely affected our conception of 'Umar:—

'Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make
And e'en with Paradise devise the Snake:
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd — Man's forgiveness give — and take!'

"‘Khayyam was bold enough at times,’ remarks the critic, ‘but we do not think he reached the point of offering God forgiveness for man’s sins.’

“The allusions in the second and third lines do not seem to be traceable in any extant text of the Rubā‘iyāt.

“Let us now examine a few *rubb’iyāt* of the strictly **Mystical** mystical class, that which we would consider characteristic of his later and graver years. But between these and the rest there is no hard and fast line to be drawn; there is no sudden conversion, but a gradually growing conviction of eternal realities, not objectively merely, but as existent in the Self, the individual consciousness. This reunion of finite with infinite, the *Makṣad-i-Aqṣā*, or ‘Uttermost Aim’ of Sufic devotion, is beautifully figured by Jalālī in one of his *ghazals*, as translated most worthily by Mr. Gibbs:—

‘If to travel thou canst not avail, then journey to thine own heart,

A *ghazal*
of Jalāl

And e’en as the ruby mine, be fired by the ray serene.

‘O master, journey thou forth, away from thyself to Thyself;

For the ore of the mine turns gold by a journey like this, I ween.

‘From sourness and bitterness here, to the region of sweetness fare;

For that every moon from the light of the sun is with grace beseen.’

“In his own quaint manner Al-Khayyām gives the thought expression:—

'While on the path of Hope let no heart pass unknown,
While on the path of Presence * make a Friend your
own ;

A hundred clay and water Ka'abas are not worth
One Heart : whereafter seek, and Ka'abas leave alone.'

(15)

Omar's
broad
liberality

"As he rises in the scale of insight, his sympathies widen, and he can perceive that to the true believer no faith is alien, and that variations and discrepancies of worship, be it sincere, are less of kind than of degree ; the fairest feature of the mystic school in every age. Hinduism, which he typifies by the name of *pagoda* (*bukkada*, or idol house), and which was in his time the object of unceasing crusades on the part of Islâm, is more than once brought by him into honorable prominence, and is made, equally with Zoroastrianism and with Christianity, the vehicle of his wider hope :—

' Pagoda, Ka'aba, both are temples of true service,
The bell-peal is the hymning music of true service ;
The Mihrab and the Church, the Rosary and Cross,
In truth are one and all but tokens of true service.'

(30)

"Elsewhere, by a play upon words not unknown to the Hebrew Scriptures, he opposes to the everlasting light (*nur*) of Islâm the eternal fire (*nâr*) of Mazdeism, — not, surely, as Nicolas would have us suppose, 'the

* *Niyâs* (Hope or Aspiration) and *Hasâr* (Presence, the Beatific Vision) are, respectively, the second and penultimate stages of the *Tariq* or way of Perfection, of which the fourth and last is *Haqiqat* (Truth-God) — absolute absorption into the Divine Essence, or Nirvana.

fire of Hell,' unless, indeed, there be a lurking *double entendre*, mischievously contrived for those profane ones who could or would not distinguish the one from the other,— a view quite in keeping of what we knew of 'Umar's character:—

'Though our lot be not the roses, yet we have the thorn,
And there 's a Fire, although for us no Light be born;
And there 's the belfry-chime and Church and Bram-a-
thread,
Although no Khankah* shelter or Darvish dress be
worn.' (253)

"This feeling is expressed as boldly in the *rubb'iy*, where he says that the worshipper, whether he be Jew or Muslim, if only his name is written in God's great book of Love (*δ γάρ Θεος δύστην τοτι!*), is freed alike from the gross pains and the grosser pleasures of the popular hell and paradise; a sentiment strangely in opposition to the recorded injunction of Muhammad, 'Spare not the Synagogue of Satan.' That spiritual liberty, whose correlative in the moral sphere is the *αὐτόπεια* [Self-sufficiency, independence] of Epictetus and Antonine, is the object of his earnest longing. If haply he may find it?

'The heart that Isolation's fulness doth not own
Is helpless, daily mate of her own penitent moan:
How shall true joy be hers, except the soul is free?
All else whate'er it be, is root of grief alone.' (97)

"Like Sir Henry Wotton, he can picture to himself the blissful state of the man who is 'lord of himself though not of lands, and having nothing, yet hath all.'

* Khankah, a Muhammadan monastery.

**His out-
bursts of
devotion**

Indeed, his conception has as much a Christian as a Stoic flavour, and recalls the Sermon on the Mount as well as the *Meditations*.

'Happy the heart of him who passes life unknown,
Who never wore cashmere or lawn or lamb's-wool
gown :
Who like the Simurgh wings his flight in highest
heaven,
Who makes not like the owl 'mid ruined worlds his
moan. (140)

'In this world whoso hath but half a loaf of bread,
And in his breast a refuge where to lay his head,
Who of no man is slave, who of no man is lord—
Tell such to live in joy : his world is sweet indeed.'

(146)

"All these currents of thought meet and mingle in one harmonious outburst of devotion, which is vigorously expressed in 'Umar's truest style.

'In Faith are two and seventy Worships, great and small,
But the worship of Thy Love will I choose before them all;
What's Unbelief, Belief, Obedience, or Sin?
Before thee, the one Aim, let all pretences fall.' (248)

**Evil only
relative**

"Here, in common with the mystics of every school, he seeks to solve the riddle of evil by questioning its existence in fact, or by assuming it to be merely relative, which, rightly seen, is swallowed up in the fullness of the infinite Light. As to this conclusion he must

have been helped not a little by the deterministic theology which he had learned from the Imâm Muwaffiq, and to which he gives, as to every phase of his thought, a characteristic expression :—

' Limned on Creation's Tablet each and all exists,
Yet evermore from Good or Ill the Pencil rests.
All that is destined must in Justice come to be,
And vain the wish that yearns, the sorrow that resists.'

(31)

" From the belief that good and evil, in our sense of ~~A dan-~~ the words, are banished from the Councils of Eternity, ~~gerous~~ doctrine to a denial to moral distinctions of anything but a relative existence, was but a step. This most dangerous doctrine, so capable of the *corruptio optimi pessima*, is touched upon by Jâmî, the last of the great Sûfî poets, in the proem to his exquisite allegory, Salâmân and Absâl, as a prayer that the beatific vision may annihilate his self-identity and release him from the distinction between good and evil, may make him, as Mr. Fitzgerald well expresses it in his fine paraphrase :

' Self-lost, and conscience-quit of Good and Evil.'

" Sometimes 'Umar's rapture of contemplation carries him very high, and in his tone, though not his style, reminds us now of Shelley and now of Emerson. Take, for example, the following :—

' Thou, Whom the whole world seeks in frenzy and fire
of mind,
Barren alike before Thee are rich and poor mankind ;
Thou'rt mingled in all speech, and every ear is deaf,
Thou'rt present to all men, and every eye is blind.
(204)

'Sometime to mortal man Thou show'st Thy hidden Face,
 Sometime art manifest in Kosmic form and trace ;
 And this magnificence show'st Thou to Thine own Self,
 For thou 'rt the Eyes that see, the Vision they embrace.
 (443)

'The Drop to the Sea's lamenting, " Separate are we."
 " Rather 'tis Thou and I are all things," laughs the Sea;
 " Truly there is none other : we are God alone,
 'T is but a tittle's varying sunders thee and Me." ' (365)

His humor " We should be doing injustice to 'Umar's genius were we to omit from our view that aspect of it which is so characteristic of the man, and singles him out from all his fellows ; that grotesque humour, so rare in Eastern literature, which is the point he possesses in common with Heine, and which we may almost say is the antiseptic salt that has preserved his thought fresh for us after the lapse of centuries. This spirit of self-banter, which plays lightly around so many of his utterances, is not quite absent from even such a topic as the assurance of his own immortality, to which it gives the quaintest of turns. Yet here he is evidently in earnest :—

'The moment when I shall from death escape and flee,
 And shed like leaf from bough my body from life's tree,
 With what glad heart *I'll make the universe a sieve*
Or e'er an earthly riddle sift the dust of me !' (266)

"The same spirit is noticeable in one of his potatory Enigmatical quatrains of which it were difficult to say whether he is merely jesting or is propounding a Sufic sentiment under a *bizarre* form. Like some passages already quoted, it is of so enigmatical a character as to fairly baffle our scrutiny:—

'When azure Dawn begins to lift her light divine,
Look in thine hand there be the wine-bowl flashing fine:
They say that Truth is ever bitter in the mouth
And by that argument the Truth must needs be Wine.'

(185)

"In the same category we might include a quatrain in which Khayyâm, after his own peculiar fashion, reproaches Fortune's wheel:—

'Ah, Wheel of Heaven! no guest but fears thy perfidy.*
Naked thou keep'st me stript as fish that's in the sea;
While all creation's clad by spinning-wheels of earth,
There's ne'er a spinning-wheel but far surpasseth
thee!' (251)

"We have seen how 'Umar speaks of Christianity: Omar and let us see how a Muhammadan may speak of its Founder. Muhammad Even though it be not genuine, the *rûdîy* was assuredly written by a Muslim. The mode adopted is that of self-remonstrance:—

'Fool, for thy fear of death and boding of surcease,
When from extinction springs a life of endless bliss;
Soon as in 'Isâ's breath I grow a living soul
Eternal death shall leave my little life in peace.' (39)

* "Thou knowest neither bread nor salt,"—a periphrasis for the basest ingratitude in host or guest.

The
Persian
idea of
Jesus

"The quickening breath of Jesus is frequently made a poetic figure by the Persians, and sometimes, as in the *Masibat-nâmah* of 'Attâr, the effect of its miraculous exertion is described; but nowhere, so far as we are aware, is the spiritual significance so beautifully brought out as in the above. We must, however, bear in mind that, by the Persian, Jesus was regarded less as the penultimate prophet of Islâm than as the supreme Sâfi, the master-mystic who has attained absolute identity with Deity, and who was, to all who followed in the same path of contemplation and purity, at once a Teacher and a Type.

"There is yet one aspect more of 'Umar's mind in which we have not contemplated him, and this is a very amiable one. With it let us take our leave of him, laying at his feet our feeble tribute of admiration and sympathy, in the hope that the circle of his true friends and faithful interpreters may widen, and that, in his own words, he may bind many a heart to him hereafter in the cords of love:—

'Tho' the world's face thou make all populous to be,
'T is far less than to bring one sorrowing heart in glee;
If thou by graciousness but make one freeman bond,
'T is better than to set a thousand bondmen free.' (444)

VII.

FitzGeral-
ald's ingen-
ious mosaic

THESE protests raised by Persian scholars against the representation of Omar which is based on FitzGerald's poem, certainly seem to have a basis of justification. His Rubâ'i-y-sequence, which has been well called "the highest expo-

nent of Agnosticism," is not so much a grafting of the effusions of Anakreon upon Lucretius, as it is a reincarnation. Koheleth is born again in Omar, and, after a half millennium, in Edward FitzGerald. A Liszt takes a number of isolated Hungarian nep or popular songs born among the people, and weaves them into a gorgeous rhapsody. The isolated becomes the united. Modern genius furnishes the simple melody with complicated harmony.

But on the other hand it is also a question whether, if it had not been for the genius of the modern, Omar would ever have won any very exalted place in the estimation of Europe. An accomplished Arabic scholar, born in the East, writes :—

" Persian is rather off my beat; and, in my judgment, Dr. Talcott Omar owes more to FitzGerald than he does to himself, as far as English readers are concerned. I do not letter mean by this that Omar's thought differs with the utterances of FitzGerald's translation, but the utterance owes so much in our language to the form in which FitzGerald has cast it, that I have always felt, in the few quatrains which I have laboriously translated, that pretty much everything had evaporated when the thought was taken out of FitzGerald's setting. The truth is, in literature, form is everything. Everybody has the same ideas, I fancy, and it is only the capacity for expression which makes literature. . . .

" I presume you know that Omar by no means casts the shade over his native fields which he does over ours. Sadi and Hafiz, especially the latter, rank far higher. The few Persians whom I have known—and I

Poë

do not think I have talked with over three or four—all knew of Omar and had read him, but they had no enthusiasm over him. In fact, the vogue which Omar has with us is not unlike that which Poë has in France. As of course you know, our young French friends think Poë is immeasurably our greatest poet, and when they rhyme about him with an accent over the e, produce very extraordinary results; and the Persians I have known, when I opened on Omar acted very much as I did when a young Frenchman congratulated me on belonging to the nation which had produced the amazing genius of Poë."

This correspondent adds:—

"I really cannot exaggerate the difference between native and European knowledge of an Oriental language. We generally know their formal grammar, history and derivatives of their tongues especially, a hundredfold better than they do; but when it comes to the meaning of a particular passage, we are simply nowhere. It is a simple and soul-humbling truth that the first translation or two of almost any Oriental work is full of the wildest shot."

The actual
Omar

The actual meaning of Omar's verses is now definitely established. FitzGerald's free modernization may be corrected by comparison with any one of a dozen versions in prose and in rhyme, in English, in French, and in German. They are here presented convenient of access. There is no excuse for misunderstanding the old Persian. But however interesting we may find Omar himself in the phases neglected by FitzGerald, however he may rise morally above the pessimistic and

even nihilistic impression which FitzGerald's paraphrase may leave upon many readers, it is after all to FitzGerald's poem that we shall ever look. Almost the last word of praise of that work has been said by Algernon Charles Swinburne in a note to his essay on Matthew Arnold's New Poems.* Mr. Swinburne says:—

“Far better than in the long literal version of Omar Kháyyám, which is all that the French language can show, may the soul and spirit of his thought be tasted in that most exquisite English translation, sovereignly faultless in form and colour of verse, which gives to those ignorant of the East a relish of the treasure and a delight in the beauty of its wisdom.”

And in his Essay on Social Verse † he calls FitzGerald “the man whose sly audacity of diffident and daring genius has given Omar Kháyyám a place for ever among the greatest of English poets.”

He goes on:—

“That the very best of his exquisite poetry, the Elegance, strongest and serenest wisdom, the sanest and most distinction, serious irony, the most piercing and the profoundest and grace radiance of his gentle and sublime philosophy, belong as much or more to Suffolk, than to Shiraz, has been,

* Essays and Studies, 1875. McCarthy says: “To Mr. Swinburne Omar owes the most eloquent tribute in the English language, the words which are to be found in a note to the essay on Blake.” Several careful searches through the essay on Blake text and notes failed to reveal this tribute.

† Studies in Prose and Poetry, 1894.

if I mistake not, an open secret for many years—and as Dogberry says, ‘It will go near to be thought so shortly.’ Every quatrain, though it is something so much more than graceful or distinguished or elegant, is also, one may say, the sublimation of elegance, the apotheosis of distinction, the transfiguration of grace: perfection of style can go no further and rise no higher, as thought can pierce no deeper and truth can speak no plainer than in the crowning stanza, which of course would have found itself somewhat out of place beside even the grandest and the loftiest poem (Mrs. Barbauld’s immortal lines on life, old age, and death) admitted or admissible into such a volume as this.”

Fitz-Gerald's
crowning
stanza

By the “crowning stanza” Mr. Swinburne means the famous one which has so puzzled the Persian students of Omar:—

Oh Thou who man of baser earth didst make,
And who with Eden didst devise the Snake,
For all the sin where with the face of man
Is Blackened, man’s forgiveness give—and take!

Omar as
presented
by his
translators

But Omar, whether presented in the glowing, vital, consistent splendor of FitzGerald’s elegy, or in the desultory, fragmentary, alphabetical contradictoriness of Nicolas, McCarthy, and Whinfield, or in the analytical presentation, independently made, by Professor Cowell and Mrs. Cadell and C. J. Pickering and H. G. Keene, or in the sympathetic grace of our American translator, John Leslie Garner, when at his best,—old Omar stands clearly outlined before our vision, a figure who appeals to our love and admiration.

We forget the distance in time and space which separates him from us. We instinctively feel that if he should reappear in our day, we should claim him as a friend ; that, without shock of sudden change, he would take his place in the van of our science, as he was in the van of his own ; that he would be a leader of modern thought, as he was ahead of the thought of his contemporaries ; that he would as well now, in a day when, however falsely, it is often claimed that poetry is decadent, voice the doubts and aspirations of humanity in melodious verse, just as he in his own day, for an audience select and few, for the world-brotherhood of high culture, voiced all the great problems that have puzzled the keenest minds since the beginning of civilization.

It has been thought by some that the interest in Omar Khayyám, which is now so widespread, is only ephemeral; the contrary is true, for there is a constantly increasing number of thinkers to whom Omar's utterances appeal as the clearest expression of their own half-melancholy, half-jocular, but wholly serene and trustful views of life and of the future.

It was part of the original design of this edition of Omar Khayyám to include a large number of comparative excerpts from earlier and later authors, giving as it were a synoptic digest of the poetic literature of agnosticism. It is surprising to see how far it extends back into the dim ages of antiquity, running like a sombre thread along with the lofty dignity of Job, forming a pathetic

Omar as
a leader
in science
and poetry

The
Omar cult
not a fad

The com-
parative
literature
of agnosti-
cism

minor amid the grand major chords of the Psalms, cropping out in the books of the Apocrypha,*

* An interesting example of Apocryphal anticipation of Omar is found in chapter ii. of the "Wisdom of Solomon":

"1 For the ungodly said, reasoning with themselves, but not aright, Our life is short and tedious, and in the death of a man there is no remedy: neither was there any man known to have returned from the grave.

"2 For we are born at all adventure: and we shall be hereafter as though we had never been: for the breath in our nostrils is as smoke, and a little spark in the moving of our heart:

"3 Which being extinguished, our body shall be turned into ashes, and our spirit shall vanish as the soft air,

"4 And our name shall be forgotten in time, and no man shall have our works in remembrance, and our life shall pass away as the trace of a cloud, and shall be dispersed as a mist, that is driven away with beams of the sun, and overcome with the heat thereof.

"5 For our time is a very shadow that passeth away; and after our end there is no returning: for it is fast sealed, so that no man cometh again.

"6 Come on therefore, let us enjoy the good things that are present: and let us speedily use the creature like as in youth.

"7 Let us fill ourselves with costly wine and ointments: and let no flower of the spring pass by us:

"8 Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds before they be withered."

But the author of the "Wisdom of Solomon" is not satisfied with this conclusion. He brings out the contrast: "For God created man to be immortal, and made him to be an image of his own eternity;" and he adds, "the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God and there shall no torment touch them."

For profoundness of philosophy there is nothing in Omar that comes up to the superb faith of St. Paul, who cries, "All

represented in the magnificent choruses of the Hellenic drama as well as in the gay and apparently careless drinking-songs of Anakreon and Horace. Persian poetry would have furnished a whole storehouse of analogous quotations ; it echoes and re-echoes in the Orphic utterances of Goethe * and in the sonnets of our own Shakespeare.

to whom
gratitude
is due

things work together for good ! " On the other hand, there is nothing in Omar, whom the Hungarian translator calls the Cynic, more hopeless than these lines from Job (x. 20-22) :

" Let me alone that I may take comfort a little,
Before I go whence I shall not return,
Even to the land of darkness and of the shadow of death,
A land of thick darkness, as darkness *itself*,
A land of the shadow of death, without any order,
And where the light is as darkness."

In the same spirit, perhaps, Browning sings : —

" Swift as a weaver's shuttle fleet our years ;
Man goeth to the grave, and where is he ? "

* The affinity between Omar and Goethe seems to have impressed the French. The late Ernest Renan in his Annual Report to the Société Asiatique in July, 1868, speaking of Nicolas's translation of " Kheyyām " said : —

" Mathématicien, poète, mystique en apparence, débauché en réalité, hypocrite consommé, mêlant le blasphème à l'hymne mystique, le rire à l'incrédulité, Kheyyām est peut-être l'homme le plus curieux à étudier pour comprendre ce qu'a pu devenir le libre génie de la Perse sous l'étreinte du dogmatisme musulman. La traduction des quatrains a obtenu un grand succès en dehors du monde des orientalistes. Des critiques exercés

The
abundance
of Omar
Khayyám
literature

Occasionally brief quotations from other poets have been introduced as illustrative of thought or expression, but much material collected had to be omitted, the abundance of strictly appropriate Omar Khayyám literature precluding the further increase of the book. The principal design of the edition was to present Omar himself, and assuredly the combination of all the various translations ought to strike an average which in spite of Cervantes's dictum* will fairly represent the original: a sort of composite photograph.

I cannot end this preface without expressing my gratitude to those who by their sympathy and

ont tout de suite senti sous cette enveloppe singulière un frère de Goethe ou de Henri Heine."

And C. Barbier de Meynard, in his "Poésie en Perse," p. 40 (Paris, 1877), makes brief mention of Omar in almost the same words:—

"C'est en Perse seulement qu'elle [la doctrine de soufisme] pouvait se propager et s'affirmer dans des œuvres littéraires telles, par exemple, que les *Quatrains de Khayyam*. Que ce livre soit, comme on l'a prétendu, une protestation contre le dogmatisme musulman, ou qu'il soit le produit d'une imagination maladive, singulier mélange de scepticisme, d'ironie et de négation amère, il n'en est pas moins curieux de trouver en Perse, dès le xi^e Siècle, des précurseurs de Goethe et de Henri Heine."

* "Le quitó mucho de su natural valor, y mismo harán todos aquellos que los libros de verso quisieren volver en otra lengua, que por mucho cuidado que pongan y habilidad que muestren, jamás llegarán al punto que ellos tienen en su primer nacimiento."

These are the words of the Curate, but they probably represent Cervantes's own ideas.

encouragement have greatly lightened what has *Gratitude* been a long and laborious, though absorbing and to whom fascinating labor. And first, to the publisher, *gratitude* whose faith has kept increase with the demands is due upon his patience and his generosity, in allowing the work to exceed its at first projected dimensions, and who has put no obstacle in the way of its complete realization. And next to Mr. John Leslie Garner, of Milwaukee, who with truly Omar Khayyámesque modesty allowed me to make use not only of his own translation, but also of the learning which distinguishes him. My thanks are also due to the other translators of Omar, most of whom, residing at a distance, have been out of the reach of direct application, but whose work I have, with pride in their accomplishments and gratitude for their admirable services, drawn upon for the purposes of the comparison. The Boston Public Library and the Athenæum have placed every facility at the service of this work.

Mr. Charles Eliot Norton has more than once allowed me to make use of his precious copies of the original first and second editions of FitzGerald, and the first copy of the first edition which I had for comparison was intrusted to me in a perfect and magnificently bound copy by Mr. Frederick W. French of Boston. Colonel Higginson allowed me to use his copy of the third edition bearing the variants of the first and second editions, and I have thus been enabled to compare every quotation with the original text.

I have taken all pains possible to avoid inac-

curacies, but eyes are prone to oversee, and types are subject to the "total depravity of inanimate things," so that conceit cannot blind me to the certainty that, after all, words will be found misplaced and punctuation imperfect. Notification of errors found, and any criticism, however severe, will be gratefully received by the editor,

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

"HEDGEOTE," GLEN ROAD,
JAMAICA PLAIN (BOSTON),
February, 1896.

OMAR KHAYYÁM,

THE ASTRONOMER-POET OF PERSIA.

(BY EDWARD FITZGERALD.)

With Variants of Edition I.

OMAR KHAYYÁM was born at Naishápúr in Khorasan¹ in the latter half of our Eleventh, and died within the First Quarter of our Twelfth, Century. The slender Story of his Life is curiously twined about that of two other² very considerable Figures in their Time and Country: one of whom tells the Story of all Three.³ This was Nizám ul Mulk, Vizyr to Alp Arslan the Son, and Malik Shah the Grandson, of Toghruł Beg the Tartar, who had wrested Persia from the feeble Successor of Mahmúd the Great, and founded that Seljukian Dynasty which finally roused Europe into the Crusades. This Nizám ul Mulk, in his *Wasiyat*⁴—

¹ Ed. I: Khorassán.

² Ed. I: others.

³ Ed. I: one of them, Hasan al Sabbáh, whose very Name has lengthen'd down to us as a terrible Synonym for Murder: and the other (who also tells the Story of all Three) Nizám al Mulk, Vizyr to Alp the Lion and Malik Shah Son and Grandson of.

⁴ Ed. I: *Wasýat*; in Cowell's article, *Wasíyah*.

or *Testament*—which he wrote and left as a Memorial for future Statesmen—relates the following, as quoted in the Calcutta Review, No. 59, from Mirkhond's History of the Assassins:—

“‘One of the greatest of the wise men of Khorassan was ‘the Imám Mowaffak of Naishápúr,¹ a man highly honoured ‘and reverenced,—may God rejoice his soul; his illustrious ‘years exceeded eighty-five, and it was the universal belief ‘that every boy who read the Koran or studied the traditions ‘in his presence, would assuredly attain to honour and happi- ‘ness. For this cause did my father send me from Tús to ‘Naishápúr¹ with Abd-us-samad,² the doctor of law, that I ‘might employ myself in study and learning under the guid- ‘ance of that illustrious teacher. Towards me he ever ‘turned an eye of favour and kindness, and as his pupil I felt ‘for him extreme affection and devotion, so that I passed four ‘years in his service. When I first came there, I found two ‘other pupils of mine own age newly arrived, Hakim Omar ‘Khayyám, and the ill-fated Ben Sabbáh. Both were en- ‘dowed with sharpness of wit and the highest natural powers; ‘and we three formed a close friendship together. When ‘the Imám rose from his lectures, they used to join me, ‘and we repeated to each other the lessons we had heard. ‘Now Omar was a native of Naishápúr,¹ while Hasan Ben ‘Sabbáh's father was one Ali, a man of austere life and ‘practice, but heretical in his creed and doctrine. [He had long sojourned in the Province of Rei, where Abu

¹ Ed. I: Naishápúr.

² Ed. I: Abd-u-samad.

Moslim Rázi was governor, a man of pure life and orthodox principles, who, like a good Musulman as he was, shewed deep enmity to such a heretic. But Ali still kept close at his side, and by lying oaths and protestations, sought to clear himself from the insane words and actions laid to his charge. Now the Imám Mowaffak was followed as an example by all orthodox Musulmáns ; and so this unhappy man, to remove all suspicion of his heresies, brought his son to Naishápur, and made him attend the lectures of the Imám. He himself chose a life of asceticism in a cloister ; but even while there, men rumoured speeches of heresy that he had uttered, sometimes of one kind and sometimes of another. But to my story,—] One day 'Hasan said to me and to Khayyám, 'It is a universal belief that the pupils of the Imám Mowaffak will attain to fortune. Now, even if we *all* do not attain thereto, without doubt one of us will ; what then shall be our mutual pledge and bond?' We answered, 'Be it what you please.' 'Well,' he said, 'let us make a vow, that to whomsoever this fortune falls, he shall share it equally with the rest, and reserve no pre-eminence for himself.' 'Be it so,' we both replied, and on those terms we mutually pledged our words. Years rolled on, and I went from Khorassan to Transoxiana, and wandered to Ghazni and Cabul ; and when I returned, I was invested with office, and rose to be administrator of affairs during the Sultanate of Sultan Alp Arslán.' [All editions here omit five lines of Cowell, as well as the bracketed paragraph above.]

"He goes on to state, that years passed by, and both his old school-friends found him out, and came and claimed a share in his good fortune, according to the school-day vow. The Vizier was generous and kept his word. Hasan demanded a place in the government, which the Sultan granted at the Vizier's request; but discontented with a gradual rise, he plunged into the maze of intrigue of an oriental court, and failing in a base attempt to supplant his benefactor, he was disgraced and fell. [His subsequent adventures are one of the romances of Oriental history.—C.] After many mishaps and wanderings, Hasan became the head of the Persian sect of the *Ismáillians*,—a party of fanatics who had long murmured in obscurity, but rose to an evil eminence under the guidance of his strong and evil will. In A.D.¹ 1090, he seized the castle of Alamút, in the province of Rúdbar, which lies in the mountainous tract south of the Caspian Sea; [Here he fixed his stronghold] and it was from this mountain home he² obtained that evil celebrity among the Crusaders as the OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS,³ and spread terror through the Mohammedan world; and it is yet disputed whether the word *Assassin*, which they have left in the language of modern Europe as their dark memorial, is derived from the *hashish*, or opiate of hemp-leaves (the Indian *bhang*), with which they maddened themselves to the sullen pitch of oriental des-

¹ Ed. I: A. B.

² Cowell: that the Shekh.

³ Cowell: From Alamút issued those fierce fanatics who, in blind devotion to their chief's commands, spread.

peration, or from the name of the founder of the dynasty, whom we have seen in his quiet collegiate days, at Naishápur. [To complete the picture, we need only add that,] One of the countless victims of the assassin's dagger was Nizám-ul-Mulk himself, the old school-boy friend.*

"Omar Khayyám also came to the Vizier to claim his share ; but not to ask for title or office. 'The greatest 'boon you can confer on me,' he said, 'is to let me live in a 'corner under the shadow of your fortune, to spread wide 'the advantages of Science, and pray for your long life and 'prosperity.' The Vizier tells us, that, when he found [that he] Omar was really sincere in his refusal, he pressed him no further, but granted him a yearly pension of 1,200 *mithkáls* of gold, from the treasury of Naishápúr.¹

"At Naishápúr thus lived and died Omar Kayyám, 'busied,' adds the Vizier, 'in winning knowledge of every 'kind, and especially in Astronomy, wherein he attained to 'a very high pre-eminence. Under the Sultanate of Malik 'Shah, he came to Merv, and obtained great praise for his 'proficiency in science, and the Sultan showered favours 'upon him.' [Of Omar's attainments as an astronomer we have ample proof.—C.]

¹ Ed. I: Naishápur.

* Some of Omar's Rubáiyát warn us of the danger of Greatness, the instability of Fortune, and while advocating Charity to all Men, recommending us to be too intimate with none. Attár makes Nizám-ul-Mulk use the very words of his friend Omar [Rub. xxviii.] [xxxii., Ed. II], "When Nizám-ul-Mulk was in the Agony (of Death) he said, 'Oh God! I am passing away in the hand of the Wind.'" [This note not in Ed. I.]

"When Malik Shah determined to reform the calendar, Omar¹ was one of the eight learned men employed to do it; [and] the result was the *Jaláli* era (so called from *Jalál-ud-din*,² one of the king's names) — 'a computation of time,' says Gibbon, 'which surpasses the Julian, and approaches the accuracy of the Gregorian style.' He is also the author of some astronomical tables, entitled *Zíji-Maliksháhi*,"³ and the French have lately republished and translated an Arabic Treatise of his on Algebra. [These severer Studies, and his Verses, which, though happily fewer than any Persian Poet's, and, though perhaps fugitively composed, the Result of no fugitive Emotion or Thought, are probably the Work and Event of his Life, leaving little else to record. Perhaps he liked a little Farming too, so often as he speaks of the "Edge of the Tilth" on which he loved to rest with his Diwán of Verse, his Loaf, — and his Wine. — Ed. I.]

[Of the particular incidents of his life we know little enough, but probably there was little to know. A life like his, spent in quiet toil, —

And hiving knowledge with studious years, —

leaves little for the chronicler to record. — C.]

"His Takhallus or poetical name (*Khayyám*) signifies a Tent-maker, and he is said to have at one time exercised

¹ Cowell: he. ² Ed. I, *Jalal-ul-din*; Ed. II, *Jalal-u-din*.

³ Cowell: entitled *Zíji-Maliksháhi* and we have placed at the head of our article a treatise of his which has been lately translated and published in Europe.

that trade, perhaps before Nizám-ul-Mulk's generosity raised him to independence. Many Persian poets similarly derive their names from their occupations ; thus we have Attár, 'a druggist,' Assár, 'an oil presser,' &c.* Omar himself alludes to his name in the following whimsical lines : —

'Khayyám, who stitched the tents of science,
Has fallen in grief's furnace and been suddenly burned;
The shears of Fate have cut the tent ropes of his life,
And the broker of Hope has sold him for nothing !'

[Kheyam, qui cousait les tentes de la philosophie, Nicolas
est tombé tout à coup dans le creuset du chagrin (81)
et s'y est brûlé. Les ciseaux de la Parque sont
venus trancher le fil de son existence, et le reven-
deur empressé l'a cédé pour rien.

Khayyam, who sewed the tents of learning, has McCarthy
fallen suddenly into the crater of despair, and there (176)
lies calcined. The knife of fate has cut his being's
thread, and the impatient world has sold him for a
song.

Khayyam, who long time stitched the tents of Whinfield
learning, (83)
Has fallen into a furnace, and lies burning,
Death's shears have cut his thread of life
asunder,
Fate's brokers sell him off with scorn and spurning.

* Though all these, like our Smiths, Archers, Millers, Fletchers, &c., may simply retain the Surname of an hereditary calling. [In Ed. I this follows in the text in a parenthesis.]

Garner Khayyam, who stitched the Tents of Wisdom's
 (XL. 9) Lore,
 Is fallen in the Pit and covered o'er ;
 Death's shears have cut the Tent-ropes of his
 Life
 The World has cast him out as worthless Store.

Von Schack Der ich der Weisheit Zelte sonst genäh't, nun vom
 (204) Geschicke,
 Das im Zerstören sich gefällt und Morden,
 Zerschnitten wurden mir in Gram und Weh des
 Lebens Stricke
 Und sind für nichts versteigert worden.

Bodenstedt Chajjam, der die Zelte des Wissens genäh't,
 (III. 9) Versinkt einst in's Nichts mit all' seinem Gerät.
 Durchschnitten wird ihm der Lebensfaden,
 Und die Welt verkauft seinen Nachlass mit
 Schaden.

The poet, says Bodenstedt, signifies by this humorous conclusion how little he takes into account the importance of being understood by the *vulgaris profanum.*]

"We have only one more anecdote to give of his Life, and that relates to the close ; [related] it is told in the anonymous preface which is sometimes prefixed to his poems ; it has been printed in the Persian in the appendix to Hyde's *Veterum Persarum Religio*, p. 499 ; and D'Herbelot alludes to it in his Bibliothèque, under *Khiam* :—*

* [Ed. I: Though he attributes the story to a Khiam,] "Philosophe Musulman qui a vécu en Odeur de Sainteté dans la Fin du

" ' It is written in the chronicles of the ancients that
this king of the wise, Omar Khayyám, died at Naishápúr

premier et le Commencement du second Siècle," no part of which, except the " Philosophe," can apply to *our* Khayyám [who, however, may claim the Story as *his*, on the score of Rubáiyát 77 and 78 of the present Version. The Rashness of the Words according to D'Herbelot, consisted in being so opposed to those in the Korán: " No man knows where he shall die."]

[D'Herbelot's words copied from the second volume of the edition published at The Hague in 1777 are as follows:—

" Khiam. Nom d'un Philosophe Musulman qui a vécu en odeur de Sainteté dans sa Religion, vers la fin du premier & le commencement du second Siècle de l'Hegire.

" L'an 105 ou 106 de l'Hegire, un jour ce Philosophe dit, étant en compagnie de quelques-uns de ses amis: Mon sepulcre doit être en un lieu qui sera couvert de fleurs tous les ans au printemps. Un de ceux qui étoient présens; & c'est l'Auteur du Livre intitulé Mag'mâ alnaudir, qui raconte cet événement, dit alors en lui-même: Est-il possible qu'un homme si sage avance une parole si contraire à celle de Dieu, qui dit dans l'Alcoran: V ma tadhri nefes beāī ardh tamaut; Personne ne sait en quel lieu il mourra. Plusieurs années après, cette même personne étant allée au printemps à Nischabour en Khorassan, pour visiter ce Personnage, qui étoit mort en réputation de Sainteté, trouva que son sepulcre étoit au pied de la muraille d'un jardin, où les arbres chargez de fleurs & entrelassez les uns avec les autres, le couvraient tellement, qu'on ne le voyoit point; & cela fit qu'il rappella dans sa memoire ce qu'il en avoit entendu dire autrefois."

Justin Huntly McCarthy thus translates the D'Herbelot legend:

" Khiam. Name of a Mussulman philosopher who lived in the odour of sanctity in his religion, towards the end of the first and the beginning of the second century of the Hegira.

" In the year CV or CVI of the Hegira this philosopher, being in the company of certain of his friends, said, 'Man, my sepulchre

'in the year of the Hegira, 517 (A.D. 1123); in science
 'he was unrivalled,—the very paragon of his age. Khwá-
 'jah Nizámi of Samarcand, who was one of his pupils,
 'relates the following story: 'I often used to hold conver-
 'sations with my teacher, Omar Khayyám, in a garden;
 'and one day he said to me, 'My tomb shall be in a spot
 'where the north wind may scatter roses over it.' I won-
 'dered at the words he spake, but I knew that his were
 'no idle words.* Years after, when I chanced to revisit

* The Rashness of the Words, according to D'Herbelot, consisted in being so opposed to those in the Korán: "No Man knows where he shall die." — This Story of Omar [recalls a very different one.—Ed. II] reminds me of another so naturally—and, when one remembers how wide of his humble mark the noble sailor aimed—so pathetically told by Captain Cook—not by Doctor Hawkesworth—in his Second Voyage [i. 374]. When leaving Ulietea, "Oreo's last request was for me to return. When he saw he could not obtain that promise, he asked the name of my *Marai*—Burying-place. As strange a question as this was, I hesitated not a moment to tell him 'Stepney,' the parish in which I live when in London. I was made to repeat it several times over till they could pronounce it; and then 'Stepney Marai no Toote [e]' was echoed through a hundred mouths at once. I afterwards found the same question had been put to Mr. Forster by a man on shore; but he gave a different, and indeed more proper answer, by saying, 'No man who used the sea could say where he should be buried.'" [This note is not in Ed. I.]

ought to be in some spot where the Spring may cover it with blossoms every year.' One of those who was present, and who is the author of the book called 'Mag'ma Alnaudir,' who chronicles this event, said thereupon unto himself, 'Is it possible that a man so wise

‘Naishápur,* I went to his final resting-place, and lo ! it
‘was just outside a garden, and trees laden with fruit
‘stretched their boughs over the garden wall, and dropped
‘their flowers upon his tomb, so as the stone was hidden
‘under them.’ ”

Thus far — without fear of Trespass — from the *Calcutta Review*. The writer of it, on reading in India this story of Omar’s Grave, was reminded, he says, of Cicero’s Account of finding Archimedes’ Tomb at Syracuse, buried in grass and weeds. I think Thorwaldsen desired to have roses grow over him ; a wish religiously fulfilled for him to the present day, I believe. However, to return to Omar.¹

Though the Sultan “shower’d Favours upon him,” Omar’s Epicurean Audacity of Thought and Speech caused him to be regarded askance in his own Time and Country.

¹ The sentences from the word “*Review*” to the paragraph beginning “Though” were not in Ed. I.

should utter words so contrary to those of God who lays it down in the Koran, “No man knows in what spot he shall die?”

“Many years after, this same individual being on a journey to Nischabour in Khorassan, to visit this personage, who had died in the odour of sanctity, found that his sepulchre was at the foot of the wall of a garden where the trees, loaded with flowers and netted one within the other, so completely covered it, that it was impossible to see it ; and this brought back to his memory what he had heard spoken formerly.”]

* Ed. I : Naishápur.

He is said to have been especially hated and dreaded by the Súfis, whose Practice he ridiculed, and whose Faith amounts to little more than his own when stript of the Mysticism and formal recognition of Islamism under which Omar would not hide.¹ Their Poets, including Háfiz, who are (with the exception of Firdausi²) the most considerable in Persia, borrowed largely, indeed, of Omar's material, but turning it to a mystical Use more convenient to Themselves and the People they addressed;³ a People quite as quick of Doubt as of Belief; [quite] as keen of [the] Bodily Sense[s] as of [the] Intellectual; and delighting in a cloudy composition of both,⁴ in which they could float luxuriously between Heaven and Earth, and this World and the Next, on the wings of a poetical expression, that might serve indifferently for either.⁵ Omar was too honest of Heart as well as of Head for this. Having failed (however mistakenly) of finding any Providence but Destiny, and any World but This, he set about making the most of it; preferring rather to soothe the Soul through the Senses into Acquiescence with Things as he saw them,⁶ than to perplex it with vain disquietude⁷ after what they *might be*. It has been seen, however,⁸ that his Worldly Ambition⁹ was

¹ Ed. I: compliment of Islamism which Omar would not hide under.

² Ed. I: Firdáusí.

³ Ed. I: address'd.

⁴ Ed. I: cloudy Element compounded of all.

⁵ Ed. I: could be recited indifferently whether at the Mosque or the Tavern.

⁶ Ed. I: as they were.

⁷ Ed. I: mortifications.

⁸ Ed. I: It has been seen that.

⁹ Desires however were.

not exorbitant; and he very likely takes a humorous or perverse pleasure in exalting the gratification of Sense above that of the Intellect, in which he must have taken great delight, although it failed to answer the Questions in which he, in common with all men, was most vitally interested.¹

¹ Ed. I: humourous pleasure in exaggerating them above that Intellect in whose exercise he must have found great pleasure, though not in a Theological direction. However this may be, his *Worldly Pleasures* are what they profess to be without any *Pretense* at divine Allegory: his Wine is the veritable Juice of the Grape: his Tavern where it was to be had: his Sáki, the Flesh and Blood that poured it out for him: all which, and where the Roses were in Bloom, was all he profess'd to want of this World or to expect of Paradise.

The Mathematic Faculty, too, which regulated his Fansy, and condensed his Verse to a Quality, and Quantity unknown in Persian, perhaps in Oriental Poetry, help'd by its very virtue perhaps to render him less popular with his countrymen. If the Greeks were Children in Gossip, what does Persian Literature imply but a *Second Childishness* of Garrulity? And certainly if no *ungeometric* Greek was to enter Plato's School of Philosophy, no so unchastis'd a Persian should enter on the Race of Persian Verse, with its "fatal Facility" of running on long after Thought is winded! But Omar was not only the single Mathematician of his Country's Poets; he was also of that older Time and stouter Temper, before the native Soul of Persia was quite broke by a foreign Creed as well as foreign Conquest. Like his great Predecessor Firdúsi, who was as little of a *Mystic*; who scorned to use even a *Word* of the very language in which the New Faith came clothed; and who was suspected, not of Omar's Irreligion indeed, but of secretly clinging to the ancient Fire-Religion of Zerdusht, of which so many of the kings he sang were Worshippers.

For whatever Reason, however, Omar, as before said, has never been popular in his own Country, and therefore has been but scantily¹ transmitted abroad. The MSS. of his Poems, mutilated beyond the average Casualties of Oriental Transcription, are so rare in the East as scarce to have reaht Westward at all, in spite of all the acquisitions of Arms and Science.² There is no copy at the India House, none at the Bibliothèque Nationale³ of Paris. We know but of one in England: No. 140 of the Ouseley MSS. at the Bodleian, written at Shiraz, A. D. 1460. This contains but 158 Rubáiyát.⁴ One in the Asiatic Society's Library at Calcutta (of which we have a Copy), contains (and yet incomplete) 516, though swelled to that by all kinds of Repetition and Corruption. So Von Hammer speaks of *his* Copy as containing about 200, while Dr. Sprenger catalogues the Lucknow MS. at double that number.* The Scribes, too, of the Oxford and Calcutta MSS. seem to do their Work under a sort of Protest; each beginning with a Tetrastich (whether genuine or not),

¹ Ed. I: charily.

² Ed. I: in spite of all that Arms and Science have brought us. There is none.

³ Eds. I and II: Bibliothèque Imperiale.

⁴ Ed. I: Rabáiyát.

* "Since this Paper was written" (adds the Reviewer in a note), "we have met with a Copy of a very rare Edition, printed at Calcutta in 1836. This contains 438 Tetrastichs, with an Appendix containing 54 others not found in some MSS."

taken out of its alphabetical¹ order ; the Oxford with one of *Apology* ; the Calcutta with one of *Expostulation*,² supposed (says a Notice prefixed to the MS.) to have arisen from a Dream, in which Omar's mother asked about his future fate. It may be rendered thus : —

“ Oh, Thou who burn’st in Heart for those who burn
“ In Hell, whose fires thyself shall feed in turn ;
“ How long be crying, ‘ Mercy on them, God ! ’
“ Why, who art Thou to teach, and He to learn ? ”

[Ô toi qui as été brûlé, puis brûlé encore, et qui mérites de l'être
derechef ! toi qui n'es digne que d'aller attiser le feu de l'enfer !
jusques à quand prieras-tu la Divinité de pardonner à Omar ? Quel
rapport existe-t-il entre toi et Dieu ? Quelle audace te pousse à lui
apprendre à faire usage de sa miséricorde ? Nicolas (459)

Nicolas says that this imprecation against the faithful is all the more curious because it is addressed by the poet to the Shiites (of the sect of Ali), who abhor the name of Omar, and that Omar himself bore that name. But perhaps Omar Khayyám did not write it. See Dr. Hyde's Latin translation, in *Bibliography*, p. 445.

Thou who hast burned, who burnest, who deservest still to burn
feeding the fire of hell, why dost thou call on God to pardon Omar ?
What has God to do with thee ? How darest thou appeal to his
pity ? McCarthy (310)

¹ Eds. I and II : alphabetic.

² Ed. I. of *Excretion* too stupid for Omar's, even had Omar been stupid enough to execrate himself. [Then omits to "The Reviewer."]

Omar! of burning heart, perchance to burn
In hell, and feed its bale-fires in thy turn,

Presume not to teach Allah clemency,
For who art thou to teach, or he to learn?

(Whinfield, 488, 1883; 253, 1882.)

O Du, der Du verdammt, in der Hölle zu brennen,
Wie magst Du Dich als Fürbitter Omar's bekennen!
Wie magst Du Gott bitten, sich sein zu erbarmen!
Was hat der Allmächt'ge zu thun mit Dir Armen!

(Bodenstedt, X. 33.)

[After his death Omar is said to have appeared to his mother in a dream, and repeated this quatrain to her.]

The Bodleian Quatrain pleads Pantheism by way of Justification.

"If I myself upon a looser Creed
"Have loosely strung the Jewel of Good deed,
"Let this one thing for my Atonement plead·
"That One for Two I never did mis-read."¹

The Reviewer, to whom I owe the Particulars of Omar's Life, concludes his Review by comparing² him with Lucretius, both as to natural Temper and Genius, and as acted upon by the Circumstances in which he lived. Both indeed were men of subtle, strong, and cultivated³ Intellect, fine

¹ See Appendix XXXIV, Whinfield, 147 (1882).

² Ed. I: The Reviewer who translates the foregoing Particulars of Omar's Life and some of his Verse into Prose, concludes by comparing him with Lucretius both in.

³ Ed. I: "strong and cultivated" not used; "and high" == fine.

Imagination, and Hearts¹ passionate for Truth and Justice ; who justly revolted from their Country's false Religion, and false, or foolish, Devotion to it ; but who [yet] fell short of replacing what they subverted by such better *Hope* as others, with no better Revelation to guide them,² had yet made a Law to themselves. Lucretius, indeed, with such material as Epicurus furnished, satisfied³ himself with the theory of a vast machine fortuitously constructed, and acting by a Law that implied no Legislator ;⁴ and so composing himself into a Stoical rather than Epicurean severity of Attitude, sat down to contemplate the mechanical Drama of the Universe which he was part Actor in ;⁵ himself and all about him (as in his own sublime description of the Roman Theatre) discoloured⁶ with the lurid reflex of the Curtain suspended between the Spectator and the Sun.⁷ Omar, more desperate, or more careless of any so complicated⁸ System as resulted in nothing but⁹ hopeless Necessity, flung his own Genius and Learning with a bitter or humorous jest¹⁰ into

¹ Ed. I : instructed in Learning beyond their day, and of Hearts.

² Ed. I : others upon whom no better *Faith* had dawned.

³ Ed. I : consoled himself with the construction of a Machine that needed no Constructor.

⁴ Ed. I : Lawgiver.

⁵ Ed. I : of which he was part Actor.

⁶ Ed. I : coloured.

⁷ Ed. I : that was suspended between them and the outer Sun.

⁸ Ed. I : such laborious.

⁹ Ed. I : more than.

¹⁰ Ed. I : with a bitter jest.

the general Ruin which their insufficient glimpses only served to reveal; and,¹ pretending sensual pleasure as the serious purpose of Life, only *diverted* himself with speculative problems of Deity, Destiny, Matter and Spirit, Good and Evil, and other such questions, easier to start than to run down, and the pursuit of which becomes a very weary sport at last!

With regard to the present Translation. The original Rubáiyát (as, missing an Arabic Guttural, these *Tetrastichs* are more musically called) are independent Stanzas, consisting each of four Lines of equal, though varied, Prosody; sometimes all rhyming, but oftener (as here imitated) the third line a blank. Sometimes as in² the Greek Alcaic, where the penultimate³ line seems to lift and suspend the Wave that falls over in the last. As usual with such kind of Oriental Verse, the Rubáiyát follow one another according to Alphabetic Rhyme—a strange succession⁴ of Grave and Gay. Those here selected are strung into something of an

¹ Ed. I: and yielding his Senses to the actual Rose and Vine, only *diverted* his thought by balancing ideal possibilities of Fate, Free will, Existence, and Annihilation with an oscillation that so generally inclined to the negative and lower side, as to make Such stanzas as the following exceptions to his general philosophy: [*Then follow the quatrains beginning, Oh, if my soul (XLIV), and, Or is that but a Tent (XLV).*]

² Ed. I: as here attempted, the third line suspending the Cadence by which the last atones with the former Two. Something as in.

³ Ed. I: third.

⁴ Ed. I: Farrago.

Eclogue, with perhaps a less than equal proportion of the “Drink and make merry,” which (genuine or not) recurs over-frequently in the Original. [For Lucretian as Omar’s Genius might be, he cross’d that darker Mood with much of Oliver de Basselin Humour.—Ed. I.] Either¹ way, the Result is sad enough: saddest perhaps when most ostentatiously merry: more apt² to move Sorrow than Anger toward the old Tent-maker, who, after vainly endeavouring to unshackle his Steps from Destiny, and to catch some authentic Glimpse of To-MORROW, fell back upon To-DAY³ (which has outlasted so many To-morrows!) as the only Ground he got to stand upon, however momentarily slipping from under his Feet.

While the second Edition of this version of Omar was preparing, Monsieur Nicolas, French Consul at Resht, published a very careful and very good Edition of the Text, from a lithograph copy at Teheran, comprising 464 Rubáiyát, with translation and notes of his own.

Mons. Nicolas, whose Edition has reminded me of several things, and instructed me in others, does not consider Omar to be the material Epicurean that I have literally taken him for, but a Mystic, shadowing the Deity under

¹ Ed. I: any way.

² Ed. I: merry, any way fitter.

³ Ed. I: TOMORROW—TODAY.

the figure of Wine, Wine-bearer, &c., as Hāfiẓ is supposed to do ; in short, a Sūfi Poet like Hāfiẓ and the rest.

I cannot see reason to alter my opinion, formed as it was more than a dozen years ago when Omar was first shown me by one to whom I am indebted for all I know of Oriental, and very much of other, literature. He admired Omar's Genius so much, that he would gladly have adopted any such Interpretation of his meaning as Mons. Nicolas' if he could.* That he could not, appears by his Paper in the *Calcutta Review* already so largely quoted ; in which he argues from the Poems themselves, as well as from what records remain of the Poet's Life.

And if more were needed to disprove Mons. Nicolas' Theory, there is the Biographical Notice which he himself has drawn up in direct contradiction to the Interpretation of the Poems given in his Notes. (See pp. xiii, xiv, of his Preface.)¹ Indeed I hardly knew poor Omar was so far gone till his Apologist informed me. For here we see that, whatever were the Wine that Hāfiẓ drank and sang, the veritable Juice of the Grape it was which Omar used, not only when carousing with his friends, but (says Mons.

¹ In Fitzgerald, Ed. II, Nicolas's own words are given : see Bibliography, p. 469.

* Perhaps would have edited the Poems himself some years ago. He may now as little approve of my Version on one side, as of Mons. Nicolas' Theory on the other.

Nicolas) in order to excite himself to that pitch of Devotion which others reached by cries and "hurlemens." And yet, whenever Wine, Wine-bearer, &c., occur in the Text — which is often enough — Mons. Nicolas carefully annotates "Dieu," "La Divinité," &c.: so carefully indeed that one is tempted to think that he was indoctrinated by the Súfi with whom he read the Poems. (Note to Rub. ii. p. 8.) A Persian would naturally wish to vindicate a distinguished Countryman; and a Súfi to enrol him in his own sect, which already comprises all the chief Poets of Persia.

What historical Authority has Mons. Nicolas to show that Omar gave himself up "avec passion à l'étude de la philosophie des Soufis"? (Preface, p. xiii.) The Doctrines of Pantheism, Materialism, Necessity, &c., were not peculiar to the Súfi; nor to Lucretius before them; nor to Epicurus before him; probably the very original Irreligion of Thinking men from the first; and very likely to be the spontaneous growth of a Philosopher living in an Age of social and political barbarism, under shadow of one of the Two and Seventy Religions supposed to divide the world. Von Hammer (according to Sprenger's Oriental Catalogue) speaks of Omar as "a Free-thinker, and a great opponent of Sufism;" perhaps because, while holding much of their Doctrine, he would not pretend to any inconsistent severity of morals. Sir W. Ouseley has written a note to something of the same effect on the fly-leaf of the Bodleian MS. And in two Rubáiyát of Mons. Nicolas' own Edition Súf and Súfi are both disparagingly named.

renounced if one would approximate a God, who according to the Doctrine, *is* Sensual Matter as well as Spirit, and into whose Universe one expects unconsciously to merge after Death, without hope of any posthumous Beatitude in another world to compensate for all one's self-denial in this. Lucretius' blind Divinity certainly merited, and probably got, as much self-sacrifice as this of the Súfi; and the burden of Omar's Song—if not "Let us eat"—is assuredly—"Let us drink, for To-morrow we die!" And if Háfiz meant quite otherwise by a similar language, he surely miscalculated when he devoted his Life and Genius to so equivocal a Psalmody as, from his Day to this, has been said and sung by any rather than spiritual Worshippers.

However, as there is some traditional presumption, and certainly the opinion of some learned men, in favour of Omar's being a Súfi—and even something of a Saint—those who please may so interpret his Wine and Cup-bearer. On the other hand, as there is far more historical certainty of his being a Philosopher, of scientific Insight and Ability far beyond that of the Age and Country he lived in; of such moderate worldly Ambition as becomes a Philosopher, and such moderate wants as rarely satisfy a Debauchee; other readers may be content to believe with me that, while the Wine Omar celebrates is simply the Juice of the Grape, he bragg'd more than he drank of it, in very defiance perhaps of that Spiritual Wine which left its Votaries sunk in Hypocrisy or Disgust.

RUBÁIYÁT
OF
OMAR KHAYYÁM OF NAISHÁPÚR.

(*From FitzGerald's Second Edition, 1868.*)

I.

Wake ! For the Sun behind yon Eastern height
Has chased the Session of the Stars from Night,
 And, to the field of Heav'n ascending, strikes
The Sultán's Turret with a Shaft of Light.

II.

Before the phantom of False morning died,¹
Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried,
 “ When all the Temple is prepared within,
“ Why lags the drowsy Worshipper outside ? ”

III.

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted — “ Open then the Door !
 “ You know how little while we have to stay,
“ And, once departed, may return no more.”

IV.

Now the New Year reviving old Desires³,
 The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
 Where the WHITE HAND OF MOSES on the Bough
 Puts out, and Jesus from the ground suspires.⁴

V.

Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose,⁴
 And Jamshy'd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one knows ;
 But still a Ruby gushes from the Vine,
 And many a Garden by the Water blows.

VI.

And David's lips are lockt ; but in divine⁵
 High-piping Péhlevi, with "Wine ! Wine ! Wine !
 "Red Wine !" — the Nightingale cries to the Rose
 That sallow cheek⁶ of her's to incarnadine.

VII.

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
 Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling :
 The Bird of Time has but a little way
 To flutter — and the Bird is on the Wing.

VIII.

Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon,
 Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,
 The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
 The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

IX.

Morning a thousand Roses brings, you say ;
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of yesterday ?

And this first Summer month that brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshýd and Kaikobád away.

X.

Well, let it take them ! What have we to do
With Kaikobád the Great, or Kaikhosrú ?

Let Rustum cry "To Battle" as he likes,
Or Hátim Tai "To Supper!" — heed not you.

XI.

With me along the strip of Herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sown,

Where name of Slave and Sultán is forgot —
And Peace to Máhmúd on his golden Throne !

XII.

Here with a little Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse — and Thou

Beside me singing in the Wilderness —
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow !

XIII.

Some for the Glories of This World ; and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come ;

Ah, take the Cash, and let the Promise go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum !

XIV.

Were it not Folly, Spider-like to spin
 The Thread of present Life away to win —
 What? for ourselves, who know not if we shall
 Breathe out the very Breath we now breathe in!

XV.

Look to the blowing Rose about us — “ Lo,
 “ Laughing,” she says, “ into the world I blow:
 “ At once the silken tassel of my Purse
 “ Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw.” *

XVI.

For those who husbanded the Golden grain,
 And those who flung it to the winds like Rain,
 Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn’d
 As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

XVII.

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
 Turns Ashes — or it prospers ; and anon,
 Like Snow upon the Desert’s dusty Face,
 Lighting a little hour or two — was gone.

XVIII.

Think, in this batter’d Caravanserai
 Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
 How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
 Abode his destin’d Hour, and went his way.

XIX.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep : ¹⁰
And Bahrám, that great Hunter — the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

XX.

The Palace that to Heav'n his pillars threw,
And Kings the forehead on his threshold drew —
I saw the solitary Ringdove there,
And “ Coo, coo, coo,” she cried; and “ Coo, coo, coo.” ¹¹

XXI.

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears
TO-DAY of past Regrets and future Fears :
To-morrow ! — Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.¹²

XXII.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time has prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

XXIII.

And we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new Bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend, ourselves to make a Couch — for whom ?

XXIV.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
 The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
 That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
 Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

XXV.

And this delightful Herb whose living Green
 Fledges the River's Lip on which we lean —
 Ah, lean upon it lightly ! for who knows
 From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen !

XXVI.

✓ Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
 Before we too into the Dust descend ;
 Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
 Sans Wine, Sans Song, sans Singer, and — sans End !

XXVII.

✓ Alike for those who for To-DAY prepare,
 And those that after some To-MORROW stare,
 A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries,
 " Fools ! your Reward is neither Here nor There ! "

XXVIII.

Another Voice, when I am sleeping, cries,
 " The Flower should open with the Morning skies."
 And a retreating Whisper, as I wake —
 " The Flower that once has blown for ever dies."

XXIX.

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds so learnedly, are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

XXX.

- Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door as in I went. ✓

XXXI.

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow:
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd —
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

XXXII.

Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing,
Nor *Whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing:
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

XXXIII.

What, without asking, hither hurried *Whence*?
And, without asking, *Whither* hurried hence!
Ah, contrite Heav'n endowed us with the Vine
To drug the memory of that insolence!

XXXIV.

Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate
 I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,¹³
 And many Knots unravel'd by the Road;
 But not the Master-Knot of Human Fate.

XXXV.

There was the Door to which I found no Key:
 There was the Veil through which I could not see:
 Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE
 There was — and then no more of THEE and ME.¹⁴

XXXVI.

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn
 In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
 Nor Heav'n, with those eternal Signs reveal'd
 And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

XXXVII.

Then of the THEE IN ME who works behind
 The Veil of Universe I cried to find
 A Lamp to guide me through the Darkness; and
 Something then said — “An Understanding blind.”

XXXVIII.

Then to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn
 I lean'd, the secret Well of Life to learn:
 And Lip to Lip it murmur'd — “While you live,
 “Drink! — for, once dead, you never shall return.”

XXXIX.

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answer'd, once did live,
 And drink; and that impassive Lip I kiss'd,
How many Kisses might it take—and give!

XL.

For I remember stopping by the way
To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay:
 And with its all-obliterated Tongue
It murmur'd — “Gently, Brother, gently, pray!”

XLI.

For has not such a Story from of Old
Down Man's successive generations roll'd
 Of such a clod of saturated Earth
Cast by the Maker into Human mould?

XLII.

And not a drop that from our Cups we throw¹⁵
On the parcht herbage but may steal below
 To quench the fire of Anguish in some Eye
There hidden — far beneath, and long ago.

XLIII.

As then the Tulip for her wonted sup
Of Heavenly Vintage lifts her chalice up,
 Do you, twin offspring of the soil, till Heav'n
To Earth invert you like an empty Cup.

XLIV.

Do you, within your little hour of Grace,
 The waving Cypress in your Arms enlace,
 Before the Mother back into her arms
 Fold, and dissolve you in a last embrace.

XLV.

And if the Cup you drink, the Lip you press,
 End in what All begins and ends in — Yes ;
 Imagine then you *are* what heretofore
 You *were* — hereafter you shall not be less.

XLVI.

So when at last the Angel of the darker drink¹⁸
 Of Darkness finds you by the river-brink,
 And, proffering his Cup, invites your Soul
 Forth to your Lips to quaff it — do not shrink.

XLVII.

And fear not lest Existence closing *your*
 Account, should lose, or know the type no more ;
 The Eternal Sáki from that Bowl has pour'd
 Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.

XLVIII.

When You and I behind the Veil are past,
 Oh but the long long while the World shall last,
 Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
 As much as Ocean of a pebble-cast.

XLIX.

One Moment in Annihilation's Waste,
One Moment, of the Well of Life to taste —
 The Stars are setting, and the Caravan ¹⁷
Draws to the Dawn of Nothing — Oh make haste !

L.

Would you that spangle of Existence spend
About THE SECRET — quick about it, Friend !
 A Hair, they say, divides the False and True —
And upon what, prithee, does Life depend ?

LI.

A Hair, they say, divides the False and True ;
Yes ; and a single Alif were the clue,
 Could you but find it, to the Treasure-house,
And peradventure to THE MASTER too ;

LII.

Whose secret Presence, through Creation's veins
Running, Quicksilver-like eludes your pains :
 Taking all shapes from Máh to Máhi ; ¹⁸ and
They change and perish all — but He remains ;

LIII.

A moment guess'd — then back behind the Fold
Immerst of Darkness round the Drama roll'd
 Which, for the Pastime of Eternity,
He doth Himself contrive, enact, behold.

LIV.

But if in vain, down on the stubborn floor
 Of Earth, and up to Heav'n's unopening Door,
 You gaze To-day, while You are You — how then
 To-morrow, You when shall be You no more?

LV.

Oh, plagued no more with Human or Divine,
 To-morrow's tangle to itself resign,
 And lose your fingers in the tresses of
 The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

LVI.

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit
 Of This and That endeavour and dispute;
 Better be merry with the fruitful Grape
 Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

LVII.

You know, my Friends, how bravely in my House
 For a new Marriage I did make Carouse:
 Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
 And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

LVIII.

For "Is" and "Is-NOT" though with Rule and Line,¹⁰
 And "UP-AND-DOWN" by Logic I define,
 Of all that one should care to fathom, I
 Was never deep in anything but — Wine.

LIX.

Ah, but my Computations, People say,
Have squared the Year to human compass, eh ?
 If so, by striking from the Calendar
Unborn To-morrow, and dead Yesterday.

LX.

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came shining through the Dusk an Angel Shape
 Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder ; and
He bid me taste of it ; and 'twas — the Grape !

LXI.

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute : ²⁰
 The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute :

LXII.

The mighty Mahmúd, Allah-breathing Lord,
That all the misbelieving and black Horde ²¹
 Of fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul
Scatters before him with his whirlwind Sword.

LXIII.

{ Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare?
 A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?
And if a Curse — why, then, Who set it there?

LXIV.

I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must,
 Scared by some After-reckoning ta'en on trust,
 Or lured with Hope of some Diviner Drink,
 When the frail Cup is crumbled into Dust!

LXV.

If but the Vine and Love-abjuring Band
 Are in the Prophet's Paradise to stand,
 Alack, I doubt the Prophet's Paradise
 Were empty as the hollow of one's Hand.

LXVI.

Oh threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise !
 One thing at least is certain — *This* Life flies :
 One thing is certain and the rest is lies ;
 The Flower that once is blown for ever dies.

LXVII.

Strange, is it not ? that of the myriads who
 Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through
 Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
 Which to discover we must travel too.

LXVIII.

The Revelations of Devout and Learn'd
 Who rose before us, and as Prophets burn'd,
 Are all but Stories, which, awoke from Sleep
 They told their fellows, and to Sleep return'd.

LXIX.

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Is't not a shame — is't not a shame for him
So long in this Clay suburb to abide ?

LXX.

But that is but a Tent wherein may rest
A Sultan to the realm of Death addrest ;
The Sultan rises, and the dark Ferrish
Strikes, and prepares it for another guest.

LXXI.

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell :
And after many days my Soul return'd
And said, " Behold, Myself am Heav'n and Hell :"

LXXII.

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,
And Hell the Shadow of a Soul on fire,
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerg'd from, shall so soon expire.

LXXIII.

We are no other than a moving row
Of visionary Shapes that come and go
Round with this Sun-illumin'd Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show ;²²

LXXXIV.

Impotent Pieces of the Game He plays
 Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days ;
 Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays ;
 And one by one back in the Closet lays.

LXXXV.

The Ball no Question makes of Ayes and Noes,
 But Right or Left as strikes the Player goes ;
 And He that toss'd you down into the Field,
He knows about it all — **HE** knows — **HE** knows ! ^{as}

LXXXVI.

The Moving Finger writes ; and, having writ,
 Moves on : nor all your Piety nor Wit
 Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
 Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

LXXXVII.

For let Philosopher and Doctor preach
 Of what they will, and what they will not — each
 Is but one Link in an eternal Chain
 That none can slip, nor break, nor over-reach.

LXXXVIII.

And that inverted Bowl we call The Sky,
 Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,
 Lift not your hands to *It* for help — for It
 As impotently rolls as you or I.

LXXXIX.

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man knead,
And there of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed :

And the first Morning of Creation wrote
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

LXXX.

Yesterday *This Day's* Madness did prepare ;
To-morrow's Silence, Triumph, or Despair :
Drink ! for you know not whence you came, nor why :
Drink ! for you know not why you go, nor where.

LXXXI.

I tell you this — When, started from the Goal,
Over the flaming shoulders of the Foal
Of Heav'n Parwin and Mushtari they flung,²⁴
In my predestin'd Plot of Dust and Soul

LXXXII.

The Vine had struck a fibre: which about
If clings my Being — let the Dervish flout ;
Of my Base metal may be filed a Key,
That shall unlock the Door he howls without.

LXXXIII.

And this I know : whether the one True Light,
Kindle to Love, or Wrath-consume me quite,
One Flash of It within the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright.

LXXXIV.

{ What ! out of senseless Nothing to provoke
 A conscious Something to resent the yoke
 Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain
 Of Everlasting Penalties, if broke !

LXXXV.

What ! from his helpless Creature be repaid
 Pure Gold for what he lent us dross-allay'd —
 Sue for a Debt we never did contract,
 And cannot answer — Oh the sorry trade !

LXXXVI.

Nay, but, for terror of his wrathful Face,
 I swear I will not call Injustice grace ;
 Not one Good Fellow of the Tavern but
 Would kick so poor a Coward from the place.

LXXXVII.

Y Oh Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin
 Beset the Road I was to wander in,
 Thou wilt not with Predestin'd Evil round
 Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin ?

LXXXVIII.

Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
 And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake :
 For all the Sin the Face of wretched Man
 Is black with — Man's Forgiveness give — and take !

* * * * * *

LXXXIX.

As under cover of departing Day
Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazán away,
Once more within the Potter's house alone
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay.

XC.

And once again there gather'd a scarce heard
Whisper among them ; as it were, the stirr'd
Ashes of some all but extinguisht Tongue,
Which mine ear kindled into living Word.

XCI.

Said one among them — “ Surely not in vain,
“ My Substance from the common Earth was ta'en,
“ That He who subtly wrought me into Shape
“ Should stamp me back to shapeless Earth again ? ”

XCII.

Another said, “ Why, ne'er a peevish Boy
“ Would break the Cup from which he drank in Joy ;
“ Shall He that of his own free Fancy made
“ The Vessel, in an after-rage destroy ! ”

XCIII.

None answer'd this ; but after silence spake
Some Vessel of a more ungainly Make ;
“ They sneer at me for leaning all awry ;
“ What ! did the Hand then of the Potter shake ? ”

XCVI.

Thus with the Dead as with the Living, *What?*
 And *Why?* so ready, but the *Wherefor* not,
 One on a sudden peevishly exclaim'd,
 'Which is the Potter, pray, and which the Pot?'

XCV.

Said one — “ Folks of a surly Master tell,
 “ And daub his Visage with the Smoke of Hell ;
 “ They talk of some sharp Trial of us — Pish !
 “ He's a good Fellow, and 'twill all be well.”

XCVI.

“ Well,” said another, “ Whoso will, let try,
 “ My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry :
 “ But, fill me with the old familiar Juice,
 “ Methinks I might recover by-and-bye.”

XCVII.

So while the Vessels one by one were speaking,
 One spied the little Crescent all were seeking :
 And then they jogg'd each other, “ Brother! Brother!
 “ Now for the Porter's shoulder-knot a-creaking”!

* * * * * *

XCVIII.

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
 And wash the Body whence the Life has died,
 And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf,
 By some not unfrequented Garden-side.

XCIX.

Whither resorting from the vernal Heat
Shall Old Acquaintance Old Acquaintance greet,
Under the Branch that leans above the Wall
To shed his Blossom over head and feet.

C.

Then ev'n my buried Ashes such a snare
Of Vintage shall fling up into the Air,
As not a True-believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

CI.

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my credit in Men's eye much wrong:
Have drown'd my Glory in a shallow Cup,
And sold my Reputation for a Song.

CII.

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore — but was I sober when I swore?
And then and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand
My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.

CIII.

And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,
And robb'd me of my Robe of Honour — Well,
I often wonder what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the ware they sell.

CIV.

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose !
 That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close !
 The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
 Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows !

CV.

Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield
 One glimpse — if dimly, yet indeed, reveal'd,
 Toward which the fainting Traveller might spring,
 As springs the trampled herbage of the field !

CVI.

Oh if the World were but to re-create,
 That we might catch ere closed the Book of Fate,
 And make The Writer on a fairer leaf
 Inscribe our names, or quite obliterate !

CVII.

Better, oh better, cancel from the Scroll
 Of Universe one luckless Human Soul,
 Than drop by drop enlarge the Flood that rolls
 Hoarser with Anguish as the Ages roll.

CVIII.

Ah Love ! could you and I with Fate conspire
 To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
 Would not we shatter it to bits — and then
 Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire !

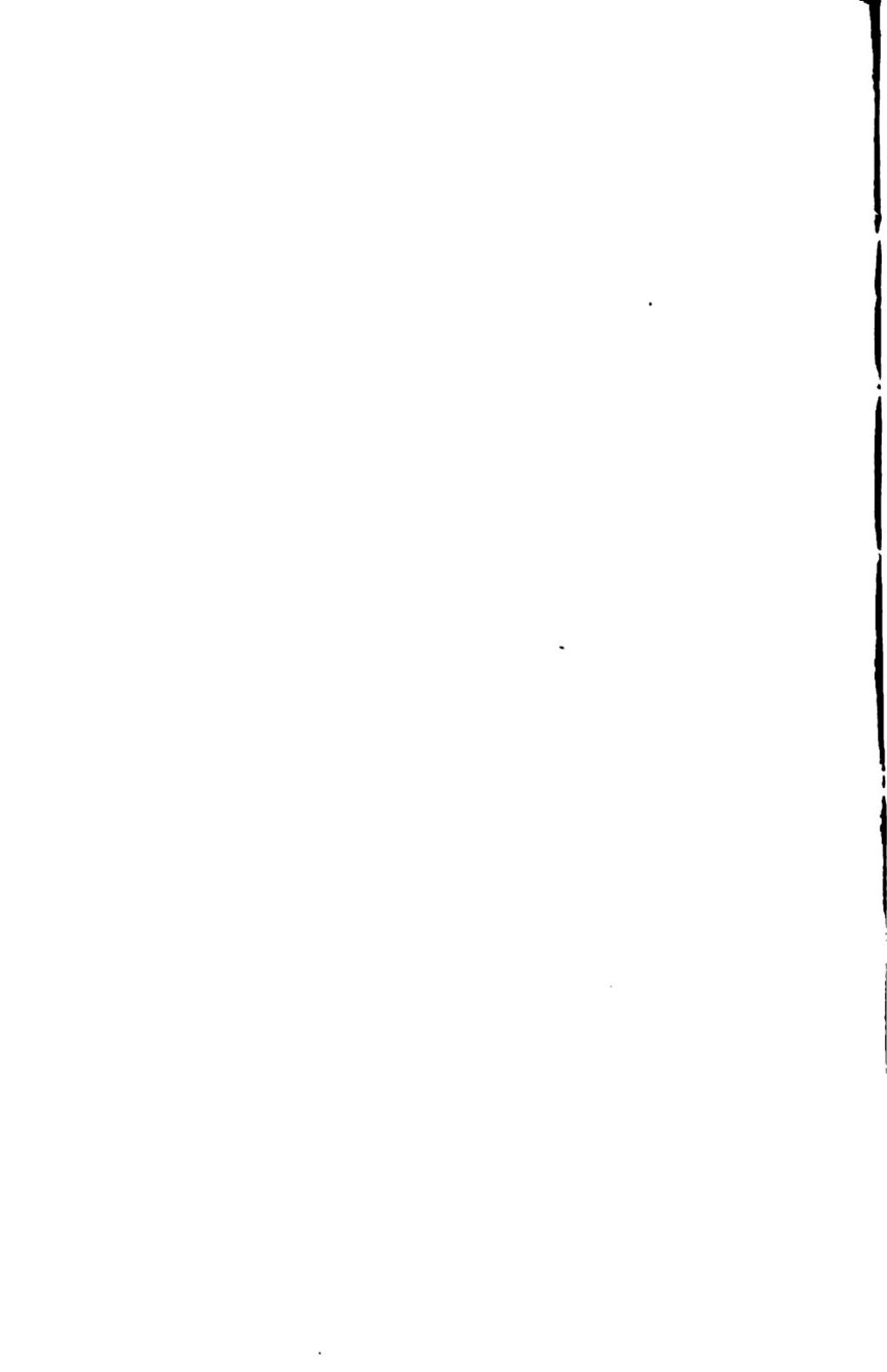
CIX.

But see ! The rising Moon of Heav'n again
Looks for us, Sweet-heart, through the quivering Plane :
How oft hereafter rising will she look
Among those leaves — for one of us in vain !

CX.

And when Yourself with silver Foot shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in your joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made One — turn down an empty Glass !

TAMĀM.



COMPARATIVE VERSIONS
OF THE
RUBAIYAT
OF
OMAR KHAYYÁM,

TRANSLATIONS OF FITZGERALD, NICOLAS, McCARTHY, KERNEY,
WHINFIELD, GARNER, BODENSTEDT, AND
GRAF VON SCHACK.

RUBAIYÁT
OF
OMAR KHAYYÁM OF NAISHÁPÚR

- FitzGerald *Wake ! For the Sun who scatter'd into flight*
(I.) *The Stars before him from the Field of Night,*
1889 *Drives Night along with them from Heav'n,*
 and strikes
 The Sultán's Turret with a Shaft of Light.
- (I.) *Awake ! for Morning in the Bowl of Night*
1859 *Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight :¹*
 And Lo ! the Hunter of the East has caught
 The Sultán's Turret in a Noose of Light.
- (I.) *Wake ! for the Sun behind yon Eastern height*
1868 *Has chased the Session of the Stars from Night ;*
 And, to the field of Heav'n ascending, strikes
 The Sultán's Turret with a Shaft of Light.

The Sun doth smite the roofs with Orient ray,
And, Khosrau like, his wine-red sheen display;

Whinfield

(231)

Arise, and drink ! the herald of the dawn
Uplifts his voice, and cries, " O drink to-day ! "

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The Sun has cast about the city towers
A noose of light; Kai-Kosru-like, he showers
His wine in Morning's cup,— but hark ! a voice
Cries out and bids us seize the transient hours !

Garner

Ms. 2895

The sun has cast on wall and roof his net of burn-
ing light,
The lordly day fills high the cup to speed the
parting night.
" Wake ! " cries in silver accents the herald of
the dawn ;
" Arise and drink ! the darkness flies — the morn-
ing rises bright."

*(1)

289

" Flinging a Stone into the Cup was the signal for ' To Horse ! ' in the Desert." Or, to use FitzGerald's own words in explanation of the passage in the " Saláman and Absál " —

That cup of Happiness and Tears

In which Farewell has never yet been flung —

" A pebble flung into a Cup " was " a signal for a company to break up." In FitzGerald's first draught of Edition III the first and second lines read : —

Wake ! for the Sun before him into Night

A Signal flung that put the Stars to flight.

In Whinfield, 74 (1882), *Khosru-like . . . drink*, and the last line reads : —

Proclaims the advent of another day.

- FitzGerald** *Before the phantom of False morning died,*
 (II.) *Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried,*
 1839 *“ When all the Temple is prepared within,*
 “ Why nods the drowsy Worshippers outside ? ”
- (II.) Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky²
 1859 I heard a Voice within the Tavern cry,
 “ Awake, my Little ones, and fill the Cup
 “ Before Life's Liquor in its Cup be dry.”
- Nicolas** Un matin, j'entendis venir de notre taverne une
 (1) voix qui disait : À moi, joyeux buveurs, jeunes
 1867 fous ! levez-vous, et venez remplir encore une coupe
 de vin, avant que le destin vienne remplir celle
 de votre existence.
- McCarthy** There came a voice at dawning from the wine-
 (183) shop, crying, “ Arise, ye haunters of the tavern-
 1879 divan, arise, and fill the cannikin before Fate comes
 to fill the cup of your being.
- M. K.** Out from our inn, one morn, a voice came roaring,
 1883 — “ Up !
 Sots, scamps, and madmen ! quit your heavy
 snoring ! Up !
 Come, pour we out a measure full of wine, and
 drink !
 Ere yet the measure's brimmed for us they're
 pouring up.”

At dawn a cry through all the tavern shrilled, “ Arise my brethren of the revellers’ guild, That I may fill our measures full of wine, Or e'er the measure of our days be filled.”	Whinfield (1) 1883
One Morn while sitting by the Tavern’s Door I heard a Voice in Accents Mild Implore “ Come, fill another Cup with Sparkling Wine, Make Haste, the Cup of Life will soon run o'er.”	Garner (I. 34) 1888
The rosy dawn shines through the tavern door And cries, “ Wake ! slumbering reveller and pour ! For ere my sands of life be all run out, I fain would fill my jars with wine once more.”	* (2) 1887
Eine Stimme scholl Morgens zu mir aus der Schenke : Steh auf, närr’scher Schwärmer, Dein Heil be- denke — Füll’, ehe das Mass unsres Schicksals gefüllt ist, Bei uns noch das Mass mit edlem Getränk !	Bodenstedt (IX. 34) 1888
Heut Morgen erscholl ein Ruf aus der Schenke : “ O Volk der Zecher, meiner gedenke ! Auf ! auf ! mit Weine das Glas gefüllt, Bevor das Geschik das Mass euch füllt ! ”	Von Schack (139) 1878

See Appendix I.

6 *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám.*

FitzGerald *And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted — “Open then the Door !
You know how little while we have to stay,
“And, once departed, may return no more.”*

(III.) *And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted — “Open then the Door !
You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more.”*

Nicolas *Sais-tu pourquoi au lever de l'aurore le coq
matinal fait à chaque instant entendre sa voix ?
C'est pour te rappeler, par le miroir du matin,
qu'une nuit vient de s'écouler de ton existence,
et que tu es encore dans l'ignorance.*

McCarthy *Know you why at the hour of the dawning the
cock shrills his frequent clarion ? It is but to
remind you by the mirror of morning, that from
your existence a night has slipped, and you are
still ignorant.*

Whinfield *When dawn doth silver the dark firmament,
Why shrills the bird of dawning his lament ?
It is to show in dawn's bright looking-glass
How of thy careless life a night is spent.*

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

7

The Herald of the Morn, in lusty tone,
Loud greets the Dawn upon her Golden Throne,
Again proclaiming to a Slumbering World,
Another Night beyond recall has flown.

Weisst Du, warum so beständig der Hahn Bodenstedt
Seine Stimme erhebt bei des Morgens Nahn? (X. 1)
Er kräht, dass schon wieder die Nacht ent-
schwindet
Und der kommende Tag Dich nicht klüger findet.

Wisst ihr, warum der Hahn im Hof am Morgen Von Schack
jedes Tages kräht? (224)

Ich will euch deuten seinen Ruf, dass ihr ihn
rechten Sinn's versteht.

Er sagt, dass wieder eine Nacht des Lebens euch
verstrichen ist

Und dass ihr immer noch nichts wisst.

See Appendix I.

FitzGerald *Now the New Year³ reviving old Desires,*
 (IV.) *The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,*
 1889 *Where the WHITE HAND OF MOSES on the*
 1859 *Bough*
Puts out,⁴ and Jesus from the ground suspires.

Nicolas Voici le moment où de verdure va s'orner le
 (186) monde, où, semblables à la main de Moïse, les
 bourgeons vont se montrer aux branches ; où,
 comme ravivées par le souffle de Jésus les plantes
 vont sortir de terre ; où enfin les nuages vont
 ouvrir les yeux pour pleurer.

McCarthy Behold, the time is come, when the earth is
 (91) about to clothe itself in verdure, when the blos-
 soms breaking forth over the branches, make them
 become as the hand of Moses, when, as if quick-
 ened by the breath of Jesus, the plants spring from
 the earth, when at last the clouds open their eyes
 to weep.

Whinfield Now is the time earth decks her greenest bowers,
 (201) And trees, like Musa's hand, grow white with
 flowers !
 As 't were at 'Isa's breath the plants revive,
 While clouds brim o'er, like tearful eyes, with
 showers.

Snow white, like Moses' hand, the Branches grow, Garner
While Clouds rain Tears upon the Earth below, (I. 14)
The opening buds revived by Jesus' breath,
Upon the air their Subtile Fragrance throw.

Dies ist die Zeit, wo die Welt sich schmückt mit Bodenstedt
Grün, (VI. 2)
Wo, wie Mosis Hand, alle Zweige von Knospen
glühn,
Wo die Pflanzen sprossen wie von Jesu Odem
belebt
Und die Wolke weinend sich selbst begräbt!

Compare Whinfield, 116:—

*Now spring-tide showers its poison on the land,
And lively hearts wend forth, a joyous band,
For 'Isa's breath wakes the dead earth to life,
And trees gleam white with flowers, like Musa's hand.*

The first line of Whinfield, 109 (1882), reads:—

Now spring with boscage green the earth embowers.

See also Appendix II.

FitzGerald *Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose,*
 (V.) *And Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one*
 1889 *knows;*
But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine,
And many a Garden by the Water blows.

(V.) Irám indeed is gone with all its Rose,⁶
 1859 And Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one
 knows ;
But still the Vine her ancient Ruby yields,
And still a Garden by the Water blows.

(V.) Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose,
 1868 And Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one
 knows ;
But still a Ruby gushes from the Vine,
And many a Garden by the Water blows.

See ! from the world what profit have I gained ? Whinfield
What fruitage of my life in hand retained ? (133)

What use is Jamshed's goblet, once 't is crushed ?
What pleasure's torch, when once its light has
waned ?

FitzGerald's note (4) : "Iram, planted by King Shaddad,
and now sunk somewhere in the Sands of Arabia. Jamshyd's
Seven-ring'd Cup was typical of the 7 Heavens, 7 Planets,
7 Seas &c., and was a *Divining Cup*." See also Appendix III.

- FitzGerald** *And David's lips are lockt; but in divine
High-piping Pehlevi, with "Wine! Wine! Wine!
"Red Wine!"—the Nightingale cries to the Rose
That sallow cheek of hers to' incarnadine.*
- (VI.)
1889
- (VI.)** *And David's Lips are lock't; but in divine
High-piping Péhlevi⁶ with "Wine! Wine! Wine!
"Red Wine!" — the Nightingale cries to the
Rose
That yellow Cheek⁷ of her's to'incarnadine.*
- 1889
- Nicolas** *Aujourd'hui, le temps est agréable: il ne fait
ni chaud, ni froid. Les nuages lavent la poussière
qui s'est assise sur les roses, et le rossignol semble
crier aux fleurs jaunes qu'il faut boire du vin.*
- (153)
- McCarthy** *To-day, the weather is pleasant, it is neither hot
nor cold. The dew washes the dust from the face
of the roses, and the nightingale crieth to the
yellow flowers, saying, "Ye must drink wine."*
- (247)
- Whinfield** *To-day how sweetly breathes the temperate air,
The rains have newly laved the parched parterre;
And Bulbuls cry in notes of ecstasy,
"Thou, too, O pallid rose, our wine must share!"*
- (174)
(94, 1889)
- Garner** *The Flowers upon the breeze their fragrance fling,
The Bulbul's notes within the thicket ring,
Ah come recline beneath the Rose-tree's shade,—
The Rose that once has blown must die with
Spring.*
- (1. 3)

Eine Nachtigall, die trunken zum Garten flog,
Wo ein Rosenkelch über den anderen sich bog,
Raunte in's Ohr mir: Erfasse das Glück
Des Lebens im Fluge: es kommt nicht zurück.

Bodenstedt
(X. 4)

Als eine Nachtigall im Gartenhain
Die Rosen schaute und den Becher Wein,
Sprach sie zu mir: "Versäumst du diese Zeit,
O Freund, so holst du nie sie wieder ein."

Von Schack
(314)

¹ See also Rubá'iy XCVI.

FitzGerald *Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon,*
 (VIII.) *Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,*
 : 89 *The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,*
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

Nicolas Puisque la vie s'écoule, qu'importe qu'elle soit
 (105) douce ou amère ? Puisque l'Ame doit passer par
 nos lèvres, qu'importe que ce soit à Nichapour
 ou à Bèlkhan ? Bois donc du vin, car après toi et
 moi, la lune bien longtemps encore passera de son
 dernier quartier à son premier, et de son premier
 à son dernier.

McCarthy Since life flies, what matters it whether it be
 (148) sweet or bitter ? Since our soul must escape
 through our lips, what matters it whether it be at
 Naishapur or Babylon ? Drink, then, for after
 thou and I are dust, the moon will for many days
 pass from her last to her first quarter, and from
 her first to her last.

M. K. Since, bitter or sweet, Life ends so soon, why care,
 Love ?
 When the soul from the lip takes flight, what
 matters it Where, Love ?
 Quaff wine ! — yon Moon that waxes and wanes
 unceasing,
 When you and I are gone, will still be there, Love !

When life is spent, what's Balkh or Nishapore? Whinfield
 What sweet or bitter, when the cup runs o'er?

(134)

Come drink! full many a moon will wax and
 wane

In times to come, when we are here no more.

Our Life will end, it flies on foot amain,
 What boots it whether passed in joy or pain

Garner

(I. 21)

At Balkh or Naishápúr. Come, fill your Cup,
 We die, — but still the Moon will wax and wane.

What reck we that our sands are run out in Balkh
 or Babylon,

* (6)

Or bitter be the draught or sweet, so once the
 draught is done.

Drink then thy wine with me, for many a silver
 moon

Shall wane and wax, for many a silver moon

Shall wane and wax when thou and I are gone.

Da die Tage uns'res Lebens rasch und unaufhalt- Von Schack
 sam schwinden,

(6)

Da, ob morgen noch wir athmen, Keiner uns
 vermag zu künden,

Lass, o du mein Mond, uns froh sein! Ach der
 Mond da droben wird

Oft noch um die Erde kreisen, ohne uns auf ihr
 zu finden!

Whinfield, 73 (1882), reads:—

When life is spent, who recks of joy or pain?

Or cares in Naishápur and Balkh to reign?

Come, quaff your wine, for after we are gone,

Moons will still wane and wax, and wax and wane.

FitzGerald *Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say;*
 (IX.) *Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?*
 1859 *And this first Summer month that brings the
 Rose*
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobad away.

(VIII.) And look — a thousand Blossoms with the Day
 1859 Woke — and a thousand scatter'd into Clay :
 And this first Summer Month that brings the
 Rose
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobad away.

Nicolas Regarde comme le zéphyr a fait épanouir les
 (370) roses ! Regarde comme leur éclatante beauté
 réjouit le rossignol ! Va donc te reposer à
 l'ombre de ces fleurs, va, car bien souvent elles
 sont sorties de terre et bien souvent elles y sont
 rentrées.

McCarthy Behold in the zephyr the robe of the rose ex-
 (463) panding, the nightingale delighting in the beauty
 of the rose ; sit in the shade of the rose, for many
 times this rose from earth has come, and unto
 earth has gone.

See how the zephyr tears the scarf of the rose **M.K.**
away;

The rose's beauty charms the bulbul's woes away!
Go, sit in the shade of the rose, for every rose
That springs from the earth, again to earth soon
goes away!

Bulbuls, doting on roses, oft complain **Whinfield**
How froward breezes rend their veils in twain; **(4:4)**
Sit we beneath this rose, which many a time
Has sunk to earth, and sprung from earth again.

Sieh, wie der Lenzhauch die Rosen erneut,
Sieh, wie ihre Schönheit die Nachtigall freut!
Freu' Dich auch, sitz' unter den Rosen nieder:
So oft sie erblühten, verblühten sie wieder.

Sieh, wie der Rosen Knospenkleid zerrissen hat **Von Schack**
der Morgenwind! **(8a)**
Horch wie, von ihrem Reiz entzückt, die Nachtigall ihr Lied beginnt!
Ruh' zwischen diesen Rosen denn, und denk,
wie oft dem Erdenschoss
Sie schön entstiegen und dann neu in ihn hinab-
gesunken sind.

See Appendix IV for further comparisons.
See Appendix III for further mention of Jamshyd.

FitzGerald Well, let it take them ! What have we to do

(X.) With Kaikobád the Great, or Kaikhosrú ?

1889 Let Zál and Rustum bluster as they will,

Or Hátim call to Supper — heed not you.

(IX.) But come with old Khayyám, and leave the Lot

1899 Of Kaikobád and Kaikhosrú forgot :

Let Rustum lay about him as he will,⁸

Or Hátim Tai cry Supper — heed them not.

(X.) Well, let it take them ! what have we to do

1868 With Kaikobád the Great of Kaikhosrú ?

Let Rustum cry “ To Battle ! ” as he likes,⁹

Or Hátim Tai “ To Supper ! ” — heed not you.

Nicolas Tant que tu auras en ton corps des os, des veines

(4:6) et des nerfs, ne pose pas ton pied en dehors des limites de ta destinée. Ne cède jamais à ton ennemi, cet ennemi fût-il Rostém, fils de Zal ; n'accepte rien qui puisse t'obliger envers ton ami, cet ami fût-il Hâtém-taï.

McCarthy While still you boast of bones, and veins and

(390) sinews, abide in the circle of your destiny. Yield nothing to your enemy, were he Rustem, son of Zal ; be under no bond of obligation to your friend. were he Hatim Tai.

So long as thy frame of flesh and of bone shall be, **M. K.**

Stir not one step outside Fate's hostelry;—

Bow to no foe — e'en Rustum or Zál — thy
neck,
Take from no friend a gift, though Hatim he!

While thou dost wear this fleshly livery,

Whinfield

Step not beyond the bounds of destiny;

(455)

Bear up, though very Rustams be thy foes,
And crave no boon from friends like Hatim Tai.

Solang Du Knochen hast, Nerven und Adern im Bodenstedt
Leibe,

(V. 38)

Immer standhaft im Haus Deines Schicksals ver-
bleibe.

Weich' keinem Feind, ob es Rustem selber sei,
Nimm von keinem Freunde, und wär' dieser
Hatem-tai.

FitzGerald, Edition III, 1879, line 3, reads:—

Let Zál and Rustum thunder as they will.

In Whinfield, 235 (1882):—

*Whilst thou dost wear . . . though puissant Rustam be thy
foe
And crave no guerdon e'en from Hatim, Tai.*

FitzGerald says (7):—

"Rustum, the 'Hercules' of Persia, and Zál his Father,
whose exploits are among the most celebrated in the Sháh-
náma. Hatim-Tai, a well-known type of Oriental Generosity."

See also Appendix III to Rubáiy V; Appendix IV to
Rubáiy IX.

- FitzGerald** *With me along the strip of Herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultán is forgot—
And Peace to Mahmúd on his golden Throne!*
- (X.) *With me along some Strip of Herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultán scarce is
known,
And pity Sultán Máhmúd on his Throne.*
- Nicolas** *Ce que je demande c'est un flacon de vin en
rubis, une œuvre de poésie, un instant de répit
dans la vie et la moitié d'un pain. Si avec cela
je pouvais, ami, demeurer près de toi, dans quelque
lieu en ruine, ce serait un bonheur préférable à
celui d'un sultan dans son royaume.*
- McCarthy** *Give me a flagon of red wine, a book of verges,
a loaf of bread and a little idleness. If with such
store I might sit by thy dear side in some lonely
place, I should deem myself happier than a king
in his kingdom.*
- M. K.** *A flask of red wine, and a volume of song, to-
gether—
Half a loaf,— just enough the ravage of Want to
tether:
Such is my wish — then, thou in the waste with
me—
Oh! sweeter were this than a monarch's crown
and feather!*

Give me a skin of wine, a crust of bread,
A pittance bare, a book of verse to read;
With thee, O love, to share my lowly roof,
I would not take the Sultan's realm instead!

Whinfield

(452)

A Flask of Wine, a book, a Loaf of Bread,—
To every Care and Worldly Sorrow dead, •
I covet not, when thou, oh Love, art near,
The Jeweled Crown upon the Sultan's Head.

Garner

(I. 8)

Wein, Brot, ein gutes Buch der Lieder:
Liess ich damit selbst unter Trümmern mich nieder,
Den Menschen fern, bei Dir allein,
Würd' ich glücklicher als ein König sein.

Bodenstedt

(X. 16)

Eine Flasche roten Weines und ein Büchlein mit Von Schack
Gedichten
Und die Hälfte eines Brodes, Andres wünsch' ich
mir mit nichten;
Dann nur irgend eine Wüste, um mit Dir darin
zu wohnen,
Und beneiden will ich fürder keinen Herrscher
von Millionen.

(125)

In Whinfield, 234 (1882), read, (1) *a flask of wine*, (2) *a quiet mind*, (3) *the Sultan's crown*.

For further illustration of Rubā'iy XI, see Appendix V.

WmGerald *A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,*
 (XII.) *A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread — and Thou*
 1889 *Beside me singing in the Wilderness —*
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

(XI.) Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
 1859 A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse — and Thou
 Beside me singing in the Wilderness —
 And Wilderness is Paradise enow.

Nicolas Au printemps j'aime à m'asseoir au bord d'une
 (8s) prairie, avec une idole semblable à une houri et
 une cruche de vin, s'il y en a, et bien que tout cela
 soit généralement blâmé, je veux être pire qu'un
 chien si jamais je songe au paradis.

McCarthy In Spring time I love to sit in the meadow with
 (177) a paramour perfect as a Houri and a goodly jar
 of wine, and though I may be blamed for this, yet
 hold me lower than a dog if ever I dream of
 Paradise.

M. K. In the Springtime, biding with one who is houri-
 fair,
 And a flask of wine, if 't is to be had — somewhere
 On the tillage's grassy skirt — Alack! though
 most
 May think it a sin, I feel that my heaven is there!

In the sweet spring a grassy bank I sought Whinfield
And thither wine and a fair Houri brought; (34)
 And, though the people called me graceless dog,
 Gave not to Paradise another thought!

Yes, Loved One, when the Laughing Spring Garner
 is blowing, (I. 20)
With Thee beside me and the Cup o'erflowing,
 I pass the day upon this Waving Meadow,
And dream the while, no thought on Heaven
 bestowing.

Im Frühling, wenn mir ein Hurigesicht Von
 Die Kanne Weines schäumend reicht als
 Schenke,
(So schändlich diess auch däucht gemeinen Wicht)
 Bin ich ein Hund, wenn ich ans Paradies
 gedenke.

Im Frühling mag ich gern im Grünen weilen Bodenstedt
 Und Einsamkeit mit einer Freundin teilen
 Und einem Krüge Wein. Mag man mich schelten:
 Ich lasse keinen andern Himmel gelten.

Gönnt mir, mit dem Liebchen im Gartenrund Von Schack
 Zu weilen bei süßem Rebengetränke,
 Und nennt mich schlimmer als einen Hund,
 Wenn ferner an's Paradies ich denke!

For FitzGerald, XII (1868), and Whinfield, 39 (1882), etc.,
see Appendix V.

MitsGerald *Some for the Glories of this World; and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!*

(XIII.) 1889

(XII.) 1859

"How sweet is mortal Sovrancy!" — think some:
Others — "How blest the Paradise to come!"
Ah, take the Cash in hand and wave the Rest;
Oh, the brave Music of a *distant Drum!*"

Nicolas (92)

Je ne sais pas du tout si celui qui m'a créé
appartenait au paradis délicieux ou à l'enfer
détestable. (Mais je sais) qu'une coupe de vin,
une charmante idole et une cithare au bord d'une
prairie, sont trois choses dont je jouis présente-
ment, et que toi tu vis sur la promesse qu'on te
fait d'un paradis futur.

McCarthy (314)

I know not if he who created me belongs to
happy Paradise or terrible Hell, but I know that
a cup of wine, a fair paramour, and a lute on the
borders of a pleasant land, rejoice my heart in this
present hour, and that thou livest on the promise
of a future Paradise.

M. K. I know not if He who kneaded my clay to man
Belong to the host of Heaven or the Hellish
clan; —
A life mid the meadows, with Woman, and
Music, and Wine,
Heaven's *cash* is to me; — let Heaven's *credit* thy
fancy trepan!

Weder heiss noch kalt ist's heute, ein prächtiges Bodenstedt
Wetter : (VIII. 21)

Frisch vom Regen gewaschen prangen Rosen-
kelche und Blätter

Und die Nachtigall scheint zu den gelben Blumen
zu singen:

**Lasset auch Ihr von dem himmlischen Nass Euch
belebend durchdringen.**

Wie schön ist die Erde nun wieder überall! Von Schack

Die Winde waschen den Staub von den Rosen (284)
und Nelken.

Und zu den ermatteten spricht die Nachtigall:

**“Erquickt Euch nun durch meinen Trank, ihr
welken!”**

Yellow being the mourning color in the East, the Nightingale addresses the flowers of this hue and consoles them for the sadness.

FitzGerald says (5): "Pehlevi, the old Heroic Sanskrit of Persia. Hafiz also speaks of the Nightingale's Pehlevi, which did not change with the People's.

(6) "I am not sure if the fourth line refers to the Red Rose looking sickly, or to the Yellow Rose that ought to be Red; Red, White, and Yellow Roses all common in Persia. I think that Southey in his Common-Place Book, quotes from some Spanish author about the Rose being White till 10 o'clock; 'Rosa Perfecta' at 2; and 'perfecta incarnada' at 5."

- | | |
|------------------------------|--|
| FitzGerald
(VII.)
1889 | <i>Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter — and the Bird is on the Wing.</i> |
| (VIII.)
1899 | <i>Come, fill the Cup, and in the Fire of Spring
The Winter Garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To fly — and Lo ! the Bird is on the Wing.</i> |
| Nicolas
(79) | Un rossignol, ivre (d'amour pour la rose) étant entré dans le jardin, et voyant les roses et la coupe de vin souriantes, vint me dire à l'oreille, dans un langage approprié à la circonstance : Sois sur tes gardes, ami, (et n'oublie pas) qu'on ne rattrape pas la vie qui s'est écoulée. |
| McCarthy
(167) | A love-lorn nightingale, 'straying into a garden, and beholding the roses smiling, and the cup filled with wine, flew to my ear and sang, " Be advised friend, there is no recalling the vanished life." |
| Whinfield
(81) | The Bulbul to the garden winged his way,
Viewed lily cups, and roses smiling gay,
Cried in ecstatic notes, " O live your life,
You never will re-live this fleeting day." |

Did He who made me fashion me for hell,
Or destine me for heaven? I can not tell.

Whinfield
(94)

Yet will I not renounce cup, lute and love,
Nor earthly cash for heavenly credit sell.

They preach how sweet those Houri brides will be
But I say wine is sweeter — taste and see!

Hold fast this cash, and let that credit go,
And shun the din of empty drums like me.

With Nature's secrets be thou not perplexed,
Enjoy this World and do not fear the Next,

Garner
(III. 6)

Ah, seize this little Breath of Life as Cash,
With That to come let not thy Heart be vexed.

Der sprichst mir von Huris, vom Paradiese,
Von Edens lusterfüllter goldner Wiese.
Geh nimm den Pfennig hin und lass mich geh'n
Von ferne nur hört sich die Trommel schön.

Von
Hammer-
Purgstall

Ich weiss nicht, wer zu diesem Sein auf Erden Von Schack
 mich erschaffen hat,
Ob es ein guter Himmelsgeist, ob es ein böser
 Dämon that;
Das aber weiss ich: heut erquickt mich guter
 Wein an Leib und Geist,
Und erst in weiter Ferne liegt der Himmel, den
 man dir verheisst.

(245)

The last two lines of FitzGerald's second edition (XV,
1868) read:—

*Ah, take the Cash, and let the Promise go,
Nor heed the music of a distant Drum!*

He says in his brief note (8): "A Drum — beaten outside a
Palace."
See Rubā'iy LXII and Appendix VI.

- FitzGerald *Look to the blowing Rose about us — “Lo,*
(XIV.) *“Laughing,” she says, “into the world I blow,*
1889 *“At once the silken tassel of my Purse*
 “Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw.”
- (XIII.) Look to the Rose that blows about us — “Lo,
1890 “Laughing,” she says, “into the World I blow:
 “At once the silken Tassel of my Purse
 “Tear, and its Treasure¹⁰ on the Garden throw.”

Quoth rose, "I am the Yusuf flower, I swear,
For in my mouth rich golden gems I bear." Whinfield
(152)
I said, "Show me another proof." Quoth she,
"Behold this blood-stained vesture that I wear." (189, 188a)

The rose said, "I am the Yusuf flower, for my McCarthy mouth is full of gold and jewels." I said, "If thou art the Yusuf flower, show me a certain sign thereof." And she made answer, "Perchance that I am garbed in a blood-drenched garment."

FitzGerald's note (9): "That is, the Rose's Golden Centre."

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| FitzGerald
(XV.)
1889
1859 | <i>And those who husbanded the Golden grain,
And those who flung it to the winds like Rain,
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.</i> |
| Nicolas
(156) | Ô idole ! avant que le chagrin vienne t'assaillir,
ordonne de nous servir du vin couleur de rose.
Tu n'es pas d'or, toi, ô insouciant imbécile ! pour
croire qu'après t'avoir enfoui dans la terre on t'en
retirera. |
| McCarthy
(177) | O, beloved, before care seizeth thee, bid them
serve us with wine the colour of roses. Thou art
not made of gold, O thoughtless fool, that thou
shouldst hope to be dug up after thou art laid in
the earth. |
| M. K. | Darling, ere griefs our nightly couch enfold again,
Bid wine be brought, red sparkling as of old, again!
— And <i>thou</i> , weak fool ! think not that thou art
gold :
When buried, none will dig <i>thee</i> up from the
mould again ! |
| Whinfield
(175) | Ere you succumb to shocks of mortal pain,
The rosy grape-juice from your wine-cup drain.
You are not gold, that, hidden in the earth,
Your friends should care to dig you up again ! |

Yes, bid the Sáki fill the Brimming Measure, Garner
And may thy closing days be spent in Pleasure, (I. 33)

For, when thy Dust within the Ground is laid,
'T will ne'er be sought as some long buried Treasure.

Eh' Du ein Opfer wirst der Pein des Lebens, Bodenstedt
O Holde, trink den rosigen Wein des Lebens. (VI. 5)
Der Thor nur glaubt, dass man wie Gold ihn
nieder
In 's Grab senkt und als Gold herauszieht wieder.

Whinfield, 95 (1882), reads:—

*Ere you succumb to shocks of mortal pain,
Your roses gather, and your winecups drain;
You are not gold, and once entombed in earth,
No one will care to dig you up again.*

FitzGerald *The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon*
(XVI.) *Turns Ashes — or it prospers; and anon,*
1889 *Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,*
 Lighting a little hour or two — was gone.

(XIV.) The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
1859 Turns Ashes — or it prospers; and anon,
 Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face
 Lighting a little Hour or two — is gone.

O soul ! lay up all earthly goods in store, Whinfield
Thy mead with pleasure's flowerets spangle o'er, (243)
And know 't is all as dew, that decks the flowers
For one short night, and then is seen no more.

FitzGerald *Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
 Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
 How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
 Abode his destin'd Hour, and went his way.*

(XVII.:
 1859) *Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
 Whose Doorways are alternate Night and Day,
 How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
 Abode his Hour or two, and went his way.*

Nicolas Ce vieux caravansérrail que l'on nomme le monde,
 (67) ce séjour alternatif de la lumière et des ténèbres,
 n'est qu'un reste de festin de cent potentats comme
 Djémchid. Ce n'est qu'une tombe servant d'oreiller
 à cent monarques comme Béhram.

McCarthy This aged caravanserai which men call the world,
 (140) this alternating home of light and night, is but the
 fag end of a feast of a hundred such lords as
 Jamshid. It is but a tomb serving as a pillow for
 the sleep of a hundred such kings as Bahram.

M. K. This old inn call'd the world, that man shelters his
 head in,
 (Pied curtains of Dawn and of Dusk o'er it
 spreading;) —
 'T is the banqueting-hall many Jamshíds have
 quitted,
 The couch many Bahráms have found their last
 bed in!

What is the world? A caravanserai,

Whinfield

A pied pavilion of night and day;

(70)

A feast whereat a thousand Jamsheds sat,

(34, 188a)

A couch whereon a thousand Bahráms lay.

This World is nothing but an Inn decayed,

Garner

A transient Resting Place of Light and Shade,

(VII. 2)

A Banquet which a thousand Jámsheds left, a
tomb,

Wherein a thousand Bahrám-Gours are laid.

Dies alte Karawanserai, genannt die Welt,

Bodenstedt

Bald nächtig dunkel, bald vom Tag erhellt,

(VIII. 5)

Ist nur ein Rest von alten Herrlichkeiten,

Ein Grab von Königen, hochgerühmt vor Zeiten.

Dieses alte, morsche Gasthaus, das man auch die Von Schack

Erde heisst,

(48)

Das bald tief in Dunkel nachtet, bald mit hellem

Lichte gleisst,

Ist ein Abfall nur vom Feste, welches hundert

Kön'ge gaben,

Ist ein Grab nur, d'rín zum langen Schlaf sie hin-

gestreckt sich haben.

- FitzGerald** *They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank
deep :*
 (XVIII.)
 1859 *And Bahrám, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.*
- (XVII.)**
 1859 They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank
deep :¹¹
*And Bahrám, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, and he lies fast asleep.*
- Nicolas**
 (69) Ce palais où Bèhram aimait à prendre la coupe
dans sa main (est maintenant transformé en une
plaine déserte) où la gazelle met bas, où le lion se
repose. Vois ce Béhram qui, au moyen d'un lacet,
prenait les ânes sauvages, vois comme la tombe
à son tour a pris ce même Bèhram.
- McCarthy**
 (151) The palace, where Bahram loved to troll the
bowl, is now the resting-place of stags, the lair of
lions. See how this Bahram who loved to snare
the wild ass with a running noose is snared himself
in his turn by the tomb.
- M. K.** Here, where Bahrám oft filled his Chalice high,
elate,
 Now, beasts of prey the ruined palace violate ;—
 Like the wild ass he lassoed, the great Hunter
 Lies in the noose of Huntsman Death, annihilate.

Here in this palace, where Bahrám held sway, Whinfield
The wild roes drop their young, and tigers stray; (72)
And that great hunter king — ah! well-a-day ! (15. 1882)
Now to the hunter death is fallen a prey.

Now, here where Bahrám lived in wild carouse, Garner
The Lion sleeps, the Deer are wont to brouse, (I. 10)
Though oft he followed them with bow and Spear,
They never will his Final Slumbers rouse.

Wüst liegt der Palast, Bodenstedt
Wo einst Behram geprässt. (VIII. 6)
Jetzt scheucht von der Stelle
Der Leu die Gazelle.
Wo der König im Jagen
Wilde Esel erschlagen,
Versank er im Sumpfe
Beim Eselstrümphe.

Dieses Schloss, in welchem Bahram froh den Von Schack
Becher oft gefüllt, (199)
Dient Gazellen nun zum Lager, wird von Löwen
nun durchbrüllt.
Der auf Jagd der wilden Esel mit dem Fangstrick
oft gegangen,
O wie lang schon von des Todes Fangstrick ist
er selbst gefangen!

See Appendix VII.

FitzGerald *I sometimes think that never blows so red*
 (XIX.) *The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;*
 1889 *That every Hyacinth the Garden wears*
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

(XVIII.) *I sometimes think that never blows so red*
 1859 *The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;*
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in its Lap from some once lovely Head.

Whinfield *Where'er you see a rose or tulip bed,*
 (104) *Know that a mighty monarch's blood was shed ;*
And where the violet rears her purple tuft,
Be sure a black-moled girl hath laid her head.

Erblickt ihr eine Rose, prächtig rot, Von Schack
So denkt: darunter ruht ein mächt'ger König tot; (101)
Und seht ihr einen Krokus blüh'n, so glaubt:
Ein schönes Weib, nun tot, verlor ihn einst vom
Haupt.

In Whinfield, 58 (1882), read, "some mighty monarch,"
"its purple tuft;" "some blackmoled maiden rests her head."

FitzGerald *And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
 (XX.) Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean —
 1889 Ah, lean upon it lightly ! for who knows
 From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen !*

(XIX.) *And this delightful Herb whose tender Green
 1859 Fledges the River's Lip on which we lean —
 Ah, lean upon it lightly ! for who knows
 From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen !*

Nicolas *Qu'elles sont belles, ces verdures qui croissent
 (59) aux bords des ruisseaux ! On dirait qu'elles ont
 pris naissance sur les lèvres d'une angélique
 beauté. Ne pose donc pas sur elles ton pied avec
 dédain, puisqu'elles proviennent du germe de la
 poussière d'un visage coloré du teint de la tulipe.*

McCarthy *How fair are the green fringes of the living
 (123) stream. Surely they sprang once from the lip of
 some celestial fair. Trample them not with scorn,
 for they spring from the dust of a tulip-tinted face.*

M. K. *The verdure sweet yon rivulet's bank arraying
 there,
 "T is the down on an angel's lip," in homely say-
 ing, there —
 O tread not thereon disdainfully ! — it springeth
 From the dust of some tulip-cheek that lies decay-
 ing there !*

Yon turf, fringing the margent of the stream,
As down upon a cherub's lip might seem,

Whinfield.

(62)

Or growth from dust of buried tulip cheeks;
Tread not that turf with scorn, or light esteem!

The Violets that by this River grow,
Spring from some Lip here buried long ago :—
And tread thou lightly on this Tender Green,
Who sleepeth here so still, thou ne'er wilt know.

Garner

(I. 5)

So schön, wie den schönsten Lippen entsprungen
Hält der blumige Rasen den Bach umschlungen.
Betrift nicht verächtlich dies zarte Grün,
Drin vergangene Schönheiten neu erblühn.

Bodenstedt

(VI. 24)

Wie lieblich wieder nun Alles ward !
Wie zart ist des Rasens duftendes Grün !
Komm', lass uns des Frühlings geniessen,
Doch tritt auf die Halme nicht zu hart,
Denn rosig hat einst das Gesicht geblüht,
aus dessen Staube sie spriessen.

Von Schack

(84)

Line 1 in the second edition of FitzGerald (XXV, 1868)
reads: —

And this delightful Herb whose living Green.

Whinfield, 31 (1882), is as follows : —

*See how the grass yon river marge doth grace,
So springs the down upon a cherub's face,
Tread not this grass with scorn, perchance it springs
From some poor buried beauty's cold embrace.*

See Appendix VIII.

FitzGerald *Ah, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears
To-DAY of past Regrets and future Fears :
To-morrow ! — Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.*

(XXI.) 1859 *Ah, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears
To-DAY of past Regrets and future Fears —
To-morrow ! — Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years.¹²*

Nicolas (269) *O ami ! viens à moi, ne nous soucions pas du
jour de demain et considérons comme un butin ce
court instant d'existence. Demain, quand nous
aurons abandonné cette vieille résidence (le monde),
nous serons les compagnons contemporains de
ceux qui l'ont quittée depuis sept mille ans !*

McCarthy (194) *O my friend, come hither, let us forget to-day
and to-morrow, and steal this one short hour of
life. When to-morrow we shall have abandoned
this old dwelling-place, we shall become the con-
temporaries of all those who departed hence for
the last seven thousand years.*

M. K. Let not the morrow make thee, friend, down-
hearted !
Draw profit of the day yet undeparted :
We'll join, when we to-morrow leave this man-
sion,
The band seven thousand years ago that started !

let us not forecast to-morrow's fears,
but count to-day as gain, my brave compeers !
To-morrow we shall quit this inn, and march
With comrades who have marched seven thousand
years.

Whinfield

(312)

Komm, Freund, wir wollen nicht sorgen um Bodenstedt
morgen,
Wir halten als Beute das Gute von heute geborgen.
Verlassen wir morgen dann dies alte Gasthaus —
die Welt,—
so werden wir Allen, die vor uns bewohnt dieses
Rasthaus, gesellt.

Bodenstedt

(VIII. 35)

reund ! lass jeglichen Gedanken an die Zukunft Von Schaeck
uns begraben !
In der Lust des Augenblickes muss sich der
Verständ'ge laben !
Morgen, wenn wir sterben müssen, werden wir
Genossen derer,
die vor siebentausend Jahren diese Welt ver-
lassen haben.

(308)

FitzGerald's note (11) says :—

"A thousand years to each Planet."

The first two lines of Whinfield, 167 (1882), read :—

*Ah, why forecast to-morrow's hopes and fears?
To-day at least is ours, O cavaliers.*

FitzGerald *For some we loved, the loveliest and the best*
 (XXII.) *That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,*
 Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
 And one by one crept silently to rest.

(XXI.) *Lo! some we loved, the loveliest and best*
 1859 *That Time and Fate of all their Vintage prest,*
 Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
 And one by one crept silently to Rest.

Whinfield My comrades all are gone; Death, deadly foe,
 (219) Has caught them one by one, and trampled low;
 They shared life's feast, and drank its wine with
 me,
 But lost their heads, and dropped a while ago.

Garner In Earth's Dark Bosom, Myriads of the Best
 (V. 7) That She has known, disheartened in their Quest
 For Truth, are sleeping, while the Waste of
 Naught
 Is thronged with Those to come, and Those at rest.

O grimm'ges Schicksal! nichts als nur Verheerung Von Schack
Übst du seit Anbeginn und als Zerstörung! (300)
Und du, o Erde! wie viel Weise, Grosse
Und Edle ruhen schon in deinem Schosse!

In the second and third editions of Fitzgerald, the second line reads:—

That from his vintage rolling time has press.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---|
| FitzGerald
(XXIII.)
1859 | <i>And we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend—ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?</i> |
| (XXII.)
1859 | <i>And we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new Bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend, ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?</i> |
| Nicolas
(70) | Les nuages se répandent dans le ciel et recommencent à pleurer sur le gazon. Oh ! il n'est plus possible de vivre un instant sans vin couleur d'amaraute. Cette verdure réjouit aujourd'hui notre vue, mais celle qui germera de notre poussière, la vue de qui réjouira-t-elle ? |
| McCarthy
(156) | The clouds spread over the face of the heavens, and rain patters on the sward. How could it be possible to live for a single second without crimson wine ? This green before me delights my eye, but the grass which shall spring from my dust whose eye will delight in ? |
| Whinfield
(73) | Down fall the tears from skies enwrapt in gloom, Without this drink, the flowers would never bloom ! As now these flowerets yield delight to me, So shall my dust yield flowers—God knows for whom. |

Der Regen fällt munter Bodenstedt
Auf den Rasen herunter : (VIII. 92)
Wie dem Rasen der Regen,
Sei der Wein uns zum Segen !
Wer wohl einst sich erfreut
An dem Grün, wie wir heut ;
Das dem Boden entsprungen,
Der uns selber verschlungen ! •

risch nach dem Regen strahlt das Grün auf allen Von Schack
Rasenplätzen; (50)
Wer möchte sich in solcher Zeit am Weingenuss
nicht letzen?
Heut freu'n wir uns an diesem Grün; doch
jenes, das dereinst
uf unserm Grabe spriessen wird, wer wird sich
d'ran ergötzen?

- FitzGerald** *Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,*
 (**XXIV.**) *Before we too into the Dust descend;*
 1889 *Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie,*
 Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans
 End!
- (**XXXIII.**) Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
 1859 Before we too into the Dust descend;
 Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
 Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans
 End !
- Nicolas** *Cette roue des cieux court après ma mort et la*
 (348) *tienne, ami ; elle conspire contre mon âme et la*
 tienne. Viens, viens t'asseoir sur le gazon, car
 bien peu de temps nous reste encore avant que
 d'autre gazon germe de ma poussière et de la
 tienne.
- McCarthy** *This wheel of heaven seeks my destruction and*
 (358) *thine, it plots against my soul and thine. Come,*
 seat thyself upon the grass, for in a little while
 fresh grass will spring from this dust of mine and
 thine.
- M. K.** *The wheel of Heaven thy death and mine is bring-*
 ing, friend !
 Over our lives the cloud of doom 'tis flinging,
 friend !
 Come, sit upon this turf, for little time is left
 Ere fresher turf shall from our dust be springing,
 friend !

O Love, for ever doth heaven's wheel design
 To take away thy precious life, and mine;
 Sit we upon this turf, 't will not be long
 Ere turf shall grow upon my dust, and thine!

Whinfield

(390)

The 'wheel of heaven' in its Fatal Play
 Will soon our Breath of Being steal away,—
 Come rest thee on this bank, for from our dust
 Will spring the Verdure at no distant day.

Garner

(III. 3)

Das Himmelsrad läuft noch, wenn Du und ich Bodenstedt
 längst geschieden,
 Es lässt weder Deine noch meine Seele in Frieden.
 Komm, setz' Dich in's Grün; nur kurze Zeit wird
 vergehen,
 Ich anderes Grün wird aus Deinem und meinem
 Staube erstehen.

(VIII. 58)

Dieses rollende Rad des Himmels ist zu unser'm Von Schack
 Tod verschworen,
 Und, sobald's uns eingeholt hat, Freund, sind du
 und ich verloren!
 Ruh mit mir denn auf dem Rasen! Kurze Zeit nur
 wird verfliessen,
 Ach! und über unser'm Staube wird ein neuer
 Rasen spriessen!

(252)

Whinfield, 205 (1882), reads:—

*The wheel of heaven still holds his set design
 To take away thy life, O love and mine.
 Sit we on this green turf, 'twill not be long
 Ere turf will hide my dust along with thine.*

"M. K." regards Rubáiy XXIV as "complementary to the sense of XXIII, with an addition not in the Persian." He derives XXIII from Nicolas, 348.
 See Appendixes IX and XXX.

- FitzGerald** *Alike for those who for To-DAY prepare,*
 (XXV.) *And those that after some To-MORROW stare,*
 1889 *A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries,*
 "Fools ! your Reward is neither Here nor There."
- (XXIV.) Alike for those who for To-DAY prepare,
 1889 And those that after a To-MORROW stare,
 A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries
 "Fools ! your Reward is neither Here nor There!"
- Nicolas** Une multitude d'hommes réfléchissent sur les
 (337) croyances, sur les religions ; d'autres sont dans la
 stupéfaction entre le doute et la certitude. Tout à
 coup, celui qui est à l'affût criera : "Ô ignorants !
 la voie que vous cherchez n'est ni là, ni là."
- McCarthy** Some meditate of religions and beliefs, some
 (434) sway bewildered betwixt doubt and knowledge.
 Suddenly the watcher cries, "Fools, your road is
 not here nor there."
- M. K.** Myriad minds at work, of sects and creeds to
 learn,
 The Doubtful from the Sure all puzzled to discern:
 Suddenly from the Dark the crier raised a cry —
 "Not this, nor that, ye fools ! the path that ye
 must turn ! "

Some look for truth in creeds, and forms, and Whinfield
 rules; (376)

Some grope for doubts or dogmas in the schools;
 But from behind the veil a voice proclaims,
“ Your road lies neither here nor there, O fools.”

Viele Menschen grübeln über Glauben und Sitte, Bodenstedt
Zwischen Zweifel und Gewissheit stehn viele in (VIII. 53)
 der Mitte.

Unversehens ruft Einer aus dem Hinterhalt her:
Ihr Thoren, der rechte Weg ist nicht dieser noch
 der!

Über die Religionen sinnen Viele und die Glau- Von Schack
 bensseken, (8)
Zwischen Zuversicht und Zweifel schwanken
 And're fort und fort;
Doch ein Ruf wird einst ertönen: “O ihr
 Geistesnacht-Bedeckten,
Wisst, der wahre Weg zum Heile liegt nicht hier
 und liegt nicht dort.”

In Whinfield, 198 (1882), *rites* instead of *forms*.

- FitzGerald** *Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds so wisely — they are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth ; their Words to
Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.*
- (XXVI.) 1889
- (XXV.)** *Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds so learnedly, are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth ; their Words to
Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.*
- 1889
- Nicolas** *Ceux qui par la science sont la crème de ce
monde, qui par l'intelligence parcourrent les hautes
urs des cieux, ceux-là aussi, pareils au firmament
dans leur recherche des connaissances
sublimes, ont la tête renversée, prise de vertige et
d'éblouissement.*
- (1880)
- McCarthy** *Those who by their learning are the elect of
the world, who by their intellect climb the heights
of heaven, those who scale the firmament in their
search after the things of divine wisdom, lose their
wits, seized with dizziness and all amazement.*
- (1881)
- M. K.** *The learned, the cream of mankind, who have
driven
Intellect's chariot over the heights of heaven —
Void and o'erturned, like that blue sky they
trace,
Are dazed, when they to measure Thee have
striven !*

They at whose *lore* the whole world stands amazed, Whinfield
Whose high thoughts, like Borák, to heaven are (147)
raised,
Strive to know Thee in vain, and like heaven's
wheel
Their heads are turning, and their brains are
dazed.

Selbst die Leuchten des Wissens dieser Welt, Bodenstedt
Deren Geist noch Licht zu den Sternen gesellt, (IV. 3)
Sind, wie diese, im Verständnis
Des Göttlichen noch in Verblendnis,
Mit schwindelndem Haupt im Drehen,
Mit schwindelndem Haupt im Sehen,
Geblendet von allem Glanze
Im forschenden Blick auf das Ganze.

Solchen selbst, auf deren Wissen alle Welt be. Von Schack
wundernd schaut, (167)
Deren Geist des höchsten Fluges durch den
Himmel sich getraut,
Ja auch ihnen, wenn der Dinge Urgrund sie
ergründen wollen,
Wird es schwindeln, und sie wissen nicht mehr
was sie sagen sollen.

Line two in the second and third editions of FitzGerald
reads:—

Of the Two Worlds so learnedly, are thrust.

In Whinfield, 82 (1882), in the first line, read *wide* instead of
whole; and the second line is:—

Whose thoughts above high heaven's self are raised.

Borak: Muhammad's steed on which he mounted to paradise.
See Appendix X.

FitzGerald *Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about : but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went.*

(XXVII.)
1859
*Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great Argument
About it and about : but evermore
Came out by the same Door as in I went.*

Nicolas
(225)
Semblable à un épervier, je me suis envolé du
monde des mystères, espérant m'élever vers un
monde plus haut ; mais, tombé ici-bas et n'y
trouvant personne digne de partager mes secrètes
pensées, je suis ressorti par la porte par laquelle
j'étais entré.

McCarthy
(40)
I have flown like a sparrow-hawk forth from
this world of mysteries, in the hope of reaching a
higher sphere. But, fallen again to the earth, and
finding none worthy of sharing the hidden thoughts
of my heart, I have gone forth again by the door
through which I came.

M. K.
Forth, like a hawk, from Mystery's world I fly,
Seeking escape to win from the Low to the High:
But finding none that more of it knows than I,
Out through the door I go that I entered by !

Whinfield
(264)
I flew here, as a bird from the wild, in aim
Up to a higher nest my course to frame ;
But, finding here no guide who knows the way,
Fly out by the same door where through I came.

Aus der Welt der Geheimnisse wollt' ich ent- Bodenstedt
schweben,

(V. 18)

In eine höhere Welt hofft' ich mich zu erheben,

Wie ein Sperber war ich emporgeflogen,

Doch ward ich zur Erde zurückgezogen,

Und da ich hier Niemand gesehen

Im Stande mich zu verstehen,

So bleibt mir von diesem Leidenshorte

Kein Ausgang als die Eingangspforte.

Wie ein Falk entflog ich jener Welt der Geister, Von Schack
um von dort

(143)

Höh're Welten zu erfliegen; doch an diesen
nieder'n Ort

Sank ich hin, und, da ich fremd mich hier und
unverstanden sah,

Auf dem Weg, den ich gekommen, flieg' ich nun
von Neuem fort.

The last line of Edition II of FitzGerald (XXX, 1868)
ends :—

Came out by the same door as in I went.

The last line of Whinfield, 143 (1882), is :—

Fly out by that same door through which I came.

See Appendix XI.

FitzGerald *With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,*
 (XXVIII.) *And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow;*
 1889 *And this was all the Harvest that I reaf'd—*
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

(XXVIII.) With them the Seed of Wisdom did I sow,
 1859 And with my own hand labour'd it to grow :
 And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd —
 "I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

Whinfield I studied with the masters long ago,
 (1853) And long ago did master all they know ;
 Hear now the end and issue of it all,
 From earth I came, and like the wind I go.

In the second and third edition of FitzGerald, line two reads :
And with my own hand wrought to make it grow.

Von Schack, 183, is translated from the English.

In Whinfield, 185 (1882), the last two lines read :
What is the end and issue of it all?
"I came like water and like wind I go."

A somewhat analogous thought inspires the following :—

Jusqu'à quand seras-tu la dupe des couleurs Nicolas et des parfums d'ici-bas? Quand cesseras-tu tes recherches sur le bien et le mal? Fusses-tu la source de Zèmzèm, fusses-tu même l'eau de la vie que tu ne saurais éviter d'entrer dans le sein de la terre.

How long will you remain the dupe of this world's McCarthy delicate dyes and odours? When will you cease from vexing about the good and the bad? Were you the fountain of youth, were you the very water of life itself, that should not save you from sinking into the bosom of the earth.

Why toil ye to ensue illusions vain,
And good or evil of the world attain? Whinfield
(158)

Ye rise like Zamzam, or the fount of life,
And, like them, in earth's bosom sink again.

Wie lange wirst Du Dich von Düften und Farben Bodenstedt
blenden lassen? (III. 13)

Wann Dein Forschen über Gutes und Böses enden
lassen?

Und wärest Du der Lebensquell selber, Du
müsstest

Es doch bei der Rückkehr zum Staube bewenden
lassen.

- FitzGerald** *Into this Universe, and Why not knowing
Nor Whence, like Water willy-nilly flowing;
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not Whither, willy-nilly blowing.*

(XXIX.) 1859

(XXIX.) Into this Universe, and *why* not knowing,
Nor *whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing:
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not *whither*, willy-nilly blowing.
1859

Nicolas
(22) Mon tour d'existence s'est écoulé en quelques
jours. Il est passé comme passe le vent du désert.
Aussi, tant qu'il me restera un souffle de vie, il y
a deux jours dont je ne m'inquiéterai jamais, c'est
le jour qui n'est pas venu et celui qui est passé.

McCarthy
(51) My run of life slips by in a few days. It has
passed me by like the wind of the desert. Therefore,
so long as one breath of life is left to me,
there are two days with which I shall never vex my
spirit, the day that has not yet come, and the day
that has gone by.

M. K. This life is but three days' space, and it speeds
apace,
Like wind that sweeps away o'er the desert's face:
So long as it lasts, two days ne'er trouble my
mind,
— The day undawned, and the day that has run its
race.

My life lasts but a day or two, and fast
Sweeps by, like torrent stream or desert blast,
 Howbeit, of two days I take no heed,—
The day to come, and that already past.

A few short Fleeting Days,— our Life flies fast,
'T is gone, it flies as flies the Desert-blast,
 But yet there are two days of neither Joy
Nor Pain, the Day to come, the Day now past.

As sweeps the plain the hurrying wind, as flows
the rippling stream,
So yesterday from our two lives has passed and
is a dream ;
And while I live, these to my soul shall bring nor
hope, nor dread,
The morrow that may never come, the yesterday
that fled.

Schnell, wie der Wüstenwind entflieht mein Leben, Bodenstedt
Allein solang mir Odem noch gegeben, (VIII. 90)
Mach' ich mir um zwei Tage keinen Gram:
Den Tag, der schon verging, und den, der noch
nicht kam.

See Appendix XII.

- FitzGerald** *What, without asking, hither hurried Whence?*
 (XXX.) *And, without asking, Whither hurried hence!*
 Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
 Must drown the memory of that insolence!
- (XXX.) What, without asking, hither hurried *whence?*
 1859 And, without asking, *whither* hurried hence!
 Another and another Cup to drown
 The Memory of this Impertinence!
- (XXXIII.) What, without asking, hither hurried *whence*
 1868 And, without asking, *whither* hurried hence!
 Ah, contrite Heav'n endowed us with the Vine
 To drug the memory of that insolence.
- Whinfield** I came not hither of my own free will,
 And go against my wish, a puppet still;
 Cupbearer! gird thy loins, and fetch some wine;
 To purge the world's despite, my goblet fill.
- Von Schack** Der Mensch kam auf die Welt und wurde nicht
 gefragt,
 Ihn fragen wird man nicht, wenn man hinweg ihn
 jagt;
 So gab der Himmel ihm die Traube zum
 Geschenke,
 Damit er, weinberauscht, der Unbill nicht
 gedenke.
- Nicolas** D'abord, il m'a donné l'être sans assentiment,
 ce qui fait que ma propre existence me
 jette dans la stupéfaction.* Ensuite, nous quittons
 ce monde à regret et sans y avoir compris le but
 de notre venue, de notre halte, de notre départ.

* Agitation, surprise, trouble.

At the first, life was given unto me without my McCarthy
consent, therefore my own existence filled me with (188)
astonishment. Finally, with regret we lapse out
of this world, understanding neither the purpose of
our coming, our stay, nor our departure.

He brought me hither, and I felt surprise, Whinfield
From life I gather but a dark surmise, (145)

I go against my will;—thus, why I come,
Why live, why go, are all dark mysteries.

Ungefragt kam ich zur Welt, staunend mich Bodenstedt
darin zu sehen;

(VIII. 3)

Ungefragt muss ich hinaus, ohne sie noch zu
verstehen,

Ohne nur den Grund zu ahnen meines Kommens
oder Scheidens,

Und — solang ich atmend leide — dieses rätsel-
vollen Leidens.

Ohne meinen Willen hat er mir zuerst das Sein Von Shack
gegeben

(12)

Und mit Staunen und Verwundrung schau' ich
an mein eig'nes Leben.

Uns zum Kummer aus der Welt dann werden
wir hinwegerissen,

Ohne uns'res Kommens, uns'res Gehens Zweck
und Ziel zu wissen.

See Appendix XII and Rubáiy LXXIV.

FitzGerald *Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate*

(XXXI.)

1889

I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,

And many a Knot unravel'd by the Road;

But not the Master-knot of Human Fate.

(XXXI.) Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate

1859

I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,¹⁸

And many Knots unravel'd by the Road;

But not the Knot of Human Death and Fate.

solved all problems, down from Saturn's wreath Whinfield
Unto this lowly sphere of earth beneath, (103)
And leapt out free from bonds of fraud and lies,
Yea, every knot was loosed, save that of death !

Compare Bodenstedt III, 11.

*Ist, wo noch mein Aug' und Odem auf den Schein der
Dinge stösst,
scheint mir, wenig Lebensrätsel geb' es, die ich nicht gelöst;
doch mich gründlich prüfend find' ich an der Summe des
Erkennens:
Was mir klar im dunklen Leben wurde, ist nicht wert des
Nennens.*

FitzGerald's second edition (XXXIV, 1868) is the same as XXI in subsequent edition, except in the third line, which reads : —

And many Knots unravel'd by the Road.

His brief note numbered 13 in the first edition, 12 in those 1868, 1872, and 1879, reads, "Saturn, Lord of the Seventh Heaven."

Whinfield's 1882 version (161) has the first two lines thus : —

*I solved all problems down from Saturn's wreath
Into the deepest heart of Earth beneath.*

FitzGerald *There was the Door to which I found no Key;*
 (XXXII.) *There was the Veil through which I might not see:*
 1889 *Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE*
There was — and then no more of THEE and
ME.

(XXXII.) *There was a Door to which I found no Key:*
 1859 *There was a Veil past which I could not see:*
Some little Talk awhile of ME and THEE
There seemed — and then no more of THEE and
ME.¹⁸

McCarthy The secret of eternity is far from thee and me;
 (2) the word of the enigma is unknown to thee and
 me; behind the veil is speech of thee and me; but
 if the veil be rent, what haps to thee and me?

Nor you nor I can read the etern decree,

Whinfield

To that enigma we can find no key;

(389)

They talk of you and me *behind* the veil,

But, if that veil be lifted, where are *we*?

Line 2 in the second, third, and fourth editions of Fitz-Gerald reads:—

There was the Veil through which I could not see:

The fact that in the first edition (1859) stanza XLI has note number 14 seems to indicate a rearrangement after copy was sent to printer. He explains the stanza in his note (13):

“ME-AND-THEE: some individual Existence or Personality distinct from the Whole.”

Mahmud Shabistari in his *Gulshan-i-Ráz* says:—

*He from whose eyes God still the path conceals
By Key of logic may no door unclose.*

Whinfield, 203 (1882), reads:—

*Nor you nor I can read our destiny;
To that dark riddle we can find no key,
They talk of you and me behind the veil,
But when the veil is lifted, where are we?*

“Meaning,” says Whinfield, “We are part of the ‘veil’ of phenomena, which hides the Divine Noumenon. If that is swept away what becomes of us?”

See Appendix XI; also Appendix XXXII *ad finem*.

FitzGerald *Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn
(XXXIII.) In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;*
 *1889 Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs reveal'd
 And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.*

Nicolas *Tu me demandais ce que c'est que cette fantas-
(232) magorie des choses d'ici-bas. Te dire à cet égard
 toute la vérité serait trop long: c'est une image
 fantastique qui sort d'une vaste mer et qui rentre
 ensuite dans cette même vaste mer.*

McCarthy *Thou askest me the meaning of this phantas-
(63) magoria of things here below. To expound the
 whole of it to thee would be a work without end.
It is a fantastic vision, which springs from a
boundless ocean and sinks again into the same
ocean from which it arose.*

Whinfield *You ask what is this life so frail, so vain,
(271) 'Tis long to tell, yet I will make it plain;
 'Tis but a breath blown from those vasty deeps,
And then blown back to those same deeps again!*

Garner *What may this Moving Panorama be?
(IX. 3) Ah would that I could tell it all to Thee;
 'T is Something tossed up by the boundless
 Vast,
That will return to that Same Unknown Sea.*

Du fragst, was diese Welt sei? Wohl! ich will dich nicht betrügen,
Und sage kurz dir, was davon mich dünkt.
Sie ist ein Schaumgebilde, das dem grossen Meer entstiegen
Und in dies Meer von Neuem untersinkt.

Blue or purple is the mourning color in the East. Attár, says FitzGerald, has a story of "the Sea, being askt 'why he dresses his Waves in Blue?' — And he answers he does so for the Loss of *One* who will never return."

In a letter to Professor Cowell dated March 12, 1857, Fitzgerald wrote: "While I think of it, why is the Sea (in that Apologue of Attar once quoted by Falconer) supposed to have lost God? Did the Persians agree with something I remember in Plato about the Sea, and all in it, being of an Inferior Nature, in spite of Homer's divine Ocean?"

Professor Cowell in a note to William Aldis Wright says: "I well remember shewing it to FitzGerald and reading it with him in his early Persian days at Oxford in 1853. I laughed at first at the quaintness; but the idea seized his imagination from the first, and, like Virgil with Ennius' rough jewels, his genius detected gold where I had seen only tinsel. He has made two grand lines out of it."

In searching in Plato for the passage mentioned by FitzGerald, I accidentally turned first to the place in "Theaitetos," where Sokrates asks if Homer, in singing of *Okeanos* and the birth of the gods and *Tethys* the mother does not mean that all things are the offspring of flux and motion. I thought it remotely possible that this was the passage dimly remembered. But Professor W. W. Goodwin of Harvard University, whom I ventured to approach with the question, seemed to think not. He was kind enough to write me: "I could find nothing whatever in Plato to justify FitzGerald's remark: and I searched also in other places, e.g., in Plutarch, to see if the passage could be quoted. I also looked in Teller's Index to see if any earlier philosopher said anything of the kind. But it was in vain; and I suspect that dear old F. G. dreamed the passage."

In the second edition, 1868, numbered XXXVI, the third line reads:—

Nor Heav'n, with those eternal Signs reveal'd.

See Appendix XIII.

- MitsGerald** *Then of the THEE IN ME who works behind
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
A Lamp amid the Darkness; and I heard,
As from Without — “THE ME WITHIN THEE
BLIND!”*
- (XXXIV.) 1889
- (XXXIII.)** Then to the rolling Heav'n itself I cried,
1859 Asking, “What Lamp had Destiny to guide
“ Her little Children stumbling in the Dark?”
And — “A blind Understanding!” Heav'n replied.
- (XXXVII.)** 1868 Then of the THEE IN ME who works behind
The Veil of Universe I cried to find
A Lamp to guide me through the Darkness; and
Something then said — “An Understanding blind.”
- Nicolas** 204 Ô toi, à la recherche de qui un monde entier est
dans le vertige et dans la détresse! le derviche et
le riche sont également vides de moyens pour
parvenir à toi: ton nom est mêlé aux entretiens de
tous, mais tous sont sourds; tu es présent aux
yeux de tous, mais tous sont aveugles.
- McCarthy** 226 Oh thou, whom all creation seeketh in madness
and despair, the dervish and the rich man alike
find no way to reach unto thee. Thy name is in
the mouth of all men, but all are deaf. Thou art
present to all eyes, but all are blind.

The world is baffled in its search for Thee,
Wealth cannot find Thee, no, nor poverty;
Thou 'rt very near us, but our ears are deaf,
Our eyes are blinded that we may not see!

Whinfield

(247)

In vainly seeking Thee no Rest we find,
But in and out the Labyrinth we wind.
Though every Tree and Rock proclaims Thy
Name
and Work, our Ears are Deaf, our Eyes are blind.

Garner

(X. 1)

Die Ganze Welt ist in trostlosem Suchen nach Dir Bodenstedt
befangen,
Der Derwisch wie der Nabob ist ohne Mittel zu
Dir zu gelangen,
Deinen Namen nennt Jeder, aber Alle sind
taub,
Du erscheinst jedem Auge, doch sie sind alle
verhangen.

(I. 12)

Du, nach dem die Welt, die ganze, unaufhaltsam Von Schack
strebt und ringt,
Den zu finden so dem Reichsten, wie dem Ärmsten
nicht gelingt;
Vor den Augen Aller schwebst du, aber Aller sind
sie blind,
Alle nennen deinen Namen, während taub sie
Alle sind.

(235)

In Whinfield, 136 (1882), line 3 ends: *are stopped.*

FitzGerald *Then to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn*
 (XXXV.) *I lean'd, the Secret of my Life to learn .*
 1889 *And Lip to Lip it murmur'd — "While you*
 live,
 "Drink! — for, once dead, you never shall return."

(XXXIV.) Then to this earthen Bowl did I adjourn
 1859 My Lip the secret Well of Life to learn :
 And Lip to Lip it murmur'd — "While you live
 "Drink! — for once dead you never shall return."

Whinfield I put my lips to the cup, for I did yearn
 (374) The hidden cause of length of days to learn ;
 He leaned his lip to mine, and whispered low,
 "Drink! for, once gone, you never will return."

Nicolas Ô toi qui es le résultat des quatre et des sept,
 (389) je te vois bien embarrassé entre ces quatre et ces
 sept. Bois du vin, car, je te l'ai dit plus de quatre
 fois, tu ne reviendras plus; une fois parti, tu es
 bien parti.

McCarthy O offspring of the four and five, art puzzled by
 (345) the four and five? Drink deep, for I have told
 thee time on time, that once departed, thou
 returnest no more.

Sprung from the Four, and the Seven ! I see that M. K.
never
The Four and the Seven respond to thy brain's
endeavour —
Drink wine ! for I tell thee, four times o'er and
more,
Return there is none ! — Once gone, thou art gone
for ever !

Child of four elements and sevenfold heaven, Whinfield
Who fume and sweat because of these eleven, (431)
Drink ! I have told you seventy times and seven,
Once gone, nor hell will send you back, nor heaven.

Mit Euren vier Elementen und sieben Himmeln Bodenstedt
geht mir ! (VII 44)
Als verlegener Auszug dieser Doppelwelt steht Ihr !
Trink Wein, Freund, ich hab's Dir schon oft
gesagt :
Wer geht, kommt nicht wieder ; sei's Gott auch
geklagt !

Line 2 of FitzGerald, XXXVIII (1868), reads : —

I lean'd, the secret Well of Life to learn.

Whinfield, 223 (1882), reads, " slave of four elements," and
the second line is : —

Who aye bemoan the thrall of these eleven.

Whinfield, 149 (1882), reads : —

*I put my lips to the cup, for I did yearn
The secret of the future life to learn ;
And from his lip I heard a whisper drop,
"Drink ! for once gone you never will return."*

One man, two worlds, four elements, five senses, seven
planets, eight heavens, nine spheres, ten powers.

FitzGerald *I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answer'd, once did live,*
 (XXXVI.)
 1889 *And drink ; and Ah ! the passive Lip I kiss'd,
How many Kisses might it take — and give !*

(XXXV.) **I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answer'd, once did live,**
 1859 **And merry-make ; and the cold Lip I kiss'd
How many Kisses might it take — and give !**

Nicolas **Cette cruche a été comme moi une créature
aimante et malheureuse, elle a soupiré après une
mèche de cheveux de quelque jeune beauté ; cette
anse que tu vois attaché à son col était un bras
amoureuseusement passé au cou d'une belle.**
 (18)

McCarthy **This jar has been, like me, a creature, loving
and unhappy ; it has sighed for the long tresses of
some fair young girl ; that handle by which you
hold it now, was once a loving arm to linger fondly
round some fair one's neck.**
 (63)

Whinfield **This jug did once, like me, love's sorrows taste,
And bonds of beauty's tresses once embraced,
This handle, which you see upon its side,
Has many a time twined round a slender waist !**
 (32)

A sighing bit of Breathing Clay, this Vase,
Once humbly bowed before a Woman's Face,

Garner

(VII. 5)

This earthen Handle fixed about its Neck,
Did oft in Love a Cypress Form embrace.

Dieser Krug ist, wie ich, unglücklich lebendig
gewesen,

Bodenstedt
(III. 3)

In schöne Augen und Locken verliebt unverständlich
gewesen.

Dieser Henkel am Halse des Kruges war einst
ein Arm,

Der in Umhalsung der Schönen unbändig gewesen.

Ein armer Verliebter ist, wie ich, einst dieser Krug
von Lehm gewesen,

Um Locken einer schönen Maid hat er geseufzt Von Schack
in Liebesharm;

(5)

Um einen weichen Nacken ist als Arm
Geschlungen dieser Henkel ehedem gewesen.

Line 3 in FitzGerald, XXXIX (1868), reads : —

And drink ; and that impassive Lip I kiss'd.

In Whinfield, 17 (1882), the second and third lines read : —

*In bonds of beauty's tresses chain'd fast ;
This very handle pendent on its neck.*

FitzGerald *For I remember stopping by the way
 (XXXVII.) To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay:
 1889 And with its all-obliterated Tongue
 It murmur'd — "Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"*

(XXXVI.) *For in the Market-place, one Dusk of Day,
 1859 I watch'd the Potter thumping his wet Clay:
 And with its all obliterated Tongue
 It murmur'd — "Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"*

Nicolas Hier, j'ai remarqué au bazar un potier donnant
 (211) à outrance des coups de pieds à une terre qu'il
 pétrissait. Cette terre semblait lui dire: Moi
 aussi j'ai été ton semblable; traite-moi donc avec
 moins de rigueur.

McCarthy Yesterday I beheld at the bazaar a potter smiting
 (245) with all his force the clay he was kneading.
 The earth seemed to cry out to him, "I also was
 such as thou — treat me therefore less harshly."

Whinfield I saw a busy potter by the way
 (252) Kneading with might and main a lump of clay;
 (137, 188a) And, lo, the clay cried, "Use me gently, pray,
 I was a man myself but yesterday!"

I saw a Potter at his Work to-day,
With rudest Hand he shaped his yielding Clay,
 “ Oh gently Brother, do not treat me thus,
I too, was once a Man,” I heard it say.

Ich schaute gestern einem Töpfer zu,
Der schlug auf frischen Lehm gewaltig zu. Von
Hammer-
Purgstall

For Fitzgerald's note and further illustrations of the thought of this Rubá'iy, see Appendix XIV.

FitzGerald *And has not such a Story from of Old
 Down Man's successive generations roll'd
 1889 Of such a clod of saturated Earth
 Cast by the Maker into Human mould?*

(XXXVIII.) Listen — a moment listen ! — Of the same
 (1872, 3d ed.) Poor Earth from which that Human Whisper
 came
 The luckless Mould in which Mankind was cast
 They did compose, and call'd him by the name.

Nicolas Ces potiers qui plongent constamment leurs
 (119) doigts dans l'argile, qui emploient tout leur esprit,
 toute leur intelligence, toutes leurs facultés à la
 pétrir, jusqu'à quand persisteront-ils à la fouler de
 leurs pieds, à la souffleter de leurs mains ? À quoi
 pensent-ils donc ? C'est cependant de la terre de
 corps humains qu'ils traitent ainsi.

McCarthy The potters who without cease plunge their
 (670) hands in the clay, who give all their mind, all their
 skill, to form it, how long will they continue to
 trample it under foot, to smite it with their hands ?
 What then are their thoughts ? Do they not con-
 sider that it is the mould of mankind they treat
 thus ?

Whinfield A potter at his work I chanced to see,
 (493) Pounding some earth and shreds of pottery ;
 I looked with eyes of insight, and methought
 'T was Adam's dust with which he made so free !

The Potter deftly shapes his turning Clay,
And knead and mould it with what Skill he may ; Garner
He little thinks it once of Human kind,—
The Earth he mangles in his Humor gay.

Diese Töpfer, die mit Füssen und Händen
Die Thonmasse treten, kneten und wenden,
hren ganzen Witz und Verstand erschöpfen
Zur Vorbereitung von Krügen und Töpfen :
Sie selber scheinen nicht klar zu sehen,
Was sie da schlagen, stampfen und drehen,
Sonst wären sie selbst darüber betreten,
Dass sie Staub von Menschengebeinen kneten.

Bodenstedt
(VIII. 7)

Ihr Töpfer, die emsig den Thon ihr knetet,
Mit Händen ihn klopft, mit Füssen ihn tretet,
Bedenkt doch : was ihr also misshandelt,
Sind Menschenleiber, zu Erde verwandelt !

Von Schack
(4)

In the first draught of Edition III, FitzGerald wrote the
rst line : —
For, in your ear a moment — of the same.

In XLI, Edition II, line 1 reads : —
For has not such a Story from of Old.

FitzGerald *And not a drop that from our Cups we throw*
 (XXXIX.) *For Earth to drink of, but may steal below*
 1889 *To quench the fire of Anguish in some Eye*
There hidden — far beneath, and long ago.

(XLII.) And not a drop that from our Cups we throw
 1868 On the parcht herbage but may steal below
 To quench the fire of Anguish in some Eye
 There hidden — far beneath, and long ago.

Nicolas Chaque gorgée de vin que l'échanson verse dans
 (188) la coupe vient éteindre dans tes yeux brûlants le
 feu de tes chagrins. Ne dirait-on pas, ô grand
 Dieu ! que le vin est un élixir qui chasse de ton
 cœur cent douleurs qui l'oppressaient ?

McCarthy Each drop of wine which the cup-bearer pours
 (170) into the cup will quench the fire of grief in thy
 burning eyes. Is it not said, O great God, that
 wine is an elixir which drives away all the sorrows
 that weigh down the heart?

Whinfield The showers of grape-juice, which cupbearers
 (203) pour,
 (110, 1882) Quench fires of grief in many a sad heart's core;
 Praise be to Allah, who hath sent this balm
 To heal sore hearts, and spirits' health restore.

des Glas Wein, das Du trinkst, wird löschen **Bodenstedt**
saugen

(IX. 83)

m Feuer des Schmerzes in deinen Augen.

t der Wein nicht ein Mittel, das Wunder thut
nd, selbst glühend, löscht Anderer Schmer-
zensglut?

See Appendix XV.

FitzGerald *As then the Tulip for her morning sup
Of Heav'nly Vintage from the soil looks up,
Do you devoutly do the like, till Heav'n
To Earth invert you — like an empty Cup.*

(XLIII.) As then the Tulip for her wonted sup
1868 Of Heavenly Vintage lifts her chalice up,
 Do you, twin offspring of the soil, till Heav'n
 To Earth invert you like an empty Cup.

Nicolas Imité la tulipe qui fleurit au noorouz ; prends
(40) comme elle une coupe dans ta main, et, si l'occasion se présente, bois, bois du vin avec bonheur,
 en compagnie d'une jeune beauté aux joues colorées
 du teint de cette fleur, car cette roue bleue, comme
 un coup de vent, peut tout à coup venir te
 renverser.

McCarthy Copy the tulip, that flames with the new year;
(102) take, like her, the cup in your hand, and drink at
 all advantage your wine with a light heart, in com-
 pany with a youthful beauty with tulip cheeks.
 For yon blue wheel may like a whirlwind at any
 moment dash you down.

Like tulips in the Spring your cups lift up,
And, with a tulip-cheeked companion, sup
With joy your wine, or e'er this azure wheel
With some unlooked for blast upset your cup.

Whinfield

(44)

Nimm Dir ein Beispiel an der Tulpe, welche
Des Himmels Gaben zeigt im blühenden Kelche.
Halt hoch den Kelch und küsse Tulpenwangen,
Eh' Dir der Atem dazu ausgegangen.

Bodenstedt

(IX. 48)

Noorouz, the Persian New Year, beginning at the equinox,
March 21. It is spelled by FitzGerald *Naw Ruz*, but in
the edition contained in FitzGerald's Life and Letters, *Naw
Rooz*.

In the first draught of Edition III, line 2 reads:—

Of Wine from Heav'n her little Tass lifts up.

In the third edition (1872) there is no dash in the last line.

FitzGerald *Perplexed no more with Human or Divine,*
 (XLI.) *To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,*
 1889 *And lose your fingers in the tresses of*
The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

(LV.) Oh, plagued no more with Human or Divine
 1868 To-morrow's tangle to itself resign,
 And lose your fingers in the tresses of
The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

Nicolas Voici l'aurore, viens, et, la coupe pleine de vin
 (1894) rose en main, respirons un instant. Quant à
 l'honneur, à la réputation, ce crystal fragile,
 brisons-le contre la pierre. Renonçons à nos désirs
 insatiables, bornons-nous à jouir de l'attouchement
 des longues chevelures des belles et du son
 harmonieux de la harpe.

McCarthy Behold the dawn arises. Let us rejoice in the
 (1883) present moment with a cup of crimson wine in our
 hand. As for honour and fame, let that fragile
 crystal be dashed to pieces against the Earth.

Whinfield 'Tis dawn ! my heart with wine I will recruit,
 (1882) And dash to bits the glass of good repute ;
 My long-extending hopes I will renounce,
 And grasp long tresses, and the charming lute.

Schon atmet der Morgen, begrüssen wir froh ihn, Bodenstedt
beim Weine

(IX. 88)

Und werfen des Leumunds zerbrechliches Glas
auf die Steine.

Entsagen wir leicht allen schwer zu erreichenden
Zielen,

Um in üppigen Locken beim Klange der Harfe
zu spielen.

Lasst trinken uns beim Morgenrot ! Sagt an, was Von Schack
kann es uns kümmern,

(87)

Wenn Ehre und Ruf, dies vergängliche Glas, zu
Scherben sich wandeln und Trümmern ?

Nichts wünschen lässt auf Erden uns mehr, nein
mit den lieblichen Tönen

Der Harfe wollen zufrieden wir sein und den wall-
enden Locken der Schönen.

See Appendix XVI.

- FitzGerald** *And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
End in what All begins and ends in— Yes;
Think then you are To-DAY what YESTERDAY
You were — To-MORROW you shall not be less.*
- (XLII.) (XLVII.) (XLV.)
- 1889 1859 1868
- And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
End in the Nothing all Things end in — Yes —
Then fancy while Thou art, Thou art but what
Thou shalt be — Nothing — Thou shalt not be less.
- And if the Cup you drink, the Lip you press,
End in what All begins and ends in — Yes ;
Imagine then you *are* what heretofore
You *were* — hereafter you shall not be less.
- Nicolas** **McCarthy**
- (49) (69)
- Si le cœur humain avait une connaissance des
secrets de la vie, il connaîtrait également, à
l'article de la mort, les secrets de Dieu. Si au-
jourd'hui que tu es avec toi-même tu ne sais rien,
que sauras-tu demain quand tu seras sorti de ce
toi-même ?
- If the human heart could know the secrets of
life, it would know too, knowing death, the secrets
of God. If to-day, when you are with yourself,
you know nothing, what shall you know to-morrow,
when you have passed from yourself ?
- Whinfield**
- (52)
- If the heart knew life's secrets here below,
At death 't would know God's secret too, I trow ;
But, if you know naught here, while still your-
self,
To-morrow, stripped of self, what can you know ?

Durchschaute das Herz das Geheimniss des Bodenstedt
Lebens,
o erforscht' es den Tod und auch Gott nicht
vergebens.
Kannst Du heute, noch ganz bei Dir selbst,
nichts gewahren,
Was wirst Du morgen, wenn ganz Dir entfremdet,
erfahren?

Begriffe dieses Leben nur von Grund aus unser Von Schack
Geist,
Wohl würd' er die Geheimnisse des Todes auch
erkunden;
Doch wenn du heute, da du noch bei Sinnen bist,
nichts weisst,
Was wirst du morgen wissen, wenn die Sinne dir
geschwunden?

In the first draught of Edition III the first line reads :—
And if the Cup, and if the Lip you press.

Whinfield, 28 (1882), reads, line 1, *earth's secrets*; line 2,
even's secrets.

Compare Von Schack, 105 :—

Wenn dir das Haupt von Wein benebelt ist, sei froh!

Wenn eine Schöne dir die Lippen küsst, sei froh!

*Der Erdendinge Ziel und Endpunkt ist das Nichts,
Drum denk' an dieses Nichts, und, weil du bist, sei froh!*

See Rubáiy LIII and Appendixes XI and XVIII.

FitzGerald *So when that Angel of the darker Drink*
 (XLIII.) *At last shall find you by the river-brink,*
 1889 *And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul*
 Forth to your Lips to quaff — you shall not
 shrink.

(XLVIII.) While the Rose blows along the River Brink,
 1859 With old Khayyám the Ruby Vintage drink :
 And when the Angel with his darker Draught
 Draws up to Thee — take that, and do not shrink.

(XLVI.) So when at last the Angel of the drink ¹⁶
 1868 Of Darkness finds you by the river-brink,
 And, proffering his Cup, invites your Soul
 Forth to your Lips to quaff it — do not shrink.

Deep in the rondure of the heavenly blue, Whinfield
There is a cup, concealed from mortals' view, (254)
Which all must drink in turn ; O sigh not then,
But drink it boldly, when it comes to you !

In the first draught of Edition III the reading of 1868 was followed, except that "proffering" was changed to "offering;" but in Edition III the stanza assumed its final form. In Edition IV, instead of "that Angel," read "the Angel."

FitzGerald says in his note (16) : —

"According to one beautiful Oriental Legend, Azrael accomplishes his mission by holding to the nostril an Apple from the Tree of Life.

"This, and the two following Stanzas, would have been withdrawn, as somewhat *de trop*, from the Text, but for advice which I least like to disregard."

The first three lines of Whinfield, 139 (1882), read : —

*Deep in the rondure of the empyreal blue
There lies a cup hid from all mortal view,
Which comes to all in turn; oh! sigh not then.*

FitzGerald *Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Were't not a Shame — were't not a Shame for him
In this clay carcass crippled to abide?*

From Preface of Oh, if my soul can fling his Dust aside,
 Edition I. And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
 Is 't not a Shame, is 't not a Shame for Him
 So long in this Clay Suburb to abide!

Whinfield O soul! could you but doff this flesh and bone,
 (436) You'd soar a sprite about the heavenly throne;
 Had you no shame to leave your starry home,
 And dwell an alien on this earthly zone?

Garner Oh that the soul might leave its Earthen Home
 (V. 11) And wing its Flight through Heaven's Mighty
 Dome,
 What Shame, what Shame to feel itself confined
 Within a tenement of Basest Loam.

The same thought recurs :—

Nicolas De temps à autre mon cœur se trouve à l'étroit dans
 (171) sa cage. Il est honteux d'être mêlé avec l'eau et la
 boue. J'ai bien songé à détruire cette prison, mais
 mon pied aurait alors rencontré une pierre en glissant
 sur l'étrier du chèr'e (loi du Koran).

McCarthy From time to time my heart seems cabined in its cage.
 (268) It is a disgrace to be thus blinded of water and of earth.
 I dreamed of breaking down this prison-house, but then
 my foot would slip on the stone of the law of the Koran.

Oft doth my soul her prisoned state bemoan,
 Her earth-born comate she would fain disown,
 And quit, did not the stirrup of the law
 Upbear her foot from dashing on the stone.

Whinfield

(187)

Zuweilen kommt mein stolzer Geist mit dem Körper in Bodenstedt
 Zerwürfnis,
 Er schämt sich der Gemeinsamkeit mit niedrigem
 Bedürfnis.
 Ich habe öfter schon gedacht zu sprengen diesen Kerker,
 Allein der Selbsterhaltung Pflicht erwies sich immer
 stärker.

(VIII. 28)

Oft fühlt mein Herz mit Kummer sich von diesem Von Schack
 Käfig eingeengt
 Und sieht sich voll Beschämung hier dem niedern
 Erdenstaub vermengt;
 Den Käfig zu verbrechen dann wohl wandelt mich
 Verlangen an,
 Allein verpönt ist solche That, ich weiss, dem frommen
 Muselmann.

(79)

In FitzGerald, Editions III and IV (1872, 1879), line
 3 reads : —

Wer 't not a Shame — wer 't not a Shame for him.

The last two lines of Edition II differ from those in the
 Preface of Edition I only in the matter of capitalization : —

*Is 't not a shame — is 't not a shame for him
 So long in this Clay suburb to remain.*

The last line of Whinfield, 218 (1882), reads : —

And drop to earth like some poor downcast stone.

FitzGerald 'Tis but a Tent where takes his one day's rest
 (XLV.) A Sultán to the realm of Death addrest ;
 1889 The Sultán rises, and the dark Ferrash
 Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.

From Preface of *Or is that but a Tent, where rests anon*
 Edition I. A Sultán to his Kingdom passing on,
 And which the swarthy Chamberlain shall strike
 Then when the Sultán rises to be gone ?

Nicolas Ô Khèyam ! ton corps ressemble absolument à
 (80) une tente : l'âme en est le sultan, et sa dernière
 demeure est le néant. Quand le sultan est sorti de
 sa tente, les fèrrachs du trépas viennent la détruire
 pour la dresser à une autre étape.

McCarthy Khayyam, your body is like unto a tent, the soul
 (169) thereof is the sultan, and his last home is nothing-
 ness. When the sultan quits his pavilion, the
 fatal Ferrash strikes it, to set it up at another
 stage.

M. K. Thy body's a tent, where the Soul, like a King in
 quest
 Of the goal of Nought, is a momentary guest ; —
 He arises ; Death's *farrdsh* uproots the tent,
 And the King moves on to another stage to rest.

Whinfield Thy body is a tent, where harbourage
 (82) The Sultan spirit takes for one brief age ;
 When he departs, comes the tent-pitcher death,
 Strikes it, and onward moves, another stage.

Khayyám, your body is a Tent, your Soul,
A Sultan, destined to an Unknown Goal ;
The dread Ferrásh of Doom destroys the Tent,
The Moment that the Sultan's Summons toll.

Garner
(XI. 8)

O Chajjam, Dein Körper gleicht einem Zelt,
Dem Geist, als König, zur Wohnung bestellt.
Zieht der König aus, so wird's abgetragen
Und am andern Orte neu aufgeschlagen.

Bodenstedt
(VIII. 94)

Ganz vergleichbar ist dein Leib, o Chijam, einem Von Schack
Fürstenzelt ;
In dem Leib wohnt deine Seele, die nachher dem
Tod verfällt ;
Wenn der Fürst das Zelt verlassen, abgebrochen
wird's alsbald ;
Neu errichtet dann für neue Wohner dient's als
Aufenthalt.

(59)

In LXX, Edition II, 1868, of FitzGerald, line 1 reads :—

But that is but a tent wherein may rest.

In Edition III, 1872, the word Sultan has no accent.

Whinfield, 37 (1882), reads :—

*This body is a tent, which for a space
Doth the pure soul with kingly presence grace,
When he departs, comes the tent-pitcher, death,
Strikes it, and moves to a new halting-place.*

Mr. John Leslie Garner kindly gives the following prose translation to show how far the idea of evolution was from the mind of the twelfth century poet :—

Khayyám ! thy body resembles a tent truly ; the Soul a sultan is ; his resting-place is in naught ; the ferrash of doom, because of another resting place (for the sultan) destroys (removes or overturns), the tent when the sultan has risen.

The ferrásh is a body-servant.

- FitzGerald** *And fear not lest Existence closing your
Account, and mine, should know the like no more;
The Eternal Sáki from that Bowl has pour'd
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.*
- (XLVI.) 1889
- (XLVII.)** *And fear not lest Existence closing your
Account, should lose, or know the type no more
The Eternal Sáki from that Bowl has pour'd
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.*
- 1868
- Nicolas** *Ô Khèyam ! bien que la roue des cieux ait, en
dressant sa tente, fermé la porte aux discussions,
(il est évident cependant) que l'échanson de
l'éternité (Dieu) a produit, sous forme de globules
de vin, dans la coupe de la création, mille autres
Khèyam semblables à toi.*
- (137)
- McCarthy** *O, Khayyam, although indeed the wheel of
heaven, in setting its tent, has closed the door to
discussions, nevertheless the eternal Cup-bearer
has formed in the cup of creation a thousand other
Khayyams like unto thee.*
- (135)
- Whinfield** *What though the sky with its blue canopy
Doth close us in so that we can not see,
In the etern Cupbearer's wine, methinks,
There float a myriad bubbles like to me.*
- (161)
- Garner** *Fair Heaven's Tent was long since raised, 't was
Then
That Nature's Ways were hid from Human Ken,
Life's Cup the Everlasting Sáki filled
With Millions of these Bubbles, calléd Men.*
- (VI. 10)

Chajjam, obgleich das Himmelszelt
Geheimnissvoll umschliesst die Welt,
 glaub' ich doch, es hat in der Zeit
Der Schenke des Weins der Ewigkeit
eschaffen tausend Deinesgleichen
Im Schöpfungskelch, dem wunderreichen,
 ie munter im Weine steigen zum Lichte
Und als Bläschen sich zeigen unserm Gesichte.

Bodenstedt (VIII, 12)

nijam! wie durch einen Vorhang ist das Weltall von Schack
dir verschlossen,
(390)
Aber Eins erkennst du, deckt auch Dunkel sonst
dein Auge zu:
der Schöpfung grossem Becher, den der Ew'ge
vollgegossen,
Eine der Millionen Blasen, die drin schwimmen,
nur bist du.

In the third edition of FitzGerald (1872) the word Sáki
has no accent on the final vowel.

Whinfield, 90 (1882), has in line 1, "his blue canopy," and
the fourth line reads:—

There float some thousand bubbles such as we.

See Appendix XVIII.

FitzGerald *When You and I behind the Veil are past,*
 (XLVII.) *Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last,*
 1889 *Which of our Coming and Departure heeds*
As the Sea's self should heed a pebble-cast.

(XLVII.) *When you and I behind the Veil are past,*
 1872 *Oh but the long long while the World shall last*
Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
As the SEV'N SEAS should heed a pebble-cast.

Nicolas *Oh ! que de temps où nous ne serons plus et où*
 (1823) *le monde sera encore ! Il ne restera de nous ni*
renomée, ni trace. Le monde n'était pas incom-
plet avant que nous y vinssions ; il n'y sera rien
changé non plus quand nous en serons partis.

McCarthy *Alas ! how long the time will be when we are no*
 (1810) *longer in this world, and the world will still exist.*
There will remain of us neither fame, nor trace.
The world was not imperfect before we came into
it — it will be in no wise changed when we are
departed hence.

Whinfield *The world will last long after Khayyam's fame*
 (1850) *Has passed away, yea, and his very name ;*
 (83, 1883) *Aforetime we were not, and none did heed.*
When we are dead and gone, 'twill be the same.

Die Welt wird noch lange sich drehn, wenn wir Bodenstedt
verschwunden daraus,

(VIII. 9)

Und Keine Spur wird sein zu sehn, dass wir
verschwunden daraus:

Der Welt fehlte nichts, eh' wir kamen zur Welt,
Und es wird kein Mangel entstehn wenn wir
verschwunden daraus.

O welche lange, lange Zeit nach uns noch wird die Von Schack
Welt besteh'n!

(196)

Im Wind wird jede Spur von uns, wird unser
Name selbst verweh'n,

Vor, unserer Geburt behalf die Welt ganz gut
sich ohne uns,

Und keine Lücke wird entsteh'n, wenn wieder wir
von dannen geh'n.

In Fitzgerald's second edition (1868) the last line reads:

As much as Ocean of a pebble-cast.

- FitzGerald** *A Moment's Halt — a momentary taste
Of BEING from the Well amid the Waste —
And Lo! — the phantom Caravan has reach'd
The NOTHING it set out from — Oh, make haste!*
- (XLVIII.) 1889 One Moment in Annihilation's Waste,
One Moment, of the Well of Life to taste —
The Stars are setting and the Caravan
Starts for the Dawn of Nothing¹⁶ — Oh, make
haste!
- (XXXVIII.) 1853 One Moment in Annihilation's Waste,
One Moment, of the Well of Life to taste —
The Stars are setting and the Caravan¹⁷
Draws to the Dawn of Nothing — Oh make
haste!
- Nicolas** (106) Cette caravane de vie passe d'une manière bien
étrange! Sois sur tes gardes, ami, car c'est le
temps de la joie qui s'échappe ainsi! Ne t'inquiète
donc pas du chagrin qui demain attend nos amis,
et apporte-moi vite la coupe, car vois comme la
nuit s'écoule!
- McCarthy** (165) This caravan of life passeth in a strange manner
— Beware, oh, friend, for it is the time of thy pleasure
which fleeth from thee thus. Trouble not thyself, therefore,
for the grief which awaiteth our friends on the morrow, for behold how the night
passeth away.

Life's caravan is hastening on its way ;
 Brood not on troubles of the coming day,
 But fill the wine-cup, ere sweet night be gone,
 And snatch a pleasant moment, while you may.

Whinfield
 (136)

Life's Caravan unheeded steals away,
 And with it passes all our Pleasure, nay,
 Fear not the Pain the Future has in Store,—
 But drink, upon us steals the Twilight gray.

Garner
 (V. 3)

Fill high the cup though ache the weary brow · * (22)
 Fill with the wine that doth with life endow,
 For life is but a tale by watch-fire told.
 Haste thee ! the fire burns low — the night grows
 old.

Diese Lebenskarawane ist ein seltsamer Zug,
 Darum hasche die flüchtige Freude im Flug ! Bodenstedt
 Mach' Dir um künftigen Gram keine Sorgen,
 Fülle das Glas, bald naht wieder der Morgen ! (IX. 66)

O wie schnellen Zugs von dannen zieht die Von Schack
 Lebenskarawane ! (376)
 Schneller fleht die Zeit der Freude, als ich's
 glaube, als ich 's ahne ;
 Drum des Grams nicht will ich denken, welcher
 morgen auf uns harrt ;
 Her den Wein ! die Nacht entfleht schon ; freu'n
 wir uns der Gegenwart.

In FitzGerald's first draught of Edition III, the third line
 reads :— *Before the starting Caravan has reach'd.*

In the fourth edition the last word is spelt *reacht*.

FitzGerald *Would you that spangle of Existence spend
About THE SECRET — quick about it, Friend !
A Hair perhaps divides the False and True,
And upon what, prithee, may life depend ?*

(L.) *A Hair perhaps divides the False and True ;
Yes ; and a single Alif were the clue —
Could you but find it — to the Treasure-house,
And peradventure to THE MASTER too ;*

Nicolas *La distance qui sépare l'incredulité de la foi
n'est que d'un souffle, celle qui sépare le doute de
la certitude n'est également que d'un souffle ;
passons donc gaiement cet espace précieux d'un
souffle, car notre vie aussi n'est séparé (de la mort)
que par l'espace d'un souffle.*

McCarthy *Only a breath divides faith and unfaith, only a
breath divides belief from doubt. Let us then
make merry while we still draw breath, for only a
breath divides life from death.*

Whinfield *From doubt to clear assurance is a breath,
A breath from infidelity to faith ;
Oh, precious breath ! enjoy it while you may,
'T is all that life can give, and then comes death.*

Garner *From Faith to Disbelief is but a Breath,
From Doubt to Faith, but one, the Dervish saith,
Come gaily let us pass our fleeting Days, —
A Little While then cometh the Angel Death.*

Vom Unglauben zum Glauben hin ist nur ein Bodenstedt
Hauch,

(I. 38)

Wie vom Zweifel bis zur Gewissheit auch :
So mach' uns der winzige Sprung keine Not,
Trennt doch nur ein Hauch selbst das Leben vom
Tod !

In the second edition of FitzGerald, the third line of XLIX
and first of L (numbered respectively L and LI) read : —

A Hair, they say, divides the False and True.

In line 3 of stanza L, a dash replaces the comma of Edition II.

In Edition IV the last line of XLIX reads : —

And upon what, prithee does life depend?

Whinfield, 109, reads : —

*Once and again my soul did me implore,
To teach her, if I might, the heavenly lore ;
I bade her learn the Alif well by heart.
Who knows that letter well need learn no more.*

(Alif kafat, — "the One, that is God, is enough." See Hafiz,
Ode 416: "He who knows the One knows all.")

So in the Gulshan-i-Ráz : —

*Even as the point can change 'Ain' into 'Chain,'
The essence to the cloud, so fancy conjures up
Nature from the ethereal essence.*

A dot or diacritical mark over the initial of a Persian word
changes its pronunciation. *Ain* becomes *ghain*, and *'abir*, ambergris,
perfume, assumes a resemblance to *ghubár*, dust or
vapor.

See also Appendix XIII to Rubáiy XXXIII.

FitzGerald *Whose secret Presence, through Creation's veins
 (L.I.) Running Quicksilver-like eludes your pains ;
 1889 Taking all shapes from Mâh to Mâhi ; and
 They change and perish all—but He remains ;*

(L.II.) *A moment guess'd—then back behind the Fold
 1889 Immerst of Darkness round the Drama roll'd
 Which, for the Pastime of Eternity,
 He doth Himself contrive, enact, behold.*

Nicolas *Tantôt tu es caché, ne te manifestant à
 (443) personne ; tantôt tu te découvres dans toutes les
 choses créées. C'est pour toi-même sans doute et
 pour ton plaisir que tu produis ces merveilleux
 effets, car tu es à la fois et l'essence du spectacle
 qu'on voit et ton propre spectateur.*

McCarthy *Now thou art hidden, known of none, now thou
 (346) art displayed in all created things. It is for thy
 own delight that thou performest these wonders,
 being at once the sport and the spectator.*

Whinfield *Now in thick clouds Thy face Thou dost immerse,
 (475) And now display it in this universe ;
 (244, 1882) Thou the spectator, Thou the spectacle,
 Sole to Thyself Thy glories dost rehearse.*

At times Thou art concealed, and then anon Garner
Thy subtle Essence castest Thou upon (IX. 2)
All Things Existing 'twixt the Earth and Moon;
Thou art the Player and the Looker-on.

Bald verhüllst Du den Augen der Menschen Dich Bodenstedt
ganz, (I. 8)
Zeigst bald Dich in Bildern der Schöpfung voll
Glanz.
Für Dich selbst schaffst Du Alles an Wundern
so reich,
Bist Inhalt des Schauspiels, Zuschauer zugleich.

Bald verhüllt und jedem Blicke unerreichbar Von Schack
waltest du, (172)
Bald auch in der Schöpfung tausend Bildern dich
entfaltest du,
Und es scheint, dass nur zur Kurzweil all das für
dich selber ist,
Da du selbst das Schauspiel und auch selber der
Beschauer bist.

In second and third editions (1868 and 1872) does instead
of doth. In Edition II a comma separates *running* and
Quicksilver-like.

See Appendix XVII.

FitzGerald *But if in vain, down on the stubborn floor
Of Earth, and up to Heav'n's unopening Door,
You gaze To-DAY, while You are You — how
then
TO-MORROW, You when shall be You no more?*

(LIV.) But if in vain, down on the stubborn floor
1868 Of Earth, and up to Heav'n's unopening Door,
 You gaze To-day, while You are You—how
 then
To-morrow, when You shall be You no more?

Nicolas Si le cœur humain avait une connaissance exacte
(49) des secrets de la vie, il connaît également, à
l'article de la mort, les secrets de Dieu. Si aujourd'
hui que tu es avec toi-même tu ne sais rien, que
sauras-tu demain quand tu seras sorti de ce *toi-*
même?

McCarthy If the human heart could know the secrets of
(69) life, it would know too, knowing death, the secrets
of God. If to-day, when you are with yourself,
you know nothing, what shall you know to-morrow,
when you have passed from yourself?

Whinfield If the heart knew life's secrets here below,
(52) At death 't would know God's secrets too, I trow;
 But, if you know naught here, while still your-
 self,
To-morrow, stripped of self, what can you know?

Durchschaute das Herz das Geheimnis des Bodenstedt
Lebens,
So erforscht' es den Tod und auch Gott nicht
vergebens.
Kannst Du heute, noch ganz bei Dir selbst nichts
gewahren,
Was wirst Du morgen, wenn ganz Dir entfremdet,
erfahren?

(IV. 2)

Begriffe dieses Leben nur von Grund aus unser Von Schack
Geist,
Wohl würd' er die Geheimnisse des Todes auch
erkunden;
Doch wenn du heute, da du noch bei Sinnen
bist, nichts weisst,
Was wirst du morgen wissen, wenn die Sinne
dir geschwunden?

(23)

FitzGerald apparently derived Rubáiyát XLII and LIII from
the same original.

In Whinfield, 28 (1882), read, *earth's secrets, Heaven's
secrets.*

See Rubáiy XLII and Appendix XVIII.

FitzGerald *Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of This and That endeavour and dispute;
Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape,
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.*

(XXXIX) How long, how long, in infinite Pursuit
 Of This and That endeavour and dispute ?
 Better be merry with the fruitful Grape,
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

Nicolas Jusques à quand ces arguments sur les cinq et
 (414) les quatre, ô échanson ? En comprendre un, ô
 échanson ! est aussi difficile que d'en saisir cent
 mille. Nous sommes tous de terre, ô échanson !
 accorde la harpe; nous sommes tous de vent,
 apporte du vin, ô échanson !

McCarthy How long will these wrangle on the five and
 (328) four, O cup-bearer ! It is as hard to understand
 one as one hundred thousand, O cup-bearer ; we
 are but earth, so tune the lute, O cup-bearer ; we
 are but as soft air, bring wine, O cup-bearer !

Whinfield Reason not of the five, nor of the four,
 (453) Be their dark problems one or many score ;
 We are but earth, go, minstrel, bring the lute,
 We are but air, bring wine, I ask no more.

How long, oh, Sáki, shall we ponder o'er
These Fruitless Arguments of Five and Four? Garner
Come, Sáki, tune Thy Harp, we all are Dust,
A Breath of Wind,— come, fill one Goblet more.

Wie lange noch braucht man als Argumente Bodenstedt
Unsre fünf Sinne und vier Elemente!
Eins zu begreifen, ist ganz so schwer,
Als ob es ein Hunderttausend wär'.
Wir sind Alle nur Staub, das bedenke
Und stimme die Harfe, o Schenke!
Ein Hauch ist unser ganzes Sein,
Das bedenke, o Schenke, und bring mir Wein!

The second edition (LVI, 1868) of FitzGerald is the same as the third, fourth, and fifth, except in the third line, which reads:—

Better be merry with the fruitful Grapes.

See Appendix XIX.

FitzGerald You know, my Friends, with what a brave
 L. (LV.) Carouse

1889 I made a Second Marriage in my house;
 Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
 And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

(XL) You know, my Friends, how long since in my
 1859 House

For a new Marriage I did make Carouse:
 Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
 And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

Nicolas
 (181)

Moi, je verserai du vin dans une coupe qui
 puisse en contenir un mèn. Je me contenterai
 d'en boire deux coupes; mais d'abord je divorcerai
 trois fois avec la religion et la raison, et ensuite
 j'épouserai la fille de la vigne.

McCarthy
 (so)

I myself will pour wine into a cup which con-
 taineth a full measure. Two cups thereof will
 content me, but I will immediately three times
 divorce from me Religion and Reason, and wed
 the Daughter of the Vine.

M. K.

A double-sized beaker to measure my wine I 'll
 take;
 Two doses to match my settled design I 'll take;
 With the first, I 'll divorce me from Faith and
 from Reason quite,
 With the next, a new bride in the Child of the
 Vine I 'll take!

To drain a gallon beaker I design, Whinfield
Yea, two great beakers, brimmed with richest (196)
wine;
Old faith and reason thrice will I divorce,
Then take to wife the daughter of the vine.

To Wisdom's Daughter I was one time wed, Garner
Thereafter Fruitless Dogma shared my bed, (I. 26)
Her too I have divorced now from my roof,
And ta'en the Daughter of the Vine instead.

Bringt einen Becher mir, so gross, dass man ihn Von Schack
schwer nur hebe! (153)
Wenn man ihn auch nur zweimal leert, zum
Rausch genügen muss es schon.
Zuerst will ich von der Vernunft mich scheiden
und der Religion,
Und mich vermählen dann sofort dem holden
Kind der Rebe.

The second edition of FitzGerald (LVIII, 1868) differs from
the first only in the first line. It begins :—

*You know, my Friends, how bravely in my House
For a new Marriage I did make Carouse.*

Whinfield, 106 (1882), reads :—

*To drain two beakers is my fixed design,
Two double beakers brimmed with heady wine;
Old faith and reason thus will I divorce,
And take to wife the daughter of the vine.*

The Gulshan-i-Ráz says :—

*He who by reason doth content his soul
Much store of trouble for that soul provides.*

See Appendix XX.

FitzGerald For "Is" and "IS-NOT" though with Rule and
 (LVL.) Line

1889 And "UP-AND-DOWN" by Logic I define,
 Of all that one should care to fathom, I
 Was never deep in anything but — Wine.

(XLI.) For "Is" and "IS-NOT" though with Rule and
 1899 Line,

And "UP-AND-DOWN" without, I could define,¹⁴
 I yet in all I only cared to know,
 Was never deep in anything but — Wine.

Nicolas
 (165)

Jusques à quand passeras-tu ta vie à t'adorer
 toi-même ou à chercher la cause du néant et de
 l'être? Bois du vin, car une vie qui est suivie de
 la mort, il vaut mieux la passer, soit dans le
 sommeil, soit dans l'ivresse.

McCarthy
 (276)

How long wilt thou expend thy existence on
 vain self-love, or in searching for the source of
 being and of not being? Drink wine, then, for
 since thy life must be followed by death, thou
 hadst best pass it in sleep or in drunkenness.

Why spend life in vainglorious essay
1 Being and Non-being to survey?
Since Death is ever pressing at your heels,
is best to drink or dream your life away.

Whinfield
(183)

ie lange willst Du noch leben,
In selbstvergötterndem Streben,
Wahn, es müsse Deine Pflicht sein,
Den Grund zu suchen von Sein und Nichtsein?
ink Wein! Ein Leben, das eilt zum Tod,
Folgt nur dem einen klugen Gebot,
ch glücklich bis an's Ende zu bringen,
Mit Wein und sonstigen guten Dingen.

Bodenstedt
(IV. 8)

The Quaritch editions of FitzGerald have a comma at the
1 of the first line.
See Appendix XXI.

FitzGerald *Ah, but my Computations, People say,*
 (LVII.) *Reduced the Year to better reckoning? — Nay,*
 1889 *'T was only striking from the Calendar*
Unborn To-morrow, and dead Yesterday.

(XXXVII.) Ah, fill the Cup : — what boots it to repeat
 1859 How Time is slipping underneath our Feet :
Unborn To-MORROW, and dead YESTERDAY,
Why fret about them if TO-DAY be sweet!

(LIX.) Ah, but my Computations people say,
 1868 Have squared the Year to Human Compass, eh?
If so, by striking from the Calendar
Unborn To-morrow, and dead Yesterday.

Nicolas Puisque la roue céleste et le destin ne t'ont
 (42) jamais été favorables, que t'importe de compter
 sept cieux ou de croire qu'il en existe huit? Il y a
 (je le répète) deux jours dont je ne me suis jamais
 soucié, c'est le jour qui n'est pas venu et celui qui
 est passé.

McCarthy Since the heavenly wheel and fate have never
 (17) been your friends, why should you reck whether
 the heavens be seven or eight? There are, I say
 again, two days for which I take no thought, the
 day which has not come, and the day which has
 gone for ever.

Behold the tricks this wheeling dome doth play! Whinfield
And earth laid bare of old friends torn away! (386)

O live this present moment, which is thine
Seek not a morrow, mourn not yesterday!

Wenn das launische Schicksal Dich nicht liebt, Bodenstedt
Was kümmert's Dich denn, wieviel Himmel es (V. 4)
giebt?

Ich mache mir um die Zeit keinen Gram,
Die schon verging und noch nicht kam.

Da, nach deinem Wunsch zu leben, dir das Von Schack
Schicksal keine Macht giebt (387)
Kann dich's kümmern, ob es sieben Himmel oder
ob es acht giebt?
Was in diesem Augenblicke da ist, das nur geht
dich an,
Nicht was ehedem gewesen oder was noch
kommen kann.

Persian astrologers believed that there were seven heavens, in the seventh of which, according to Mohammed, Paradise was situated, with its stream of wine and its bevies of lovely dark-eyed hours. Certain wise men argued that there were eight heavens.

Whinfield, 386, is not strictly admissible here, except for the thought; see Whinfield, 26, p. 59.
See also Rubáiyát XXIX, XXX, and LXXIV.

FitzGerald *And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,*
 (LVIII.) *Came shining through the Dusk an Angel Shape*
 1889 *Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder ; and*
He bid me taste of it ; and 'twas — the Grape !

(XLII.) And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
 1859 Came stealing through the Dusk an Angel Shape
 Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder ; and
 He bid me taste of it ; and 'twas — the Grape !

Nicolas Hier au soir, dans la taverne, cet objet de mon
 (359) cœur qui me ravit l'âme (Dieu) me présenta une
 coupe avec un air ravissant de sincérité et de désir
 de me complaire, et m'invita à boire. "Non, lui
 dis-je, je ne boirai pas. — Bois, me répondit-il,
 pour l'amour de mon cœur."

McCarthy Last night in the tavern my familiar friend held
 (360) out the cup and bade me drink of it. "I will not
 drink," I said, and he replied, "Drink for my
 love's sake."

Whinfield Last night that idol who enchants my heart,
 (370) With true desire to elevate my heart,
 Gave me his cup to drink ; when I refused,
 He said, "O drink to gratify my heart !"

Meine Herzensräuberin und holde Betäuberin
Reichte mir gestern einen Becher mit Wein
Und bat mich zu trinken ; ich sagte " Nein."
Doch bei ihrer Liebe beschworen
Gab ich mich bald verloren.

Bodenstedt
(VIII. 46)

M. K. calls FitzGerald's version, " A tolerably close paraphrase of the Persian words, but conveying a totally different sense.

See Appendix XXII.

- FitzGerald** *The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute;
The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute:*
- (LIX.) 1889
- (XLIII.)** *The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects ¹¹ confute:
The subtle Alchemist that in a Trice
Life's leaden Metal into Gold transmute.*
- Nicolas** Bois du vin, car c'est lui qui mettra un terme aux inquiétudes de ton cœur; il te délivrera de tes méditations sur les soixante et douze nations. Ne t'abstiens pas de cette alchimie, car, si tu en bois un mèn seulement, elle détruira en toi mille infirmités.
- (179)
- McCarthy** Drink wine, for therein thou shalt find forgetfulness for all thy anxieties, and it will deliver thee from thy meditations on the problems of the earth. Renounce not this alchemy, for if thou drinkest but one measure thereof, it will scatter to the winds thy endless cares.
- (289)
- Whinfield** Drink wine to root up metaphysic weeds,
And tangle of the two-and-seventy creeds;
Do not forswear that wondrous alchemy,
"T will turn to gold, and cure a thousand needs.
- (194)

Come, fill a sparkling Cup and from the Creed Garner
Of One and All the Seventy Sects be freed, (I. 27)
And to the Riddle of Futurity,
The Answer in the Flowing Goblet read.

Trink Wein, um Deines Herzens Unruh zu bän- Bodenstedt
digen. (IX. 80)
Und den Streit der zwei und siebzig Secten zu
endigen.
Enthalte Dich nicht dieser Alchymie:
Mit einem Krüge tausend Gebrechen heilt sie.

FitzGerald says in his note (19):— “The Seventy-two Religions supposed to divide the World, *including* Islamism, as some think: but others not.” The note to Edition I (17) was even shorter, and ran: “The 72 Sects into which Islamism so soon split.”

Nicolas says: “Les Persans, en général, entendent par cette expression: *Les soixante et douze nations*, tous les peuples qui habitent le globe terrestre et qui sont tous divisés par des dogmes diverses, croyant chacun en conscience posséder exclusivement la vérité.”

Muhammad is quoted by Whinfield as saying, “My people shall be divided into seventy-three sects, all of which, save one, shall have their portion in the fire. (Pocock, Specimen 210).” The fourth line of Whinfield, 105 (1882), reads:—

‘*T* will turn to gold and furnish all your needs.

There are also slight variations in punctuation. A *mèn* is a Persian weight, according to Nicolas, of about six pounds (*environ six livres*).

See Appendix XXII.

FitzGerald *The mighty Mahmúd, Allah-breathing Lord,*
 (LX.) *That all the misbelieving and black Horde*
 1859 *Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul*
Scatters before him with his whirlwind Sword.

(XLIV.) The mighty Mahmúd, the victorious Lord,
 1859 That all the misbelieving and black Horde ^{is}
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul
Scatters and slays with his enchanted Sword.

Whinfield Drink wine ! and then as Mahmud thou wilt reign,
 (119) And hear a music passing David's strain :
Think not of past or future, seize to-day,
Then all thy life will not be lived in vain.

Von Shack Ein Welterobrer Mahmud ist der Rebensaft ;
 (43) Wie oft sind nicht die glaubenslosen Horden
Der Angst und Sorgen seiner Heldenkraft
Erlegen und in Flucht getrieben worden ?

"The here-mentioned World Conquerer," says Von Schack, who may possibly have translated this stanza from FitzGerald, "is Mahmud the Gaznewid (997 to 1030 of our era), celebrated for his mighty warlike expeditions to India. During the last one he destroyed the great temple of Sumnat and carried back with him the famous Sandalwood doors as trophies to his residence at Gazna. Firdusi lived at his court."

FitzGerald explains the first line thus in his note (20):—

"Alluding to Sultan Mahmúd's Conquest of India and its dark people."

In the first edition the note reads:—

(18) This alludes to Sultan Mahmúd's Conquest of India and its swarthy idolaters.

The forty-fifth quatrain of FitzGerald's first edition was omitted from those that succeeded:—

*But leave the Wise to wrangle, and with me
The Quarrel of the Universe let be :
And, in some corner of the Hubbub coucht,
Make Game of that which makes as much of Thee.*

Which may be compared with Whinfield, 367:—

*Chief of old friends ! hearken to what I say,
Let not heaven's treacherous wheel your heart dismay;
But rest contented in your humble nook,
And watch the games that wheel is wont to play.*

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| FitzGerald
(LXI.)
1889 | <i>Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare?
A Blessing, we should use it, should we not ?
And if a Curse — why, then, Who set it there ?</i> |
| Nicolas
(226) | Tu as mis en nous une passion irrésistible (ce qui équivaut à un ordre de toi), et d'un autre côté tu nous défends de nous y livrer. Les pauvres humains sont dans un embarras extrême entre cet ordre et cette défense, car c'est comme tu ordonnais d'incliner la coupe et défendais d'en verser le contenu. |
| McCarthy
(84) | Thou hast planted in our hearts an irresistible desire, and at the same time thou hast forbidden us to satisfy it. In what a strait dost thou find thyself, oh, unhappy man, between this law of thy nature, and this commandment? It is as if thou wert ordered to turn down the cup, without spilling the contents thereof. |
| Whinfield
(265) | He binds us in resistless Nature's chain,
And yet bids us our natures to restrain ;
Between these counter rules we stand perplexed,
" Hold the jar slant, but all the wine retain." |
| Garner
(VIII. 4) | Oh Thou hast made us Slaves to Passion's
Sway,—
Although our Master we must ne'er obey ;—
But tell me this, how can we tip the Jar,
And still not let its Contents run away? |

Du gabst uns Triebe, die uns gewaltsam treiben, Bodenstedt
Und befiehlt uns, wir sollen enthaltsam bleiben. (I. 18)
Durch diesen zwiespältigen Zustand
Kommen wir Armen zu keinem Ruhstand.
Es ist uns in unsrer Not
Als heischte Dein Gebot,
Einen vollen Weinkrug umzukehren
Und doch ihm, auszufließen, zu wehren.

Gewalt'ge Leidenschaften hat uns Gott zuerst in's Von Schack
Herz gepflanzt, (137)
Dann sagt er uns : "Ich strafe dich, wenn du sie
nicht bemeistern kannst."
Wir Armen ! Spricht ein Vater wohl: "die Schale
kehre um, mein Kind !"
Und straft sodann das Söhnchen, wenn der Inhalt
auf den Boden rinnt ?

Whinfield, 144 (1882), reads : —

*He binds us fast in nature's cogent chain,
And yet bids us our natures to restrain ;
These counter precepts how can we obey?
" Hold the jar slant, but yet the wine retain."*

See Appendix XXIII.

FitzGerald *I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must,*
 (LXII.) *Scared by some After-reckoning ta'en on trust,*
 1889 *Or lured with Hope of some Diviner Drink,*
To fill the Cup — when crumbled into Dust!

(LXIV.) *I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must,*
 1868 *Scared by some after reckoning ta'en on trust,*
Or lured with Hope of some Diviner Drink,
When the frail Cup is crumbled into Dust !

Nicolas *On prétend qu'il existe un paradis où sont des*
 (169) *houris, où coule le Kooucer, où se trouve du vin*
limpide, du miel, du sucre ; oh ! remplis vite une
coupe de vin et mets-la moi en main, car une
jouissance présente vaut mille jouissances futures !

McCarthy *Folk talk of Paradise where houris dwell, where*
 (267) *the heavenly river flows, where wine and honey*
and sugar abound ! Bah ! Fill me quick a cup of
wine and put it in my hand, for a present pleasure
is worth a thousand future joys.

Im Paradies verheisst ihr mir schwarzäugiger Von Schack
Huris Küsse, (97)
Von Wein und Honig, sagt ihr, sei dort voll das
Bett der Flüsse
Schnell her das Glas! Mehr wert ist mir ein
jetziger Genuss,
Als eine ganze Million zukünftiger Genüsse.

The Kooucer or Kausar is Muhammad's River of Paradise,
the water of which is sweeter than honey, whiter than milk.
It is mentioned in Whinfield, 459.

*Behold, where'er we turn our ravished eyes,
Sweet verdure springs, and crystal Kausars rise;
And plains, once bare as hell, now smile as heaven:
Enjoy this heaven with maids of Paradise!*

See Rubá'iy XIII and Appendix XXIV.

FitzGerald *Oh threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!*
 (LXIII.) *One thing at least is certain — This Life flies;*
 1889 *One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;*
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.

(XXVI.) Oh, come with old Khayyám, and leave the Wise
 1859 To talk ; one thing is certain, that Life flies ;
 One thing is certain, and the Rest is Lies ;
 The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.

Whinfield Long must you sleep within your silent tomb,
 (60) Apart from friends, in solitary gloom ;
 1883 Hark, while I whisper softly in your ear,
 “Never again may withered tulips bloom.”

107 Drink wine ! long must you sleep within the tomb,
 Without a friend, or wife to cheer your gloom ;
 Hear what I say, and tell it not again,
 “Never again can withered tulips bloom.”

* 11 Drink ! for thou soon shalt sleep within the tomb,
 Nor friend nor foe shall break the eternal gloom.
 Beware ! and tell to none this secret dark, —
 The faded rose may never hope to bloom.

Gestatte den Tagen noch den Nächten auf Erden, Von Behack
Dich zu betrüben! Was immer du treibst und (3:5)
thust,
Bedenke, dass stets von Neuem geboren sie werden,
Indessen auf ewig du dort unten ruhst!

The last line of Rubáiy LXVI in the second edition of FitzGerald reads:—

The Flower that once is blown for ever dies.

Otherwise it is the same as that numbered LXIII in subsequent editions. The edition of 1868 contained a quatrain numbered XXXIII, and afterwards omitted, in which the last line is identical with the above:—

*Another Voice, when I am sleeping, cries,
“The Flower should open with the Morning skies,”
And a retreating Whisper, as I wake—
“The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.”*

See Rubáiy VII, p. 14, and Appendix XXV.

FitzGerald

(LXIV.)

1889

*Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too.*

Nicolas

(217)

*De tous ceux qui ont pris le long chemin, quel
est celui qui en est revenu pour que je lui en
demande des nouvelles ? Ô ami ! garde-toi de
rien laisser en vue d'un espoir quelconque dans ce
mesquin sé rail, car, sache-le, tu n'y reviendras pas.*

McCarthy

(160)

*Of all who have set out upon the long journey,
who has come back, that I may ask him tidings?
My friends, take heed to let naught go by in the
hope of hopes for, be sure, you will not come back
again.*

Whinfield

(258)

*Who e'er returned of all that went before,
To tell of that long road they travel o'er ?*

*Leave naught undone of what you have to do,
For when you go, you will return no more.*

Garner

(II. 7)

*Of Those who have the " Long Road " travelled
o'er,*

*Not One will bring Thee News of it, before
Thou too shalt go, and heed Thee that Thou
leavest
Without Regret, Thou shalt return no more.*

Much have I wandered over vale and plain,
Through many climes, in joy, in grief and pain,
Yet never heard men say "The traveller
Who passed this way has now returned again."

•(19)

Weß hat je, der den langen Weg gemacht Bodanstedt
In's Jenseits, Kunde davon heimgebracht? (IV. 14)
Verlass Dich, Freund, hier auf kein Hoffnungs-
glück,
Denn, wenn Du scheidest, kommst Du nicht
zurück.

The last two lines of Whinfield, 141 (1882), read:—

*Set not your heart on earth, you too must go
And, when you go, you will return no more.*

See Appendix XXVI.

- FitzGerald** *I sent my Soul through the Invisible,*
 (LXVI.) *Some letter of that After-life to spell :*
 1889 *And by and by my Soul return'd to me,*
And answer'd "I Myself am Heav'n and Hell;"
- (LXXI.) I sent my Soul through the Invisible
 1868 Some letter of that After-life to spell :
 And after many days my Soul return'd
 And said, 'Behold, Myself am Heav'n and Hell.'
- Whinfield** Pen, tablet, heaven and hell I looked to see
 (1:14) Above the skies, from all eternity ;
 (68, 1889) At last the master sage instructed me,
 "Pen, tablet, heaven and hell are all in thee."
- * (15) Through the unknown life's first dark day my soul
 Did seek the tablet and the pen, and Paradise
 and Hell.
 Then read the teacher from his mystic scroll :
 Tablet and pen are in thy hand, and so are
 Heaven and Hell.

Ein jegliches Herz, das die Liebe verklärt,
Gleichviel welcher Glaube die Andacht nährt,
Hat die Leuchte zum Ziel alles Höchsten gefunden,
Hat Himmel und Hölle in sich überwunden.

Bodenstedt
(I. 31)

Erkunden wollt' ich, wo der Garten Eden
Und wo die Hölle sei, der Marterort;
Da hört' ich meinen Meister also reden:
"In dir sind beide; such sie dort!"

Von Schack
(335)

Compare the "Bird Parliament," FitzGerald's version : It
is the *symurgh*, or "Thirty Birds," speaking from the Centre
of the Glory :—

*All you have been, and seen and done, and thought,
Not you but I, have seen and been and wrought ;
I was the Sin that from Myself rebell'd :
I the Remorse that tow'r'd Myself compell'd*
* * * * *
*Sin and Contrition — Retribution owed,
And cancell'd — Pilgrim, Pilgrimage and Road,
Was but Myself toward Myself: and Your
Arrival but Myself at my own Door.*

FitzGerald

(LXVII.)

1889

*Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire
 Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerg'd from, shall so soon expire.*

Nicolas

(90)

L'univers n'est qu'un point de notre pauvre existence. Le Djéhoun (Oxus) n'est qu'une faible trace de nos larmes mêlées de sang; l'enfer n'est qu'une étincelle des peines inutiles que nous nous donnons. Le paradis ne consiste qu'en un instant de repos dont nous jouissons quelque-fois ici-bas.

McCarthy

(98)

This world is but a hair's breadth in our wretched life. The soul but the faint trace of our blended tears and blood. Hell is but a shadow of the vain toils we take upon ourselves. Paradise is but the moment's rest we sometimes taste here.

Whinfield

(99)

Skies like a zone our weary lives enclose,
And from our tear-stained eyes a Jihun flows;
Hell is a fire enkindled of our griefs;
Heaven but a moment's peace, stolen from our woes.

Garner

(VIII. 19)

This Universe is but a Mantle worn,
The Jehun from our flooding Tears is born,
 And Hell a fire ignited by our Griefs,
And Heaven a respite from our Life forlorn.

Nur als Gürtel schlingt das Weltall sich um unser Bodenstadt
dürftig Sein,
Eine Spur nur ist die Oxus unsrer blutigen (III. 10)
Thränenpein.
Nur ein Funke ist die Hölle selbsterzeugten
Qualgeschicks,
Und der Himmel nur der Segen eines ruhigen
Augenblicks.

Das Schicksal ist ein fester Gurt, der unser armes Von Schack
Sein umschliesst,
Mehr blut'ge Thränen weinen wir, als Wasser in (269)
dem Oxus fliesst;
Die Hölle ist ein Funken nur der Qual, in der das
Herz uns brennt,
Das Paradies nur ein Moment der Ruhe, der uns
wird gegönnt.

The second line in Fitzgerald's second edition (LXXII,
1868) reads :—

And Hell the Shadow of a Soul on fire.

Whinfield, 41 (1882), reads :—

*Time is one point in our long weary years
T'ihun a drop beside our flood of tears,
Hell but a fire enkindled of our griefs,
And heaven a moment's peace stolen from our fears.*

So the Gulshan-i-Raz :—

*Thou art in slumber wrapped, and all thou seest
Is but a vision in His image formed,
When on the last dread day thou shalt awake
Then thou shalt know that this was but a dream.*

The chorus mourning for the woes of Prometheus sing :—
δακρυστακτον δι' θεσσων δαδινων δ' ειβομένα φέος παρείλην
νοτοῖος ἔτρεγκα παγάις.

Shedding from tender eyes, a trickling river of tears, I wet
my cheek with fountains of rain (Prom. Des. 399).

- FitzGerald** *We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with the Sun-illumin'd Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show;*
- (LXVIII.) 1889
- (XLVI.)** *For in and out, above, about, below,
'Tis nothing but a Magic Shadow-show,
Play'd in a Box whose Candle is the Sun,
Round which we Phantom Figures come and go.¹⁹*
- (LXXXIII.) 1888
- Nicolas** *Cette voûte des cieux, sous laquelle nous
(367) sommes la proie du vertige, nous pouvons, par la
pensée, l'assimiler à une lanterne. L'univers est
cette lanterne. Le soleil y représente le foyer de
la lumière, et nous, semblables à ces images (dont
la lanterne est ornée), nous y demeurons dans la
stupéfaction.*
- McCarthy** *This vault of heaven under which we move in a
(230) vain shadow, may be likened unto a lantern; the
sun is the focus, and we, like the figures, live there
in amazement.*
- M. K.** *This vault of Heaven at which we gaze astounded,
May by a painted lantern be expounded:
The light's the Sun, the lantern is the World,
And We the figures whirling dazed around it!*

This wheel of heaven, which makes us all afraid, Whinfield
I liken to a lamp's revolving shade, (310)

The sun the candlestick, the earth the shade,
And men the trembling forms thereon portrayed.

A Turning Magic Lantern show this World, Garner
Around the Sun as Candle swiftly whirled, (IX. 4)

While mortals are but Phantom Figures traced
Upon the Shade, forever Onward hurried.

Dieses Weltall, mit dem wir uns schwindelnd Bodenstedt
drehen, (X. 39)

Ist wie eine Laterne anzusehen,
Drin die Sonne als Licht brennt, in bunten Reigen,
Uns Trugbilder — unseresgleichen — zu zeigen.

Für eine magische Laterne ist diese ganze Welt von Schack
zu halten, (1)

In welcher wir voll Schwindel leben;
Die Sonne hängt darin als Lampe; die Bilder aber
und Gestalten
Sind wir, die d'ran vorüberschweben.

Nous devons considérer comme une lanterne Garein de
magique ce monde mobile où nous vivons dans Taasy
l'étourdissement. Le soleil en est la lampe, et le 1857
monde la lanterne où nous passons comme les
figures qu'on y montre.

The first line of Whinfield, 165 (1882), reads : —
These circling heavens, which make us so dismayed.
See Appendix XXVII.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--|
| FitzGerald
(LXIX.)
1889 | <i>But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days;
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.</i> |
| (XLIX.)
1899 | 'Tis all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays:
Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays. |
| Nicolas
(231) | Nous ne sommes ici-bas que des poupées dont
la roue des cieux s'amuse, ceci est une vérité et
non un métaphore. Nous sommes, en effet, des
jouets sur ce damier des êtres, que nous quittons
enfin pour entrer un à un dans le cercueil du néant. |
| McCarthy
(61) | Here, below, we are naught but puppets for the
diversion of the wheel of the heavens. This is
indeed a truth, and no simile. We truly are but
pieces on this chessboard of humanity, which in
the end we leave, only to enter, one by one, into the
grave of Nothingness. |
| M. K. | But puppets are we in Fate's puppet-show—
No figure of speech is this, but in truth 't is so!
On the draughtboard of Life we are shuffled to
and fro,
Then one by one to the box of Nothing go! |
| Whinfield
(270) | We are but chessmen, destined, it is plain,
That great chess player, Heaven, to entertain;
It moves us on life's chess-board to and fro,
And then in death's box shuts [us] up again. |

We all are Puppets of the Sky, we run
As wills the Player till the Game is done,
And when The Player wearsies of the Sport,
He throws us into Darkness One by One.

Wir sind hier nichts als ein Spielzeug des Himmels **Bodenstedt**
und der Natur;
Dies ist als Wahrheit gemeint, nicht metaphorisch
nur.
Wir gehn, wie die Steine im Bretspiel, durch vieler
Spieler Hände,
Und werden bei Seite geworfen in's Nichts, wenn
das Spiel zu Ende.

Nur Puppen, mit denen das Schicksal spielt, sind Von Schack
hier auf Erden wir, (144)
Erkennen muss ein Jeder das, der klareren
Gesichts;
Figuren auf dem Schachbrett gleich geschoben
werden wir,
Dann nimmt man uns hinweg und legt uns in den
Sarg des Nichts.

See Appendix, XXVIII.
The first line of Fitzgerald, LXXIV (second edition, 1868),
reads:—

*We are but chessmen, who to move are fain,
Just as the great Chessplayer doth ordain.*

- FitzGerald** *The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,*
 (LXX.) *But Here or There as strikes the Player goes;*
 1859 *And He that toss'd you down into the Field,*
 He knows about it all — HE knows — HE knows!
- (L.) The Ball no Question makes of Ayes and Noes,
 1859 But Right or Left as strikes the Player goes;
 And He that toss'd Thee down into the Field,
 *He knows about it all — HE knows — HE knows!*²⁰
- Whinfield** Man, like a ball, hither and thither goes,
 (401) As fate's resistless bat directs the blows
 But He, who gives thee up to this rude sport
 He knows what drives thee, yea, He knows, He
 knows.
- Garner** Oh thou who art driven like a ball, by the bat of
 (MS., 1895) Fate, go to the right or left — drink wine and say
 nothing, for that One who flung thee into the *rush*
 and *search* (mélée) he knows, he knows, he knows,
 he —.

O du ! vom Loos getrieben wie von Schlägel Ballen,
Der du in Lust des Wein's und der Huris gefallen,
Du bist gefallen auf des Ewigen Geheiss ;
Er ist es, der es weiss, der's weiss, der's weiss, der's
weiss.

Von
Hammer-
Purgstall
1818

The second line in the second edition of Fitzgerald (LXXV, 1868) has no commas.

He says in his note (22): "A very mysterious Line in the Original :—

O dñnad O dñnad O dñnad O —

breaking off something like our Wood-pigeon's Note, which she is said to take up just where she left off."

In the note (20) of the 1859 edition the mysterious line is :—

U dñnad U dñnad U dñnad U —

Whinfield, 204 (1882), reads :—

*Blame not this ball, impelled by bat's hard blows,
That now to right and now to left it goes ;*

*That One who wields the bat and smites the strokes
He knows what drives thee, yea He knows, He knows.*

FitzGerald *The Moving Finger writes ; and, having writ,*
 (LXXI.) *Moves on : nor all your Piety nor Wit*
 Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
 Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

(LI.) *The Moving Finger writes ; and, having writ,*
 1859 *Moves on : nor all thy Piety nor Wit*
 Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
 Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.

Nicolas Ô mon cœur ! puisque le fond même des choses
 (216) de ce monde n'est qu'une fiction, pourquoi t'aventurer ainsi dans un gouffre infini des chagrins ?
 Confie-toi au destin, supporte le mal, car ce que le pinceau a tracé ne sera pas effacé pour toi.

McCarthy O heart, my heart, since the very basis of all this
 (159) world's gear is but a fable, why do you adventure
 in such an infinite abyss of sorrows ? Trust thyself to Fate, uphold the evil, for what the pencil
 has traced will not be effaced for you.

M. X. Since life has, love ! no true reality,
 Why let its coil of cares a trouble be ?
 Yield thee to Fate, whatever of pain it bring :
 The Pen will never unwrite its writ for thee !

Whinfield O heart ! this world is but a fleeting show,
 (257) Why should its empty griefs distress thee so ?
 Bow down, and bear thy fate, the eternal pen
 Will not unwrite its roll for thee, I trow !

Yes, since whate'er the Pen of Fate has traced Garner
For Tears of Man will never be erased, (IV. 4)

Support thy Ills, do not bemoan thy Lot,
Let all of Fate's Decrees be bravely faced.

O Herz, da die Welt nichts als Schatten und Schein, Bodenstedt
Warum quälst Du Dich ab in unendlicher Pein? (V. 17)
Mit ruhigem Sinn geh' dem Shicksal entgegen,
Und glaub nicht, es ändre sich Deinetwegen!

O mein Herz! da dieses ganze Weltall Lug nur Von Schack
ist und Trug, (191)
Was dich nur so viel mit Kummer plagst du? Sei's
damit genug!
Unterwirf dich dem Geschicke! Denn, wie schwer
du auch bedrängt,
Deinethalb verändern wird es nichts von dem, was
dir verhängt.

In the second (1868) edition of Fitzgerald the above quatrain was followed by one numbered LXXVII and omitted in subsequent editions. Its prototype is not known:—

*For let Philosopher and Doctor preach
Of what they will, and what they will not — each
Is but one Link in an eternal Chain,
That none can slip, nor break, nor over-reach.*

In Whinfield, 140 (1882), line 2 begins:—

Why let its empty griefs

and line 3 begins:—

Bear up and face thy fate;

See Appendix XXIX.

—
—
—

Comment - the all water lives on and in the Sky,
water - a water person not a tree and an animal
the - the water is the water - just it
the water water is the water

in the system. Give me all the fact
information you can. We have to decide
what we are going to do with it.
I am however, in a bind.

Antoine Il n'est pas à la force des bras que le bien et
il n'est pas à la force des bras que l'heureuse trouve les joies
et l'heure de délivrance de l'âme devant le destin;
elle n'est pas à la force des bras que l'heureuse
trouve la force à vivre à l'heure heureuse.

Reflecting *reflect us to the world to deliver the woe and
the world set us astray in vain, the thousand
days and thousand nights which Fate awards us,
for this world of foul things more helpless
than dust along the highway of the heavenly
love.*

Wanted The great and -i will man's more bent,
as The weak and wise the reverse's decrees have
seen.—
I implore them not in mockery of the sides.—
Sides that offend us times more important.

Ah do not think the Skies our Souls enthrall,Garner
The Griefs, the Joys that to us Mortals fall,(X. 11)
Come not from Thence, nor are they known to
Fate,
Heaven is far more helpless than us all.

Glaubt nicht, dass Alles vom Himmel bestimmt,Bodenstedt
Was Gutes und Böses im Menschen glimmt,(V. 8)
Was das Herz betrübt und das Herz erhellt,
Je nachdem es dem launischen Schicksal gefällt.
Das Himmelsrad kreist ohne Ruh
Und ist weit schlimmer daran als Du
Im Wirrsal und Getriebe
Auf der Bahn der ewigen Liebe.

Klag nicht den Himmel dafür an, dass QualVon Schack
Und Lust und Weh der Liebe dich durchtoben,(83)
Denn so verliebt wie du, nur tausendmal
Hülfloser, taumelt er dahin dort oben.

The first line in FitzGerald's second edition (1868) and in
the first draught of Edition III is the same as in the first
edition. The last line in Editions II and III reads:—

As impotently rolls as you or I.

Whinfield, 45 (1882), reads (line 1): *thy nature blend.*
See Appendix XXX.

- FitzGerald** *With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man knead,*
 (LXXIII.)
 1859 *And there of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed:
 And the first Morning of Creation wrote
 What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.*
- (LIII.)
 1859 *With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man's
 knead,
 *
 And then of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed:
 Yea, the first Morning of Creation wrote
 What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.*
- Nicolas** Les choses existantes étaient déjà marquées
 (31) sur la tablette de la création. Le pinceau (de l'univers) est sans cesse absent du bien et du mal. Dieu a imprimé au destin ce qui devait y être imprimé ; les efforts que nous faisons s'en vont donc en pure perte.
- McCarthy** All things that be were long since marked upon
 (36) the tablet of creation. Heaven's pencil has naught to do with good or evil. God set on Fate its necessary seal; and all our efforts are but a vain striving.
- Whinfield** 'T was writ at first, whatever was to be,
 (35) By pen, unheeding human misery,
 Yea, writ upon the tablet once for all,
 To murmur or resist is vanity.

Urewig vorgezeichnet ist der Dinge Kern; Bodenstedt
Der Griffel bleibt dem Guten wie dem Bösen fern ; (V. 1)
Was Gott als Schicksal vorbestimmt, muss sich
vollenden,
Mag, wie er will, der eitle Mensch sich drehn und
wenden.

Whinfield, 20 (1882), reads : —

*The "tablet" all our fortunes doth contain,
Writ by the "pen" that heeds not bliss nor bane;
'T was writ at first whatever was to be,
To grieve or strive is labour all in vain.*

FitzGerald YESTERDAY This Day's Madness did prepare;
 (LXXIV.) TO-MORROW'S Silence, Triumph, or Despair:
 (1889) *Drink ! for you know not whence you came, nor
 why :
 Drink ! for you know not why you go, nor where.*

Nicolas Sois sur tes gardes, ami, car tu seras séparé de
 (85) ton âme : tu iras derrière le rideau des secrets de
 Dieu. Bois du vin, car tu ne sais pas d'où tu es
 venu ; sois dans l'allégresse, car tu ne sais pas où
 tu iras.

McCarthy Be on your guard, my friend, for you will be
 (1880) sundered from your soul, you will pass behind the
 curtain of the secrets of heaven. Drink wine, for
 you know not whence you come. Be merry, for
 you know not where you go.

Whinfield Make haste ! soon must you quit this life below,
 (87) And pass the veil, and Allah's secrets know ;
 Make haste to take your pleasure while you may,
 You wot not whence you come, nor whither go.

Garner Ah Brother, but a little while, and Thou shalt find
 (VIII. 7) Thy Lasting Home the 'Secret Veil' behind ; —
 Rejoice Thy Heart and banish Grief, for
 know, —
 Thy source, Thy Goal, has never been defined.

Hab' Acht ! Deine Seele wird Dir entschweben Bodenstedt
Und der Schleier der Ewigkeit sich vor Dir heben. (IX. 6a)
Trink Wein, denn Du weisst nicht und kannst nicht verstehen,
Woher Du gekommen, wohin Du wirst gehen.

Einst am Ende wird vom Leibe dir der Tod die Seele trennen, Von Schack
(207)
Das Geheimnis hinter Gottes Vorhang wirst du dann erkennen ;
Doch bis dahin zeche tapfer, denn, wie viel du immer spähst,
Nicht ergründest du, woher kommst und nicht, wohin du gehst.

Whinfield, 40 (1882), reads : —

*O soul, so soon to leave this coil below,
And pass the dread mysterious curtain through,
Be of good cheer, and joy you while you may,
You wot not whence you come, nor whither go.*

FitzGerald *I tell you this — When, started from the Goal,*
 (LXXV.) *Over the flaming shoulders of the Foal*
 1889 *Of Heav'n Parwin and Mushtarl they flung,*
In my predestined Plot of Dust and Soul

(LXXVI.) *The Vine had struck a fibre : which about*
 1889 *If clings my Being — let the Dervish flout ;*
Of my Base metal may be filed a Key,
That shall unlock the Door he howls without.

Nicolas Le jour où ce coursier céleste d'étoiles d'or fut
 (110) sellé, où la planète de Jupiter et les Pléiades furent
 créées, dès ce jour le divan du destin fixa notre sort.
 En quoi sommes-nous coupables, puisque telle est
 la part qu'on nous a faite ?

McCarthy The day when the celestial steed of golden stars
 (219) was saddled, when the proud planets and the con-
 stellations were created — from that same day the
 Divan of Fate decreed our lot. How then can we
 be held accountable since ours is the position that
 has been made for us ?

Whinfield When Allah yoked the coursers of the sun,
 (140) And launched the Pleiades their race to run,
 (77, 1889) My lot was fixed in fate's high chancery ;
 Then why blame me for wrong that fate has done ?

Seit das Himmelsross läuft auf goldenen Pfaden, Bodenstedt
Seit Jupiter leuchtet zusammt den Plejaden, (V. 11)

War unser Schicksal beschlossen im Himmelsrat,—
Ist's unsre Schuld, wenn wir es machen zur That?

Am Tag, als das rollende Rad des Himmels zu Von Schack
kreisen begann, (264)

Als Jupiter seinen Lauf in den himmlischen Gleisen
begann,

Ward schon mein Wesen und Thun vom Schicksal
festgestellt;

Was spricht man von Strafe mir denn in einer
anderen Welt?

FitzGerald's note (23) is: "Parwin and Mushtari — The Pleiads and Jupiter." For his 1859 version and further possibilities of source, see p. 148. See also Appendix XXXI.

- FitzGerald** *I tell Thee this— When, starting from the Goal,*
 (LIV.) *Over the shoulders of the flaming Foal*
 1899 *Of Heav'n Parwin and Mushtara they flung,¹¹*
In my predestin'd Plot of Dust and Soul
- (LV.) *The Vine had struck a Fibre; which about*
 1899 *If clings my Being — let the Sufi flout;*
Of my Base Metal may be filed a Key,
That shall unlock the Door he howls without.
- Nicolas** Oui, je bois du vin, et quiconque comme moi est
 (182) clairvoyant trouvera que cet acte est insignifiant
 aux yeux de la Divinité. De toute éternité Dieu
 a su que je boirais du vin. Si je n'en buvais pas,
 sa prescience serait pure ignorance.
- McCarthy** Yea, drink wine, for by him who is far-seeing as
 (6) I am, it will be found that in the eyes of the Deity
 the act is of small account. God from all time
 has foreseen that I should drink wine. If I drank
 not this fore-knowledge would become ignorance,
 or I should not fulfil his fore-knowledge.
- Whinfield** True I drink wine, like every man of sense,
 (197) For I know Allah will not take offence;
 (107, 188a) Before time was, He knew that I should drink,
 And who am I to thwart His prescience?

From all Eternity 't was known to One Garner
The Sovereign Wine Cup I would never shun, (IV. 1)
And if I failed to drink this Purple Juice,—
God's boasted Prescience would be undone.

Ich trinke Wein und jeder trinket der gescheit,
Verzeihung ist dafür mir bey dem Herrn bereit. Von
Von ewig wusste Gott, ich würde trinken Wein,
Drum wenn ich ihn nicht tränk, Gott müsst' un- Hammer-
wissend seyn. Purgstall

Ja, ich trinke gern Wein, und wer klaren Gesichts Bodenstedt
ist (VII. a)
Wie ich, der weiss, dass vor Gott dies Nichts ist.
Von ewig her kennt Gott meine Liebe zum Wein,
Soll ich nun nüchtern des Irrtums zeihn?

Ja, ich trinke Wein und Jeder, der Verstand hat, Von Schack
weiss : mein Zechen (287)
Wird mir nicht in Gottes Augen angerechnet als
Verbrechen.
Schon von Ewigkeit her wusste Gott, dass Wein
ich trinken würde,
Tränk' ich also nicht, so würd' es seiner Weisheit
widersprechen.

See pp. 146, 147, and Appendix XXXI.

FitzGerald *And this I know: whether the one True Light*
(LXXVII.) *Kindle to Love, or Wrath-consume me quite,*
1889 *One flash of It within the Tavern caught*
 Better than in the Temple lost outright.

(LVI.) And this I know: whether the one True Light,
1899 Kindle to Love, or Wrathconsume me quite,
 One Glimpse of It within the Tavern caught
 Better than in the Temple lost outright.

Nicolas J'aime mieux être avec toi dans la taverne, et te
(222) dire là mes secrètes pensées, que d'aller sans toi
 faire la prière au méhrab. Oui, ô Créateur de tout
 ce qui fut et de tout ce qui est ! telle est ma foi,
 soit que tu me fasses brûler, soit que tu m'accordes
 tes faveurs.

McCarthy I would rather in the tavern with thee pour out
(87) all the thoughts of my heart, than without thee go
 and make my prayer unto heaven. This, truly, O
 Creator of all things present and to come, is my
 religion ; whether thou castest me into the flames,
 or makest me glad with the light of thy countenance.

Whinfield In taverns better far commune with Thee,
(369) Than pray in mosques, and fail Thy face to see !
 O first and last of all Thy creatures Thou ;
 'T is Thine to burn, and Thine to cherish me !

Ich mag lieber mit Dir sein in der Schenke,
Um Dir Alles zu sagen, was ich denke,
Als ohne Dich vor die Kanzel treten,
In gedankenlosen Worten zu beten.

Ja, Du Schöpfer aller Dinge
Im kreisenden Weltenringe,
So will ich leben und sterben,
Zum Segen oder Verderben !

Bodenstedt

(l. 17)

Weit lieber mit einer Schönen mag ich im Wein- Von Schack
haus plaudern, (17)
Als ohne sie in den Moscheen beten ;
Ja, Gott, ich wage sonder zagen und zaudern
Mit diesem Glaubensbekenntnis vor dich zu
treten.

In the second edition of FitzGerald there is a comma after
Light.

Whinfield, 142 (1882), reads :—

*In taverns oft Thy presence I discern,
When dwellers in the Mosque Thy absence mourn ;
O Thou, the first, the last, the all in all,
'T is Thine to save or, an Thou list, to burn !*

See Appendix XXXII.

FitzGerald *What ! out of senseless Nothing to provoke
 (LXXVIII.) A conscious Something to resent the yoke
 1889 Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain
 Of Everlasting Penalties, if broke !*

Nicolas Lorsque Dieu a confectionné la boue de mon
 (99) corps, il savait quel serait le résultat de mes actes.
 Ce n'est pas sans ses ordres que je commets les
 péchés dont je suis coupable ; dans ce cas, pour-
 quoi au jour dernier brûler dans l'enfer ?

McCarthy When God built up my body out of clay, he
 (112) knew beforehand the fruit of all my deeds. It is
 not in defiance of his will that I a sinner have
 sinned. Why then for me does nether hell await ?

M. K. When the Supreme my body made of clay,
 He well foreknew the part that I should play :
 Not without His ordainment have I sinned !
 Why would He then I burn at Judgment-day ?

Whinfield When Allah mixed my clay, He knew full well
 (100) My future acts, and could each one foretell ;
 Without His will no act of mine was wrought ;
 Is it then just to punish me in hell ?

'T was Allah who engraved upon my Clay
The Laws I was thereafter to obey,
And will He cast me into Raging Fire,
Because my Actions answer to His Sway?

Garner

(IV. 5)

Als mich Gott geknetet aus Thon, auf Erden zu Bodenstedt
wandeln,
Kannt' er genau vorher mein Streben und Handeln.
Da ich so sündhaft nur, wie Gott es wollte, geraten,
Warum am jüngsten Tag noch in der Hölle mich
braten?

(V. 10)

Als meinen Körper Gott aus Lehm erschaffen hat, Von Schack
Musst' im Voraus er schon mein Thun und (213)
Handeln kennen;
Es war auf sein Geheiss, wenn ich was Böses that;
Und sollt' ich nun dafür noch in der Hölle
brennen?

The last two lines of Whinfield, 46 (1883), read:—

'Twas he who did my sins predestinate,
Yet thinks it just to punish me in hell.

See Appendix XXXIII.

FitzGerald *What ! from his helpless Creature be repaid
(LXXXIX.) Pure Gold for what he lent him dross-allay'd —
1889 Sue for a Debt he never did contract,
And cannot answer — Oh the sorry trade !*

(LXXXV.) *What ! from his helpless Creature be repaid
1888 Pure Gold for what he lent us dross-allay'd.
Sue for a Debt we never did contract
And cannot answer — Oh the sorry trade !*

Nicolas *Je suis un esclave révolté : où est ta volonté ?
(91) J'ai le cœur noir de péchés : où est ta lumière, où
est ton contrôle ? Si tu n'accordes le paradis qu'à
notre obéissance (à tes lois), c'est une dette dont
tu t'acquittes, et dans ce cas que deviennent ta
bienveillance et ta miséricorde ?*

McCarthy *I am a rebellious slave : where is thy will ? My
(189) heart is defiled with sins : where is thy light ?
Where is thy control ? If thou wilt only bestow
paradise on those who obey thy laws it is a debt
which thou payest, and where then is thy mercy ?*

Whinfield *If men rebel, what of omnipotence ?
(42) And if they wander, what of providence ?
1888 If heaven be earned by works, as wages due,
What room for mercy and benevolence ?*

Ich bin ein Sclav', der die Kette bricht —
 Wo ist Dein Wille? er hemmt mich nicht.
 Mein Herz ist schwarzer Sünden voll —
 Wo ist Dein Licht, das mir leuchten soll?
 Kommt nur der Fromme in's Himmelreich,
 So kommt der Lohn dem Verdienste gleich —
 Wo aber bleibt bei unsrer Schuld
 Dann Dein Erbarmen, Deine Huld?

Bodenstedt
 (l. 14)

Ich bin ein Sklave, der sich empört; wie reimt Von Schack.
 sich das mit deiner Macht?
 Bist du das Licht, was lässt du mich verkommen
 in der Sündennacht?
 Und, werden zum Paradies allein die Frommen
 zugelassen,
 Wo bleibt da deine Barmherzigkeit? Das kann
 mein Geist nicht fassen.

(188)

In FitzGerald's second edition (1868) the above quatrain was followed by one numbered LXXXVI, afterwards expunged: — See Rubaiyat illustrative of LXXXVIII (p. 170, 1), and Appendix XXXVIII.

*Nay, but, for terror of his wrathful Face
 I swear I will not call Injustice Grace;
 Not one Good Fellow of the Tavern but
 Would kick so poor a Coward from the place.*

Whinfield, 93 (1883), reads: —

*I drown in sin — show me Thy clemency!
 My soul is dark — make me Thy light to see!
 A heaven that must be earned by painful works,
 I call a wage, not a gift fair and free.*

FitzGerald *Oh Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin
(LXXX.) Beset the Road I was to wander in,
1859 Thou wilt not with Predestined Evil round
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin !*

(LVII.) Oh, Thou, who didst with Pitfall and with Gin
1859 Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestination round
Enmesh me, and impute my Fall to Sin ?

Nicolas (D'un côté) tu as dressé deux cent embûches
(190) autour de nous ; (d'un autre côté) tu nous dis :
“ Si vous y mettez le pied vous serez frappés de mort.” C'est toi qui tends les pièges, et quiconque
y tombe, tu l'interdis ! tu lui donnes la mort, tu
l'appelles rebelle !

McCarthy Thou settest snares around us manifold, and
(196) sayest, “ Death to ye, if ye enter therein.” Thou
layest the lures thyself, and then givest over thy
victim to doom.

Whinfield With many a snare Thou dost beset my way,
(432) And threatenest, if I fall therein, to slay ;
Thy rule resistless sways the world, yet Thou
Imputest sin, when I do but obey.

Thou hast prepared a Way with many a Snare, Garner
And set with many a Prize to lure us there, (II. 3)

And still, Oh God, 't is said, Thou wilt not spare,
The Man whose Foot-steps stumble unaware.

Von allen Seiten hast Du uns mit Schlingen bedroht Bodenstedt
Und sprichst: wer hineinfällt, den trifft der Tod. (II. 22)
Du suchst selbst uns verlockende Fallen zu stellen
Und strafst dann, wen sie verlockt, als Rebellen.

Auf der einen Seite hundert Fallen hast du Von Schack
aufgestellt, (I. 68)

Auf der andern drohst mit Tod du Jedem, der in
eine fällt.

Sprich, da du die Schlingen legtest, denen schwer
der Mensch entgeht,
Ziemt es dir, ihn zu bestrafen, wenn er just hinein-
gerät?

In the second edition of FitzGerald (LXXXVII, 1868), the
third line has *predestin'd* and the last line ends with a question-
mark.

Whinfield, 224 (1882), reads:—

*Thou dost with frequent snare beset the way
The pilgrim's wandering footsteps to betray,
And all poor wretches tangled in thy snares
Dost seize as prisoners and as rebels slay.*

See Appendix XXXIII.

- FitzGerald** *Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,*
 (LXXXI.) *And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake :*
 1889 *For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man*
Is blacken'd — Man's forgiveness give — and take !
- (LVIII.) Oh, Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
 1899 And who with Eden didst devise the Snake ;
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd, Man's Forgiveness give — and take !
- (LXXXVIII.) Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make
 1868 And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake :
For all the Sin the Face of wretched Man
Is black with — Man's Forgiveness give — and
take !
- Nicolas** O toi, qui connais les secrets les plus cachés au
 (236) fond du cœur de chacun, toi qui relèves de ta main
 ceux qui tombent dans la détresse, donne-moi la
 force de la renonciation et agrée mes excuses, ô
 Dieu ! toi qui donnes cette force à tous, qui agrées
 les excuses de tous.
- McCarthy** O thou who knowest man's most hidden
 (49) thoughts, thou who upholdest the halt with thy
 hands, give me strength to renounce, and heed my
 pleading, O thou who art the strength of all men,
 heed my pleading.
- Whinfield** O Thou ! who know'st the secret thoughts of all,
 (276) In time of sorest need who aidest all,
 Grant me repentance, and accept my plea,
 O Thou who dost accept the pleas of all !

O Du, der aller Menschen Gedanken und Herzen Bodenstedt
geprüft,
(I. 20)
Und Jeglichen wieder erhebt, der durch Schmer-
zen geprüft;
Dass Du Erhebung auch mir, der in Sünden
gefallen, gewährst,
Fleh' ich Dich an, o Herr! wie Du sie Allen
gewährst.

Professor Cowell, Fitzgerald's Persian teacher, is quoted by Mr. William Aldis Wright as saying in regard to this quatrain :

"There is no original for the line about the snake: I have looked for it in vain in Nicolas; but I have always supposed that the last line is Fitzgerald's mistaken version of quatrain 236 in Nicolas's edition, which runs thus: —

*O thou who knowest the secrets of every one's mind,
Who graspest every one's hand in the hour of weakness,
O God, give me repentance and accept my excuses,
O thou who givest repentance and acceptest the excuses of
every one.*

Fitzgerald mistook the meaning of *giving* and *accepting* as used here, and so invented the last line out of his own mistake. I wrote to him about it when I was in Calcutta; but he never cared to alter it."

Whinfield, 152 (1882), reads : —

*O Thou who know'st the hearts of one and all,
In hours of need who aidest one and all,
Grant me repentance, and accept my plea,
Who dost accept the pleas of one and all.*

See Appendix XXXIV.

- FitzGerald** *As under cover of departing Day*
 (LXXXII.) *Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazán away,*
 Once more within the Potter's house alone
 I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay.
- (LXXXIII.) *Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small,*
 That stood along the floor and by the wall;
 And some loquacious vessels were; and some
 Listen'd perhaps, but never talk'd at all.
- (XC.) And once again there gather'd a scarce heard
 Whisper among them; as it were, the stirr'd
 Ashes of some all but extinguisht Tongue
 Which mine ears kindled into living Word.

KÚZA NÁMA.

(LIX.) LISTEN again. One Evening at the Close
 Of Ramazán, ere the better Moon arose,
 In that old Potter's Shop I stood alone
 With the clay Population round in Rows.

Nicolas Je suis entré dans l'atelier d'un potier. J'y ai vu
 (431) l'ouvrier auprès de sa roue, activement occupé à
 mouler des goulots et des anses de cruches, les
 unes formées de têtes de rois et les autres de pieds
 de mendians.

McCarthy I passed into the potter's house of clay, and saw
 (393) the craftsman busy at his wheel, turning out pots
 and jars fashioned from the heads of kings, and
 the feet of beggars.

It chanced into a potter's shop I strayed,
He turned his wheel and deftly plied his trade,
And out of monarchs' heads, and beggars' feet,
Fair heads and handles for his pitchers made!

Whinfield

(466)

I chanced a Potter at his Work to meet,
While Heads and Handles for his Vessels neat,
Upon his swiftly turning wheel he shaped; —
From Mouldering Pates of Kings and Beggars'
Feet.

Garner

(VII. 3)

Einen Töpfer hab' ich beim Werke gesehen
Den Kriügen Hälse und Henkel zu drehen;
Er nahm den Stoff zu den Thongeschöpfen
Aus Bettlerfüssen und Königsköpfen.

Bodenstedt

(X. 17)

Den Töpfer in seiner Werkstatt zu grüssen,
Heut ging ich und fand ihn bei'm Formen von
Töpfen;
Er machte die Ründung aus Bettlerfüssen,
Den Henkel aber aus Königsköpfen.

Von Schack

(49)

Kíra-Náma means "the Book of Pots." See Rubáiyát LXXXVII; see also Appendices XIV, XXXV, and XXXVII.
Whinfield, 240 (1882), begins: —

*Last night into a potter's shop I strayed,
Who turned his wheel, etc.*

FitzGerald Said one among them — “Surely not in vain
 (LXXXIV.) “My substance of the common Earth was ta'en
 1859 “And to this Figure moulded, to be broke,
 “Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again.”

(LXI.) Then said another — “Surely not in vain
 1859 “My Substance from the common Earth was ta'en,
 “That He who subtly wrought me into Shape
 “Should stamp me back to common Earth again.”

(XCI.) Said one among them — “Surely not in vain
 1868 “My Substance from the common Earth was ta'en,
 “That He who subtly wrought me into Shape
 “Should stamp me back to shapeless Earth
 again?”

Nicolas Lorsque mon âme et la tienne nous aurons
 (149) quittés, on placera une paire de briques sur ma
 tombe et la tienne. Puis, pour couvrir les tombes
 des autres avec d'autres briques, dans le moule du
 briquetier on jettera ma poussière et la tienne.

McCarthy When my soul and thine have flitted, they will
 (64) place a couple of bricks upon my grave and thine.
 Then to make bricks for other tombs they will
 send to the kiln my dust and thine.

When life has fled, and we rest in the tomb, Whinfield
They 'll place a pair of bricks to mark our tomb; (391)
And, a while after, mould our dust to bricks,
To furnish forth some other person's tomb!

Wenn Dir Deine Seele genommen wird und mir Bodenstedt
meine, (VIII. 59)
Legt man auf Dein und mein Grab ein Par Steine.
Und später, auch andere Gräber mit Steinen zu
decken,
Nimmt man unsren Staub und zermalmt gar unsre
Gebeine.

Bald, beraubt des Lebenshauches werden wir dort Von Schack
unten ruh'n, (6)
Bald mit Ziegeln decken wird man dein Grab und
das meine nun ;
Dann, um and'rer Menschen Gräber auch mit
Ziegeln zu bedecken,
In den Ziegelofen wird man deinen Staub und
meinen thun.

See Appendix XXXVI.

FitzGerald Then said a Second — “Ne’er a peevish Boy
 (LXXXV.) “Would break the Bowl from which he drank in
 1889 joy;
 “And He that with his hand the Vessel made
 “Will surely not in after Wrath destroy.”

(LXII.) Another said — ‘Why, ne’er a peevish Boy,
 1859 “Would break the Bowl from which he drank in
 Joy;
 “Shall He that made the Vessel in pure Love
 “And Fansy, in an after Rage destroy !’

(XCII.) Another said, “Why, ne’er a peevish Boy
 1868 “Would break the Cup from which he drank in
 Joy;
 “Shall He that of his own free Fancy made
 “The Vessel, in an after-rage destroy !”

Nicolas Qui croira jamais que celui qui a confectionné la
 (38) coupe puisse songer à la détruire ? Toutes ces
 belles têtes, tous ces beaux bras, toutes ces mains
 charmantes, par quel amour ont-ils été créés, et
 par quelle haine sont-ils détruits ?

McCarthy Who can believe that he who made the cup
 (100) would dream of destroying it ? All those fair
 faces, all those lovely limbs, all those enchanting
 bodies, what love has made them, and what hate
 destroys them ?

Behold these cups ! Can He who deigned to make Whinfield
them, (42)
In wanton freak let ruin overtake them,
So many shapely feet and hands and heads,—
What love drives Him to make, what wrath to
break them ?

What man believes that He who made the Vase Garner
Will sometime shatter it in Anger base ? (VIII. 8)
The Maker of these weak misguided Men
Will surely not in Wrath His Works efface.

Wer glaubt, dass seine eigenen Geschöpfe Bodenstedt
Der Schöpfer tötet ! — Diese schöne Köpfe,
Reizvollen Händ' und Füsse : schuf bethört
Die Liebe sie dass sie der Hass zerstört ?

Lässt es denken sich ? Derselbe, der des Bechers Von Schack
Schönheit schuf, (61)
Wie, ihn wieder zu zerbrechen, sagt mir, findet er
Beruf ?
Alle diese schönen Köpfe, alle diese zarten Glieder,
Welche Liebe hat sie erschaffen ? welcher Hass
zerstört sie wieder ?

Whinfield, 22 (1882), reads : —
*Behold these cups, he takes such pains to make them,
And then enraged lets ruin overtake them ;
So many shapely feet, and heads, and hands,
What love drives him to make, what wrath to break them ?*
See Appendix XXXVI.

- | | |
|-------------------------|--|
| FitzGerald
(LXXXVI.) | <i>After a momentary silence spake
Some Vessel of a more ungainly make ;
“ They sneer at me for leaning all awry :
“ What ! did the Hand then of the Potter
shake ? ”</i> |
| 1859
(LXIII.) | <i>None answer'd this ; but after Silence spake
A Vessel of a more ungainly Make :
“ They sneer at me for leaning all awry ;
“ What ! did the Hand then of the Potter shake ? ”</i> |
| Whinfield
(126) | <i>The Master did himself these vessels frame,
Why should he cast them out to scorn and shame ?
If he has made them well, why should he break
them ?
Yea, though he marred them, <i>they</i> are not to blame.</i> |
| Nicolas
(436) | <i>C'est toi qui disposest du sort des vivants et des morts ; c'est toi qui gouvernes cette roue désordonnée des cieux. Bien que je sois mauvais, je ne suis que ton esclave, tu es mon maître ; quel est donc le coupable ici-bas ? N'es-tu pas le créateur de tout ?</i> |
| McCarthy
(344) | <i>Thou who commandest the quick and the dead,
the wheel of heaven obeys thy hand. What if I
am evil, am I not thy slave ? Which then is the
guilty one ? Art thou not lord of all ?</i> |

Who framed the lots of quick and dead but Thou? Whinfield
Who turns the troublous wheel of heaven but (471)
Thou?

Though we are sinful slaves, is it for Thee
To blame us? Who created us but Thou?

Du, Herr, bist der Lenker von Leben und Tod, Bodenstedt
Es kreist Himmel und Erde nach Deinem Gebot. (II. 6)
Wenn ich schlecht als Dein Sclav' bin, was kann
ich dazu?

Der Schöpfer und Lenker von Allem bist Du!

Du bist der Gebieter, du lenkst das Geschick der Von Schack
Lebenden und der Toten, (291)
Das rollende Rad des Himmels kreis't allein nach
deinen Geboten;
Wohl bin ich schlecht; doch schaltest du mit
mir nach deinem Gefallen?
Kann Einer schuldig auf Erden sein? Bist du
nicht der meister von Allen?

The first line in the third edition of Fitzgerald (XCIII,
1868) reads: —

None answer'd this; but after silence spake.

Whinfield, 242 (1882), reads: —

*Who framed the lots of quick and dead but Thou?
Who turns the wheel of baleful fate but Thou?
We are Thy slaves, our wills are not our own,
We are Thy creatures, our creator Thou.'*

Whinfield, 52 (1882), is as follows: —

*The potter did himself these vessels frame,
What makes him cast them out to scorn and shame?
If he has made them well, why should he break them?
And though he marred them, they are not to blame.*

- FitzGerald** *Whereat some one of the loquacious Lot —*
 (LXXXVII.) *I think a Shfi pipkin — waxing hot —*
 1859 *“ All this of Pot and Potter — Tell me then,*
“ Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot ? ”
- (LX.) And, strange to tell, among that Earthen Lot
 1859 Some could articulate, while others not :
 And suddenly one more impatient cried —
“ Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot ? ”
- (XCIV.) Thus with the Dead as with the Living, *What ?*
 1868 And *Why ?* so ready, but the *Wherefor* not,
 One on a sudden peevishly exclaim'd,
“ Which is the Potter, pray, and which the Pot ? ”
- Nicolas** Hier, j'ai visité l'atelier d'un potier ; j'y ai vu
 (243) deux milles cruches, les unes parlant, les autres
 silencieuses. Chacunes d'elles semblait me dire :
 “ Où est donc le potier ? Où est l'acheteur de
 cruches ? Où en est le vendeur ? ”
- McCarthy** Yesterday I visited the workshop of a potter :
 (115) there I beheld two thousand pots, some speaking,
 and some holding their peace. Each one seemed
 to say to me, “ Where is then the potter, where the
 buyer of pots, where the seller ? ”
- M. X.** To a potter's shop, yestreen, I did repair ;
 Two thousand dumb or chattering pots were there.
 All turned to me, and asked with speech distinct :
 “ Who is 't that makes, that buys, that sells our
 ware ? ”

Once in a potter's shop, a company Whinfield
Of cups in converse did I chance to see,
And lo ! one lifted up his voice, and cried,
" Who made, who sells, who buys this crockery ? " (283)

Last Night into a Potter's Shop I strayed,
Where Jars and Pots a many were displayed, Garner
And All cried out: where is the Potter now,
And those who bought and sold, where are they
laid? (XI. 4)

Bei einem Töpfer sah ich gestern zweitausend Bodenstedt
Krüge,(IV. 16)
Die einen stumm, die andern redend, als ob jeder
früge:
Wer hat uns geformt und wo stammen wir her?
Wer ist hier der Käufer, und der Verkäufer, wer?

Gestern in des Töpfers Werkstatt sah ich hundert Von Schack
Krüge steh'n (226)
Und mir war, durch ihre Reihen hört' ich ein
Geflüster geh'n:
"Selber war ich einst ein Töpfer. — Ich, zum
Kruge jetzt verwandelt,
Einst von dir, dem Warenhändler, hab' ich Krüge
eingehandelt."

The second and third lines of Whinfield, 156 (1882), read:—
*Of goodly cups and jars I did espy
And when they saw me one cried out and said.*

See Rubáiyát LXXXII and LXXXIII.
For FitzGerald's note (24), see Appendix XXXVII.
The note No. (22) is missing in FitzGerald LX, 1859.

FitzGerald "Why," said another, "Some there are who tell
 (LXXXVIII.) "Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell
 :889 "The luckless Pots he marr'd in making—Pish!
 "He's a Good Fellow, and 't will all be well."

(LXIV.) Said one — "Folks of a surly Tapster tell,
 :899 "And daub his Visage with the Smoke of Hell;
 "They talk of some strict Testing of us — Pish!
 "He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well."

(XCV.) Said one — "Folks of a surly Master tell,
 :868 "And daub his Visage with the Smoke of Hell;
 "They talk of some sharp Trial of us — Pish!
 "He's a good Fellow, and 'twill all be well."

Nicolas On dit qu'au jour dernier il y aura des pour-parlers, et que cet ami chéri (Dieu) se mettra en colère. Mais de la bonté même il ne peut émaner que le bien. Sois donc sans crainte, car à la fin tu le verras plein de douceur.
 (:78)

McCarthy It is said that there will be judgment at the last day, and that the beloved Friend will be enraged. But from the eternal Goodness, good alone can proceed. Fear not, therefore, for thou shalt find mercy at the last.
 (:81)

They say, when the last trump shall sound its knell, Whinfield
Our Friend will sternly judge, and doom to hell. (193)

Can aught but good from perfect goodness come?
Compose your trembling hearts, 'twill all be well.

Man sagt: von der Auferstehung geht's zum Bodenstedt
Gerichte (II. 3)

Und der Herr wird erscheinen mit zornigem
Gesichte

Doch vom Allmächtigen kann nichts kommen als
Gutes,

Darum fürchte Dich nicht, sondern sei guten
Mutes!

Mann sagt: am jüngsten Tag dereinst wird streng Von Schack
Gericht gehalten (75)

Und droben unser Freund wirft dann voll Zorn die
Stirn in Falten.

Doch kann wer gut ist Böses thun? Wie lässt
sich das verbinden?

Sei ohne Sorge nur! zuletzt wirst du ihn huldvoll
finden.

See Appendices XXXIII and XXXVIII.

1. The first two digits of the serial number are identical with those of the serial number of the instrument used to make the measurement.

1921 The first edition. This will be the
1922 1st. Ed. The first edition is now very
1923 rare. It is the 1st. Ed. in standard type.
1924 It is the 1st. Ed. in standard type.

Levante à un moment et sera tombé aux
pieds de la mort. Jusque les murs destructeur
et aux ténèbres à ses pieds se sont déparqué alors
d'abord dans le fond de sa vassière autre chose
que l'ombre des ténèbres a partout où vu qu'il
est devenu le moins à l'heure du matin.

*W*hen the fire arreved when with my head
burned bare I laid it at the feet of death when the
burning angel shall have made me like unto a
bird without feathers in them see thou that of my
flesh a vine-dragon is formed — for who can say but
that the colour of the vine may re-inform my clay?

When Fate, at her foot, a broken wreck shall fling M. K.
me,
And when Fate's hand, a poor plucked fowl shall
wring me ;
Beware, of my clay, aught else than a bowl to
make,
That the scent of the wine new life in time may
bring me !

When Death shall tread me down upon the plain, Whinfield
And pluck my feathers, and my life-blood drain, (330)
Then mould me to a cup, and fill with wine ;
Haply its scent will make me breathe again.

Sink' ich häuptlings dem Engel des Todes zu Bodenstedt
Füssen, (VII. 6)
Wie ein gerupfter Vogel mein Leben zu büssen,
So macht eine Weinflasche aus meinem Staube ;
Vielleicht belebt mich dann wieder der Geist der
Traube.

Einst werden zu Staube meine Glieder, Von Schack
Der Staub wird zu Krügen verwandelt sein ; (309)
Doch, füllt man diese Krüge mit Wein,
Aufleben werd' ich vor Freude wieder.

The first two lines of Whinfield, 175 (1882), read : —
*When death has trod to dust my lifeless brain,
And shed my lively plumage on the plain.*

See Appendix XXXIX.

FitzGerald *So while the Vessels one by one were speaking,*
 (XC.) *The little Moon look'd in that all were seeking :*
 1859 *And then they jogg'd each other, "Brother!*
 Brother!
 "Now for the Porter's shoulder-knot a-creaking!"

(LXVI.) So while the Vessels one by one were speaking,
 1859 One spied the little Crescent all were seeking :
 And then they jogg'd each other, "Brother!
 Brother!"
 "Hark to the Porter's Shoulder-knot a-creaking!"

(XCVII.) So while the Vessels one by one were speaking,
 1868 One spied the little Crescent all were seeking ^{as} :
 And then they jogg'd each other, Brother!
 Brother!
 "Now for the Porter's shoulder-knot a-creaking!"

Whinfield Now Ramazán is past, Shawwál comes back,
 (188) And feast and song and joy no more we lack ;
 The wine-skin carriers throng the streets and cry,
 "Here comes the porter with his precious pack."

FitzGerald says in his note (25) : —

" At the Close of the Fasting Month, Ramazán (which makes the Mussulman unhealthy and unamiable), the first Glimpse of the New Moon (who rules their division of the Year) is looked for with the utmost Anxiety, and hailed with Acclamation. Then it is that the Porter's Knot may be heard — toward the *Cellar*. Omar has elsewhere a pretty Quatrain about the same Moon : —

" *Be of Good Cheer — the sullen Month will die,*
" *And a young Moon requite us by and by :*
" *Look how the Old one meagre, bent, and wan*
" *With Age and Fast, is fainting from the Sky !*"

In the note to the first edition there is no dash, the word *Cellar* is followed by " perhaps "; and Omar bears the epithet Old.

Compare the last half of Nicolas, 94 : —

Livre-toi à la joie, car ce même clair de lune éclairera bien longtemps encore (après nous) la surface de la terre.

McCarthy 47 : —

Give thyself up to joy, for this same moon will illumine long after us the face of the earth.

FitzGerald was capable of kindling from such a meagre, bent, and wan original an inspiration like that in the note.

Von Schack, 306, may possibly be only a translation from FitzGerald : —

*Schon naht der neue Mond, der tröstungsreich
Der langen Fasten Ende uns verkündet ;
Sieh ! wie der alte mager, matt und bleich
Von Nüchternheit dort hin am Himmel schwindet !*

See Appendix XXXV for Rubáiyát referring to Ramazán.

FitzGerald *Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,*
 (XCI.) *And wash the Body whence the Life has died,*
 1889 *And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf,*
By some not unfrequented Garden-side.

(LXVII.) Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
 1899 And wash my Body whence the Life has died,
And in the Windingsheet of Vine-leaf wrapt,
So bury me by some sweet Garden-side.

Nicolas Ô mes chers compagnons ! versez-moi du vin, et
 (109) par ce moyen rendez à mon visage, jaune comme
 l'ambre, la couleur du rubis. Quand je serai mort,
 lavez-moi dans du vin, et du bois de la vigne qu'on
 fasse mon brancard et mon cercueil !

McCarthy Oh, my dear companions, pour me wine to make
 (154) my countenance clear with the colour of rubies.
 When I am dead, wash me in wine, and make my
 litter and my coffin of the wood of the vine.

M. K. Let wine, gay comrades, be the food I'm fed
 upon ; —
 These amber cheeks its ruby light be shed upon !
 Wash me in 't, when I die ; — and let the trees
 Of my vineyard yield the bier that I lie dead upon !

Whinfield Comrades ! I pray you, physic me with wine,
 (139) Make this wan amber face like rubies shine,
 (76, 1888) And, if I die, use wine to wash my corpse,
 And frame my coffin out of planks of vine !

Oh that my Face the Brightness of this Wine Garner
Might borrow, and when dead, this Clay of mine, — (V. 10)
I pray Thee wash it with the Grape, then make
My Coffin of the tendrils of the vine.

O teure Genossen vom Trinkerorden, Bodenstedt
Gelb wie Bernstein ist mein Antlitz geworden, (IX. 67)
Bringt Wein, um es wieder zu beleben
Und den Wangen gesunde Röte zu geben.
Und leg' ich mich einst zum Sterben nieder,
So wascht mit rotem Wein meine Glieder ;
Das Holz des Weinstocks diene zur Truhe,
So lasst mich tragen zur ewigen Ruhe.

Ihr Freunde! füllt mir den Becher mit Wein, Von Schack
damit mein Herz nicht darbe ! (275)
Schafft meinem blässen Gesicht durch den Wein
von Neuem Rubinensfarbe,
Und, wenn Ihr in Wein gewaschen mich habt, nach
meinen letzten Geboten,
In einem Sarge von Rebenholz bestattet dereinst
den Toten !

The second edition of FitzGerald (XCVIII, 1868) is the same, except for the ad line, which reads :—
And wash my body whence the Life has died.

See Appendix XL.

In the second edition (1868) of FitzGerald the above quatrain was followed by one numbered XCIX, afterwards expunged; its prototype is unknown :—

*Whither resorting from the vernal Heat
Shall Old Acquaintance Old Acquaintance greet,
Under the Branch that leans above the Wall
To shed his Blossom over head and feet.*

FitzGerald *That ev'n my buried Ashes such a snare
 (XCII.) Of Vintage shall fling up into the Air
 1882, As not a True-believer passing by
 But shall be overtaken unaware.*

(LXVIII.) *That ev'n my buried Ashes such a Snare
 1899 Of Perfume shall fling up into the Air,
 As not a True Believer passing by
 But shall be overtaken unaware.*

Nicolas *Je veux boire tant et tant de vin que l'odeur
 (14) puisse en sortir de terre quand j'y serai rentré, et
 que les buveurs à moitié ivres de la veille qui
 viendront visiter ma tombe puissent, par l'effet seul
 de cette odeur, tomber ivres-morts.*

McCarthy *I wish to drink so deep, so deep of wine that its
 (47) fragrance may hang about the soil where I shall
 sleep, and that revellers, still dizzy from last night's
 wassail, shall on visiting my tomb, from its very
 perfume fall dead drunk.*

Whinfield *So many cups of wine will I consume,
 (17) Its bouquet shall exhale from out my tomb,
 And every one that passes by shall halt,
 And reel and stagger with that mighty fume.*

Such Homage to the Cup I e'er will pay,
That when my Body in the Ground they lay,
The Odor of my Wine will overcome
All those who happen by my Tomb to stray.

Garner
(I. 16)

So will ich berauscht sein von geistiger Labe,
Dass der Wohlgeruch mich überlebt im Grabe,
Und nur Halbberauschte an meiner Gruft
Ganz trunken hinsinken, berauscht vom Duft.

Bodenstedt
(IX. 41)

So viel will ich trinken, dass einst der Duft
Des Weines noch steigt aus meiner Gruft
Und die Zecher, die hin zu dem Grabe wallen,
Verauscht von dem Dufte zu Boden fallen.

Von Schack
(98)

See Appendix XLI.

Nicolas says : —

Ce quatrain, qu'on serait tenté de considérer comme essentiellement épicurien, s'il ne sortait de la plume de Khâyâm, est cependant allégorique et se rapporte à Dieu. Notre poète veut être entièrement absorbé dans l'amour divin, et servir d'exemple à ceux qui restent après lui; il veut que, comme lui, méprisant les choses mondaines, ils se livrent corps et âme à la seule chose ici-bas digne de préoccuper un esprit sage, à la Divinité.

It must not be forgotten that Omar was a wit, and that Nicolas, who causes a nightingale to speak "in language appropriate to the circumstances," was deficient in that divine quality. The seriousness of Nicolas's interpretation only haltingly accords with the extravagant humor of the conceit.

- FitzGerald** *Indeed the Idols I have loved so long*
 (XCIII.) *Have done my credit in this World much wrong:*
 1859 *Have drown'd my Glory in a shallow Cup,*
 And sold my reputation for a Song.
- (LXIX.) *Indeed the Idols I have loved so long*
 1859 *Have done my Credit in Men's Eye much wrong:*
 Have drown'd my Honour in a shallow Cup,
 And sold my Reputation for a Song.
- Nicolas** Une fois dans la taverne on ne peut faire ses
 (142) ablutions qu'avec du vin. Là, quand un nom est
 souillé, il ne saurait être réhabilité. Apporte donc
 du vin, puisque le voile de notre pudeur est déchiré
 de manière à ne pouvoir être réparé.
- McCarthy** Once thou art in the tavern, thou canst only
 (287) make thy ablutions with wine. When thy name
 hath once been befouled there, thou canst not again
 cleanse it. Bring hither the wine therefore, since
 the covering of our shame hath been torn beyond
 repair.
- Whinfield** Needs must the tavern-haunter bathe in wine,
 (165) For none can make a tarnished name to shine;
 Go ! bring me wine, for none can now restore
 Its pristine sheen to this soiled veil of mine.

In der Schenke macht man seine Waschungen mit Bodenstedt
Wein,(IX. 74)
Doch ein befleckter Ruf wird dort nicht wieder
rein ;
Wir erfuhren das selber längst ohne Überraschung ;
Bringt Wein her, wir fahren fort in der Waschung !

Hier in der Schenke, mit Wein allein wird hier die Vom Schack
Waschung gehalten,(279)
Verloren bin ich nun doch einmal ; so bleib' es denn
auch bei'm Alten !
Bring Wein ! bring Wein ! der Scham und der
Scheu hab' ich mich doch entledigt,
Und meinen Ruf stellt nichts mehr her, er ist zu
tief geschädigt.

Line 2 in FitzGerald's 2d edition (CI, 1868) reads ; —

Have done my credit in Men's eye much wrong,

See Appendix XLII ; also Rubáiyát in Preface.

FitzGerald *Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before*
 (XCIV.) *I swore—but was I sober when I swore?*
 1889 *And then and then came Spring, and Rose-in-*
 (LXX.) *hand*
 1899 *My thread-bars Penitence apieces tore.*

McCarthy Every morn I say this shall be the night of
 (19) repentance, repentance from the flagon, and from
 the bowl brimming over, repentance. Yet now
 that the season of roses has come set me free in
 the time of the rose from repentance, O Lord of
 repentance.

Whinfield Each morn I say, “To-night I will repent
 (49) Of wine, and tavern haunts no more frequent ; ”
 But while ‘t is spring, and roses are in bloom,
 To loose me from my promise, O consent !

Compare also :

Nicolas Ne renonces pas à boire du vin, si tu en possèdes,
 (133) car cent repentirs suivent une pareille résolution. Les
 roses déchirent leurs corolles, les rossignols remplissent
 l’air de leurs chants, serait-il raisonnable de renoncer à
 boire dans un semblable moment ?

McCarthy Do not forswear the juice of the vine if you have any
 (255) store thereof. For many a repenting sign will follow
 such a sacrifice. The roses shed their petals, the night-
 ingales cast their songs abroad upon the air : would it
 be wise in such an hour to forswear the flagon ?

Lorsque ma nature m'a paru disposée à la prière et Nicolas au jeûne, j'ai un instant espéré que j'allais atteindre (162) le but de tous mes désirs; mais, hélas! un vent a suffi pour détruire l'efficacité de mes ablutions, et une demi-gorgée de vin est venue mettre à néant mon jeûne.

What time my being seemed to lean to prayer and McCarthy fasting, I deemed for a moment that I was about to (113) touch the goal of my desires; but, alas, a breath has sufficed to destroy the efficacy of my ablutions, and a half measure of wine has set my fasts aside.

Zu Fasten fühlt' ich und zu Gebet mich jüngst gedrängt Von Schack
und dachte: vielleicht (278)
Wird nun das ewige Heil von mir, nach dem ich seit
lang mich gesehn, erreicht;
Allein ein Windhauch hat das Gebet alsbald mir auf
den Lippen verweht,
Ein halber Weinschluck, eh' ich's gedacht, mein Fasten
all zu nichte gemacht.

See Appendix XLIIL

PopeGerald *And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,*
 (XCV.) *And robb'd me of my Robe of Honour — Well,*
 1859 *I wonder often what the Vintners buy*
One half so precious as the stuff they sell.

(LXXXI.) *And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,*
 1859 *And robb'd me of my Robe of Honour — well,*
I often wonder what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the Goods they sell.

(CIII.) *And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,*
 1868 *And robbed me of my Robe of Honour — well,*
I often wonder what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the ware they sell.

Nicolas Depuis le jour où Vénus et la lune apparurent
 (463) dans le ciel, personne n'a rien vu ici-bas de pré-
 férable au vin en rubis. Je suis vraiment étonné
 de voir les marchands de vin, car que peuvent-ils
 acheter de supérieur à ce qu'ils vendent ?

M. K. Since the Moon and the Star of Eve first shone on
 high,
 Naught has been known with ruby Wine could
 vie :
 Strange, that the vintners should in traffic deal !
 Better than what they sell, what could they buy ?

While Moon and Venus in the sky shall dwell, Whinfield
None shall see aught red grape-juice to excel: (so8)
O foolish publicans, what can you buy
One half so precious as the goods you sell?

Since Venus and the Moon have cheered the Sky, Garner
Naught have Men seen with Purple Wine to vie; (VI. 14)
What half so precious as this sparkling Juice,
Can these same thoughtless Vintners buy?

Seit der Mond und Venus am Himmel stehn, Bodenstedt
Ward auf Erden nicht Edleres als Wein gesehn.
Der Weinhändler ist ein erstaunlicher Mann,
Da er Bessres verkauft als er kaufen kann.

The first two lines of Whinfield, 115 (1882), read: —
While moon and constant stars in heaven dwell,
No starlike ruby can bright wine excel;

See Appendix XLIV.

- W. Fitzgerald** Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose !
 (XCVI) That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close !
 1889 The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
 Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows !
- (LXXII.) Alas, that Spring should vanish with the Rose !
 1859 That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should
 close !
 The Nightingale that in the Branches sang,
 Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows !
- M. K.** Ah ! that young Life should close its volume bright
 away !
 Mirth's springtime green, that it should pass from
 sight away !
 Ah ! for the Bird of Joy whose name is Youth :
 We know not when she came, nor when took flight
 away !
- Whinfield** Now is the volume of my youth outworn.
 (155) And all my spring-tide blossoms rent and torn.
 Ah, bird of youth ! I marked not when you
 came,
 Nor when you fled, and left me thus forlorn.
- Garner** My Manuscript of Youth has dusty grown,
 (VII. 6) The Roses of My Spring will soon be blown,
 The joyful Bird of Youth that hovered near, —
 I know not Whence it came, nor Whither flown.
- Von Schack** Nun ist der Lenz geschwunden mit der Rose,
 (69) Der Jugend schönes Buch zu Ende schon ;
 Die Nachtigall mit ihrem Liedgekose
 Wo kam sie her ? wohin ist sie entflohn ?

Compare also : —

Hélas ! le décret de notre adolescence, touche à son **Nicolas**
 terme ! Le frais printemps de nos plaisirs s'est écoulé ! (128)
 Cet oiseau de la gaieté qui s'appelle *la jeunesse*, hélas !
 je ne sais ni quand il est venu, ni quand il s'est envolé.

Alas, the season of my youth decays, the kindly Spring **McCarthy**
 of our delights goes by, and that delightful bird, whose (223)
 name is Youth, has flown. It came, I know not whence,
 and goes, I know not whither.

Ach, des Lebens Mai naht dem Ziele,
 Vorbei sind die Freuden und Spiele!
 Dieser Vogel der Fröhlichkeit
 Genannt die Jugendzeit,
 Schwang fort sein Gefieder,
 Und kommt nicht wieder!
 Ich weiss nicht, wann er gekommen,—
 Und wohin den Weg er genommen.

Bodenstedt
 (VI. 4)

Schon schwindet mein Leben nach und nach ; **Von Schack**
 Der blühende Frühling der Freuden, im Welken ist er (129)
 schon ;
 Das muntere Vöglein Jugend, ach !
 Nicht weiss ich, wie es gekommen, noch wie es plötz-
 lich entflohn'.

Whinfield, 86 (1882), has, in line 2, *springtide's blossoms*.
 lines 2 and 3 read, *how you came, Nor how you fled.*

See Rubáiy VII, p. 14.

FitzGerald *Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield*
 (XCVII.) *One glimpse — if dimly, yet indeed, reveal'd,*
 1889 *To which the fainting Traveller might spring,*
 As springs the trampled herbage of the field !

(CV.) Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield
 1868 One glimpse — if dimly, yet indeed reveal'd
 Toward which the fainting Traveller might
 spring,
 As springs the trampled herbage of the field !

Nicolas Oh ! plutôt à Dieu qu'il existât un lieu de repos,
 (400) que le chemin que nous suivons y pût aboutir.
 Plût à Dieu qu'après cent mille ans nous pussions
 concevoir l'espérance de renastre du cœur de la
 terre, comme renaît le vert gazon !

McCarthy Oh, would that there were a place to rest, that
 (440) by this road we might arrive ; oh, that after a
 hundred thousand years we might arise anew from
 the heart of the earth like the green grasses.

Whinfield Ah ! would there were a place of rest from pain,
 (442) Which we, poor pilgrims, might at last attain,
 And after many thousand wintry years,
 Renew our life, like flowers, and bloom again !

O wollte Gott, es gäb' einen Ort voll Frieden, Bodenstedt
Und wir fänden den richtigen Weg schon hie- (V. 36)
nieden!

Wollte Gott, wir könnten einst aus dem Staube
Auferstehen gleich dem frischen Rasen und
Laube!

O fände irgendwo das Herz nur eine Ankerstätte! Von Schack
O dass der Mensch zum mindesten die Eine (170)
Aussicht hätte,
Einst — möchten bis dahin auch zehn Jahrtausende
verfliesen —
Gleich diesem Rasen neu dem Schoss der Erde
zu entspriessen.

Whinfield, 229 (1882), has no commas separating *poor pilgrim*, and the last line begins, *Renew our youth.*

FitzGerald *Would but some wingéd Angel ere too late
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,
And make the stern Recorder otherwise
Enregister, or quite obliterate !*

(CVI.) Oh if the World were but to re-create,
 That we might catch ere closed the Book of Fate,
 And make The Writer on a fairer leaf
 Inscribe our names, or quite obliterate !

Nicolas Je voudrais que Dieu reconstruisit le monde, je
 (457) voudrais qu'il le reconstruisit actuellement, pour
 ce que je pusse voir Dieu à l'œuvre. Je voudrais
 qu'il effacât mon nom du bulletin de la vie, ou que
 de son trésor mystérieux il augmentât mes moyens
 d'existence.

McCarthy I would that God rebuilt the world anew, and
 (448) that I might see the work begun. I would that
 God blotted my name from the roll of life, or of
 his bounty made life seem more fair.

M. K. I would God were this whole world's scheme
 renewing,
— And now ! at once ! that I might see it doing !
 That either from His roll my name were can-
 celled,
Or luckier days for me from Heaven accruing !

I wish that Allah would rebuild these skies,
And earth, and that at once, before my eyes,
And either raze my name from off his roll,
Or else relieve my dire necessities.

Whinfield
(486)

Ich wollte, Gott schüfe die Welt auf's Neu',
Gleich jetzt; dann bät' ich ihn ohne Scheu:
Mich ganz aus dem Buche des Lebens zu streichen,
Oder mir bessere Mittel zum Leben zu reichen.

Bodenstedt
(X. 31)

Schüfe Gott die Welt auf's Neu doch, dass sie
nicht der jetz'gen gliche!
Möcht' er doch mich zuschau'n lassen, dass ich
sähe wie er's macht!
O dass in des Lebens Buche dann er meinen
Namen striche,
Oder bess'res Los mir gönnte, als er jetzt mir
zugedacht!

Von Schack
(238)

Whinfield, 251 (1882), reads:—

*Allah! rebuild the world in fairer guise,
And do it on the spot before my eyes,
And either raze my name from Thy roll
Or make me better, happier, more wise.*

FitzGerald *Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire
 (XCIX.) To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
 Would not we shatter it to bits — and then
 Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's desire!*

(LXXXIII.) *Ah Love! could thou and I with Fate conspire
 1899 To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
 Would not we shatter it to bits — and then
 Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!*

Nicolas *Si je possédais sur les ciels la puissance que
 (64) Dieu y exerce, je les supprimerais de ce monde, et
 j'en construirais d'autres à ma façon, afin que
 l'homme libre pût ici-bas atteindre sans difficulté
 les désirs de son cœur.*

McCarthy *If I, like God, were master of the heavens, I
 (124) would blot them from the world, and fashion new
 skies beneath which free man might gain his
 heart's desire.*

M. K. *If I like God o'er Heaven's high fate could reign,
 I'd sweep away the present Heaven's domain,
 And from its ruins such a new one build
 That an honest heart its wish could aye attain!*

Had I the power great Allah to advise, Whinfield
I 'd bid him sweep away this earth and skies, (379)
And build a better, where, unclogged and free,
The clear soul might achieve her high emprise.

Oh that to Heaven's Control I might aspire, Garner
And sweep away this Universe Entire, (II. 8)
Then from the Ruins build another World,
Where Man might sometimes reach his Heart's
Desire.

Könnt' ich walten wie Gott im Himmelszelt, Bodenstedt
Ich hätt' es schon längst auf den Kopf gestellt, (V. 25)
Um ein andres zu bauen, wie ich es verstehe,
Welches ganz nach den Wünschen der Menschen
sich drehe.

Wenn Gott die Macht, die selbst er hat, mir Von Schack
gönnte, (11)
Die jetz'ge Welt würd' ich alsbald vernichten,
Und eine andere daraus errichten,
Darin der Mensch nach Wunsche leben könnte.

The first line of FitzGerald's second edition (CVIII, 1868)
reads:—

Ah Love! could you and I with fate conspire.

Whinfield, 200 (1882), reads: *Had I the right . . . I
would bid . . . The clear soul might essay her high emprise.*

- FitzGerald** *Yon rising Moon that looks for us again —
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden — and for one in vain!*
- (C.) (1889)
- (LXXIV.)** Ah, Moon of my Delight who know'st no wane,
The Moon of Heav'n is rising once again :
How oft hereafter rising shall she look
Through this same Garden after me — in vain !
- (CIX.)** (1868)
- But see ! The rising Moon of Heav'n again
Looks for us, Sweet-heart, through the quivering
Plane :
How oft hereafter rising will she look
Among those leaves — for one of us in vain !
- Nicolas** (8)
- Puisque personne ne saurait te répondre du jour
de demain, empresse-toi de réjouir ton cœur plein
de tristesse ; bois, ô lune adorable ! bois dans une
coupe vermeille, car la lune du firmament tournera
bien longtemps (autour de la terre), sans nous y
retrouver.
- McCarthy** (9)
- Since no man dares play prophet for to-morrow,
hasten to lift thy heavy-laden heart. Drain, O de-
lightful Moon, a crimson cup, for heaven's moon
will turn a weary while and fail to find us.
- M. K.** Since none can be our surety for to-morrow,
Sweeten, my love, thy heart to-day from sorrow :
Drink wine, fair Moon, in wine-light, for the moon
Will come again, and miss us, many a morrow !

Since no one can assure thee of the morrow, Whinfield
Rejoice thy heart to-day, and banish sorrow (7)
With moonbright wine, fair moon, for heaven's
moon
Will look for us in vain on many a morrow.

Ah, since the Future's Riddles none can guess, Garner
Come fill the Cup, the Cup that drowns Distress, (v. 8)
Ah, Love, yon Moon will often rise again,
Will rise and miss us in Her loneliness.

To-morrow rank and fame for none may be, (9)
So for to-day thy weary soul set free ;
Drink with me, love, once more beneath the
moon ;
She oft may shine again, but not on thee and me.

Da die Tage uns'res Lebens rasch und unauf- Von Schack
haltsam schwinden,
Da, ob morgen noch wir atmen, keiner uns vermag
zu künden,
Lass, o du mein Mond, uns froh sein ! Ach der
Mond da droben wird
Oft noch um die Erde kreisen, ohne uns auf ihr zu
finden !

Line 3 of Whinfield, 2 (1882), begins : *With sparkling wine.*
See Appendix I.

FitzGerald *And when like her, oh Sákti, you shall pass.*
 (C.I.) *Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,*
 1889 *And in your joyous errand reach the spot*
Where I made One — turn down an empty Glass !

TAMÁM.

(LXXXV.) And when Thyself with shining Foot shall pass
 1859 Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in thy joyous Errand reach the Spot
Where I made one — turn down an empty Glass !

TAMÁM SHUD.

(C.I.) And when Yourself with silver Foot shall pass
 1872 Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in your blissful errand reach the spot
Where I made One — turn down an empty Glass !

TAMÁM.

Nicolas Ô amis ! convenez d'un rendez-vous (après ma mort). Une fois réunis, réjouissez-vous d'être ensemble, et, lorsque l'échanson prendra dans sa main une coupe de vin vieux, souvenez-vous du pauvre Khèyam et buvez à sa mémoire.

McCarthy O, my friends, when I am sped, appoint a meeting and when ye have met together, be ye glad thereof, and when the cup-bearer holds in her hand a flagon of old wine, then think upon old Khayyam and drink to his memory.

M. K. Appoint ye a tryst, happy comrades, anon !
 And when — as your revel in gladness comes on —
The Saki takes goblet in hand, oh ! remember,
And bless, while you drink, the poor fellow that's
gone !

Comrades ! when e'er ye meet together here, Whinfield
Recall your friend to mind, and drop a tear ; (234)
And when the circling wine-cups reach his seat,
Pray turn one upside down his dust to cheer.

O meine Freunde, gelobt, einst munter Euch Bodenstedt
Hier zu versammeln, wenn ich nicht mehr unter (IX. 5)
Euch,
Den Pokal voll alten Weins zu schenken
Und trinkend des armen Chajjam zu gedenken.

Wenn ich gestorben bin, in unser Weinhaus lenkt Von Schack
Die Schritte noch einmal, Ihr Freunde, und (203)
gedenkt,
Indess voll alten Weins der Wirt die Gläser
schenkt,
Des armen Chijam, den sie in das Grab gesenkt.

In FitzGerald's first draught of edition III he changed *Foot* to
step. In CX (1868) the third line has *joyous errand*.

Whinfield, 112 (1882), reads : —

*When the sad day of Khayyám's death comes round
Let your regrets, O friends, in wine be drowned ;
And when the wine cups reach his vacant seat,
Let one deep draught be poured upon the ground.*

" Tamám " means *entirely*, hence *end* ; " tamám shud " means *it is completed*.

Whinfield 205 is a variant of 234 : —

*O comrades dear, when hither ye repair
In times to come, communion sweet to share,
While the cupbearer pours your old Magh wine,
Call poor Khayyám to mind, and breathe a prayer.*

RUBÁIYÁT WHICH WERE INCLUDED IN THE
SECOND EDITION (1868), BUT OMITTED FROM
SUBSEQUENT EDITIONS.

FitzGerald *Were it not Folly, Spider-like to spin*
(XIV.) *The Thread of present Life away to win —*
1868 *What? for ourselves, who know not if we shall*
Breathe out the very Breath we now breathe in!

Nicolas Jusques à quand m'infligerai-je le souci de savoir
(366) si je possède ou si je ne possède pas? si je dois ou
si je ne dois pas passer gaiement la vie? Remplis
toujours une coupe de vin, ô échanson! car
j'ignore si j'expirerai ou non ce souffle qu'actuelle-
ment j'aspire.

McCarthy How long shall I vex me with the have or have-
(465) not, with wondering if I should or should not pass
life pleasantly? Nay, fill the cup, my cup-bearer,
for in truth I know not if I shall breathe out the
breath I now breathe in.

Whinfield Shall I still sigh for what I have not got,
(421) Or try with cheerfulness to bear my lot?
 Fill up my cup! I know not if the breath
I now am drawing is my last, or not!

Wie lange soll mich der Zweifel bedräuen,
Ob ich habe oder nicht?
Ob ich des Lebens mich soll erfreuen
Als guter Gabe, oder nicht?
Füll' mir den Becher mit Wein, denn ich weiss
nicht,
Ob dieser Atemzug jetzt führt zum Grabe, oder
nicht.

Bodenstedt
(VIII. 68)

Wie lang noch über was ich bin soll sich mein Von Schack
armer Kopf zerbrechen?
Wie lang noch von Enthaltsamkeit und Mässigung
mir wollt ihr sprechen?
Ich weiss nicht, ob den Atemzug, den jetzt ich
thue, auszuthun
Vergönnt mir ist; so lang ich's kann, o Schenke,
lass darum mich zechen!

(108)

FitzGerald *If but the Vine and Love-abjuring Band
(LXV.) Are in the Prophet's Paradise to stand,
1868 Alack, I doubt the Prophet's Paradise
 Were empty as the hollow of one's Hand.*

Nicolas On affirme qu'il y aura, qu'il y a même un enfer.
(64) C'est une assertion erronée ; on ne saurait y ajouter
 foi, car, s'il existait un enfer pour les amoureux et
 les ivrognes, le paradis serait, dès demain, aussi
 vide que le creux de ma main.

McCarthy Folk say that there is a hell. This is a vain
(131) error, in which no trust should be placed, for if
 there were a hell for lovers and bibbers of wine, why
 heaven would be, from to-morrow morn, as empty
 as the hollow of my hand.

Whinfield Drunkards are doomed to hell, so men declare,
(67) Believe it not, 't is but an empty scare;
 Heaven will be empty as this hand of mine,
 If none who love good drink find entrance there.

Garner With Tales of future pains men threaten me,
(I. 19) They say there is a Hell in store for thee ; —
 Love, if there is a Hell for all like us,
 Their Heaven as empty as my Palm will be.

Man behauptet, dass eine Hölle sei

Bodenstedt

Und kommt zu mir und droht damit.

(II. 11)

Ich halte die Hölle für Narretei. .

Drum hab' ich keine Not damit.

Denn gäb' es wirklich ein solch Verliess

Für der verliebten Trinker Heer,

So wäre morgen das Paradies.

Wie meine hohle Hand so leer.

Von einer Hölle spricht man mir, in die ich Von Schack

kommen würde,

(176)

Doch glaub' ich's nicht, ob schwer gedrückt auch
von der Sünden Bürde,

Denn, gäb' es für verliebtes Volk und Trinker eine
Hölle,

Leer würde, wie meine hohle Hand, der Himmel
ja zur Stelle.

Whinfield, 33 (1882), reads : —

*If wine be an unpardonable sin,
God help Khayyám and his wine-bibbing kin !
If all poor drouthy souls be lodged elsewhere,
Heaven's plains must be as bare as maiden's chin.*

For a somewhat similar Rubá'iy, see Appendix XLV.

RUBÁIYÁT · OF
OMAR · KHAY YÁM



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